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HE, OP'D HIS LIPS, THOUGH CLOS'D WERE STILL HIS EYES,
AND SIGH'D RESPONSIVE TO HERMINIA'S SIGHS.

CANTO XII.

*Painted by R. Cook* *Engraved by W. B. Cummings*

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# TASSO'S

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED,

AN

## *HEROIC POEM.*

WITH

NOTES AND OCCASIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

TRANSLATED BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

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# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## CANTO XI.

# ARGUMENT.

Godfrey, at the instigation of Peter the Hermit, previous to assaulting the town, conducts his army in procession to the Mount of Olives, where they hear mass, and receive the pastoral benediction from the Prelates, William and Adhemar.—Preparations for the assault.—Godfrey, in consequence of a previous vow, assumes the dress, and determines to share the dangers of a private foot soldier.—The rest of the Princes follow his example.—The town is assaulted, and a breach made in the walls.—Clorinda successively kills or wounds seven Princes of the Christian army, and lastly, Godfrey himself, who is obliged to quit the field of battle, leaving Guelpho in charge of the army.—He, in his turn, is also wounded.—Argantes, encouraged by this success, invites Solyman to sally out and destroy the enemy's military machines.—They are met, and finally driven back by Tancred.—An Angel descends from Heaven to heal Godfrey's wounds.—He returns to the field and re-animates the combat, but on the approach of night withdraws his army.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## CANTO XI.

But the great Leader of the Christian pow'rs,
Intent to storm the well-defended tow'rs,
Impell'd his toiling artists to prepare
The instruments of artificial war,
When Peter, holy anchorite, drew near; [severe:
Aside the Prince he took, and thus, with voice
"Terrestrial arms thy busy hand prepares;
"But works of deeper moment claim thy cares:
"With Heav'n thy task begin; and first of all
"On the bright host of saints and angels call;
"In public pray'rs invoke the immortal train,
"Whose intercession may alone obtain
"The palm of vict'ry: let the priestly throng,
"Array'd in sacred vestments move along,
"And chaunt with suppliant voice, the choral song.
"Ye chiefs, conspicuous for your high estate,
"On whose example still the vulgar wait,
"Attend the solemn ritual, and supply
"A lesson of submissive piety."
The rigid Hermit thus his counsel mov'd;
The pious Chief the sage advice approv'd,
And said: "Accepted servant of the Lord,
"The holy precepts that thy lips afford,
"To execute with joy, is still my boast;
"While I invite the Princes of our host

"To share the rites, be thine the task assign'd
"William and holy Adhemar to find:
"The worship to arrange, the order due,
"And all the solemn pomp I leave to you." [plain,
When morn's first blush o'erspread th' æthereal
The princely prelates, and th' inferior train
Of rev'rend ministers, the Hermit met,
In that pure spot, apart for worship set,
Where oft th' assembled camp was wont to join
For celebration of the rites divine.
In robes of white th' attendant priests were drest;
Each lofty prelate wore a gilded vest;
Spread o'er their linen folds of purest snow,
Parted in twain the costly garments flow,
And, joining, buckle on the breast before;
Their crowned heads the sacred mitre wore.
First march'd the holy Hermit, and unroll'd
From the tall staff, the banner's hallow'd fold,
Which wide displays, as to the wind it flies,
The sign, which Saints revere in Paradise.
The priestly choir, with solemn steps and slow,
In two long ranks arrang'd, devoutly go,
And chaunt, with suppliant tone, and downcast eye,
Alternate strains of heav'nly harmony:
William and Adhemar, the Prelates twain,
March side by side, and close the rev'rend train.
Next came great Bouillon; and, as use approv'd,
Alone, no equal at his side, he mov'd.
Behind their Chief, in pairs close marshall'd, pass
The high-born Princes; next, a mighty mass,
Yet not confus'd, and arm'd for sudden need,
Th' united host in goodly troops succeed.
Thus from the trenches, in procession long,
*Devoutly* march'd the congregated throng:

No lofty-sounding notes of pride were there;
No martial trumpets shook the startled air;
But there her voice did meek Devotion raise
In humble sounds of penitence and praise.
Father of Heav'n, with thee their pray'rs begun,
And thee, co-equal, co-eternal Son;
Thee, pure effulgence of celestial fire,
Proceeding from the Son alike, and Sire,
Thee they implore, thy grace, thine aid require:
Thee, Virgin Mother of the Man Divine,
The chosen flow'r of David's royal line:
Ye, Chiefs Angelic, that direct and move,
In thrice three glitt'ring ranks, the hosts above:
Thee, who wert call'd, with favour'd hand, to lave
Th' unstain'd Mortality in Jordan's wave:
And thee, the Rock, on whose firm basis stands
The house of God, unbuilt of mortal hands,
Where to thy great successor still 'tis giv'n
To ope the gates of pardon, and of Heav'n:
And all the heralds of celestial Love,
Commission'd by their King and Lord above
Glad tidings of transcendent joy to tell,
The glorious death that conquer'd Sin and Hell:
All, who the martyr's shining path pursued,
Nor to confirm the truth, refus'd their blood:
And all, whose pens, or tongues, whose wisdom flow'd,
The long-lost way to bliss eternal show'd,
And fainting Man to light and life restor'd:
And Her, the faithful servant of her Lord,
Who fled, with pure and uncorrupted heart,
From worldly things, and chose the better part:
The Virgins, who, confin'd in chaste abode,
Are join'd *in mystic* nuptials to their God;

And those, who, firm in torture's trying hour,
Of Kings and Gentiles scorn'd the savage pow'r,
Secure of prouder life, resign'd their breath,
Welcom'd the martyr's crown, and smil'd in death.
Thus, hymning strains divine, o'er all the plain
Winds its successive length the pious train.
To Olivet's high hill their course they bend,
Whose name the ever-fruitful olives lend,
A far-fam'd mount, in holy writings known,
Which rising to the Eastward, fronts the town;
Alone, Jehoshaphat, thy valley wide
Parts the tall city from the mountain's side.
Thither their way the tuneful army found;
Rang with their voice the hills, the vales around;
The leafy woods, the winding dells among,
Linger'd, as loth to part, the heav'nly song,
While Echo still such sweet responses held,
As if in ev'ry cave a sylvan chorus dwell'd;
So oft, so clear, was heard the name divine
Of Christ, the Crucified, or, Mary, thine!
On the high ramparts throng the Pagan crew;
With wond'ring eyes the pomp unknown they view,
Mark all the foreign rites in dumb amaze,
The slow procession, and the notes of praise.
But when the novel scene surpris'd no more,
Loud taunts the wretched Misbelievers pour
Of blasphemy prophane; their shouts of scorn
The hill, the hollow vale, and Cedron's brook return.
But heedless of their cries, the Christian train
Ceas'd not the warbling of their sacred strain,
No more disturb'd, than should a noisy throng
Of birds loquacious ply their clatt'ring tongue;

Nor of the arrows or the darts that flew,
One rising fear alarm'd the godly crew:
They, full of faith and holy peace, proceed,
And perseverance crowns their righteous deed.
On high, the symbol of that sacred board,
Where took his last repast the Heav'nly Lord,
An altar stood; on either side, high-rais'd
In frames of purest gold, a taper blaz'd:
Then William took, his sacred form to fold,
Another garb, but costly still with gold;
Silent awhile he stood in thought profound;
Then from his lips burst forth a solemn sound;
His sins, with deep contrition, he deplor'd,
And pour'd his meek thanksgivings to his Lord.
The foremost of the squadrons, posted near,
The sounds of worship caught with earnest ear:
The distant multitude, 'twas all they could,
With eyes intent his moving lips pursued.
At length, the sacrificial ritual sped,
"Depart in peace," the holy Prelate said,
And raising high his sacerdotal hand,
Bestow'd a blessing on the warrior-band.
The pious legions then, the self-same road
Their steps had lately trac'd, in peace retrod.
Th' intrenchments reach'd, the ranks dissolv'd
his tent
The Sov'reign Leader sought, and as he went,
A crowd respectful prest his path along;
Then turning, he dismiss'd th' obsequious throng.
His nobler Chiefs alone the courteous Lord
Detain'd, and at his hospitable board
With a rich banquet cheer'd; himself to face,
He seated Toulouse' Earl, an honour'd place.

Block'd with his giant bulk the passage wide,
And call'd to Solyman, who stood beside:
" Behold, O Solyman, the place, the hour,
" To try our valour, and to prove our pow'r!
" What? fear'st thou? why delay? who seeks to gain
" The victor's meed, without, on yonder plain,
" Not in these walls immur'd, must boldly dare;
" 'Tis there the laurel grows, and let us seek it there!"
Proudly he said; and straight each warlike Lord
Forth from the smoking breach impetuous pour'd.
*This*, frantic rage, *that*, emulation fir'd,
And honour, and the challenge keen, inspir'd.
Sudden, unlook'd for, 'mid the hostile throng
They came, by rival ardour borne along: [slain.
Such crowds of warriors by their swords were
Such heaps of shields and helmets strew'd the plain.
Such beams and ladders fill'd each space around,
As rais'd a mountain on the level ground,
And mingling with the ruins, far and wide,
The tumbled bulwark's vacant place supplied.
The Christians, who by early Fortune fir'd,
To win the mural crown of late aspir'd,
No more to storm the ramparts make pretence:
Surpris'd, unequal to their own defence,
Crush'd by the new assault, they now give way.
And leave their engines to the foe a prey,
No more in battle's use to be employ'd,
Such fury tore them, batter'd and destroy'd.
Transported by their rage, and uncontroll'd,
More fierce became each Pagan, and more bold.
Fire from the ready townsmen they demand;
Each with a flaming pine-tree in his hand,

On the proud tow'r of wood impetuous fell;
So rush the furies from the mouth of Hell,
So breathing havoc, each dire Sister shakes
Her lurid flambeau, and her hissing snakes.
But Tancred now, who elsewhere on the plain
Was urging to the storm his Latin train,
Soon as the bold achievement met his eye,
The blazing fires, the pine-trees lifted high,
Broke short his speech, and hasted to withstand
The furious Saracens; his valiant hand
Such deeds of wonder wrought, such terror spread,
That they, who late were conqu'rors, turn'd and fled.

Thus wav'ring Fortune, as the conflict glow'd,
Now here, now there, her fickle smiles bestow'd.

While in the field the struggling armies fought,
His spacious tent the wounded Chieftain sought:
Sigiero at his side, and Baldwin stood;
A crowd of sorrowing friends his steps pursued.
Th' illustrious Prince, impatient of delay,
Strove from the wound to tear the dart away,
But as he strove, insensible to pain,
His eager ardour broke the shaft in twain.
The nearest, readiest way he bids pursue,
His cure to forward, and his health renew,
Calls for the knife, undaunted, and commands
To ply its edge with unrelenting hands:
"Send, send me back to war, lest closing day,"
He cried, "should end, ere my return, the fray."

This said, a lance's upright length he prest,
And to th' unpitying knife his limb addrest.
Already, on his Prince's weal intent,
His aiding art sage Erotimus lent.

On Po's fair banks his early breath he drew;
Of herbs and plants the healing pow'rs he knew,
Nor less the latent virtues understood
Of ev'ry healthful spring, and genial flood.
Fancy's alike, and learning's favour'd child,
On him fair Science, and the Muses smil'd:
But what though to his envied hand belong
To wake the soul of Heav'n-descended song?
Content with humbler praise, his simple heart
Preferr'd the secrets of th' untuneful art,
To snatch his fellow-men from death away,
And cheat the grisly monster of his prey;
Though his the pow'r immortal fame to give,
And bid the names he sung for ever live.
With look unmov'd, though frowning yet serene
Propp'd on his spear the god-like Chief was seen.
The fam'd physician tuck'd his vesture's fold,
And upward from his arm the sleeve he roll'd;
Now with nice art th' unyielding barb he tries,
And now the pow'er of healing herbs applies;
Now his firm hands, now griping forceps strain
The stubborn steel; he strains and strives in vain,
Resisting Fortune, adverse to his will,
His purpose thwarts, and baffles all his skill.
The patient Prince such bitter anguish tears,
That death were easy to the pains he bears.
But now his guardian Angel, touch'd and mov'd
By the keen suff'rings of the Chief belov'd,
On Cretan Ida's brow, that tow'rs on high,
Cull'd the soft leaves of sov'reign dittany.
With purple flow'rs the crested plant is crown'd,
And in its sprouting shoots are wond'rous virtues found.

Well, by the mighty mistress Nature shown,
To the wild mountain-goats its worth is known,
When wounded by the hunter's shaft, they feel,
Abiding in their flanks, the barbed steel.
Though cropp'd at distance vast, yet quick as thought,
The gentle herb the wing'd assistant brought,
And unperceiv'd by all, his hands infuse
Amid the temper'd bath, the potent juice:
Nor od'rous panacee he fails to bring,
Nor the fresh wave from Lydia's sacred spring.
With these the sage imbues the suff'ring part;
Dropp'd instant from the wound th' unbidden dart;
Arrested in its copious flux, the gore
Was staunch'd within the wound, and flow'd no more;
From his stiff limb the throb of anguish flew,
And all his wonted vigour liv'd anew.
Then loud th' astonish'd Erotimus cried:
"No human skill, by earthly hands applied,
"Achieves thy cure; to greater pow'r is giv'n
"The envied task; some white-rob'd son of Heav'n
"Descends on earth for thee; by many a sign
"I know the workings of the hand divine.
"Resume thine arms, great Chief, why make delay?
"Haste, haste, be sudden, and rejoin the fray."
Impatient for the fight, the warrior bold
Inwraps the member in its purple fold,
Again his shield, again his lance he grasps,
Again his head the lacing helmet clasps.
He quits the Camp, he springs into the plain,
And strides towards the town; a num'rous train

Behind their Leader throng; above, around,
The dust in volumes rolls; the lab'ring ground
Trembles beneath their tread: with fear and awe
His fierce approach the hostile squadrons saw;
Through ev'ry frame chill tremors ran, and stood
Froze in their inmost hearts, the curdled blood.
Thrice his loud voice the hero rais'd on high;
The shout of exultation rent the sky:
That voice his troops acknowledg'd from afar,
That well-known voice, that breath'd the soul of war;
Resuming all their rage, th' excited throng
Back to the conflict pour'd in heaps along.
The two great Pagans now, a matchless pair,*
Had gain'd the shatter'd wall, and posted there,
Firmly within the gaping breach withstand
Th' assault of Tancred, and his rushing band.
With threat'ning eye, that mark'd his soul of flame,
Thither in haste the Gallic Chieftain came,
Sheath'd in bright arms; and nearer as he drew,
His pond'rous lance at great Argantes threw:
The beam-like weapon sounded as it past;
No shaft of war, from mural engine cast, [course
Takes through the parted air its death-wing'd
With half the thunder, or with half the force.
But great Argantes, he, who knew not fear,
Rais'd his broad shield to meet the coming spear.
Through the broad shield the weapon took its way,
Nor could the temper'd mail its progress stay;
Through each defence it past, each hindrance tore,
And fix'd at last, drank deep the Pagan's gore.

* *Solyman* and Argantes.

Indignant, but unmov'd, Argantes stood,
Pluck'd fiercely from his veins the pointed wood,
And with strong arm, regardless of the pain,
At its great owner hurl'd it back again;
"To thee," he cried, "the weapon be restor'd;
"Thy arms I render to their proper Lord."
Twice through the well-known path the weapon past,
By rage offensive, or vindictive cast;
But now its aim it miss'd; the wary foe,
Low bends his head, and disappoints the blow:
Yet not in vain it flew, for in the throat
His trusty Squire, Sigiero, brave, it smote:
Pleas'd for his much lov'd Lord to yield his breath,
The faithful menial greets th' approach of death.
That moment, by the Turkish Monarch thrown,
O'erthrew the Norman Prince, a pond'rous stone:
Round, like an infant's whirling top, he reel'd,
And, senseless, backward sank upon the field.
But princely Bouillon's gen'rous soul no more
Such rapid loss, such wrongs repeated bore;
Inflam'd with rage, his vengeful sword he drew,
Light o'er the heaps of smoking ruins flew,
And to close fight advanc'd his dauntless form;
He seem'd th' inspiring Genius of the storm;
Great deeds he wrought, and wond'rous prowess show'd,
And mortal battle follow'd where he trod;
There fought the mighty, and there fell the brave;
But Night, emerging from her shadowy cave,
Aloft her wide-expanded wings display'd,
And wrapp'd Creation in her welcome shade:
She to frail man a respite brief bestows,
*Arrests his* anger, and suspends his woes.

Then ceas'd the Christian Chief; his high commands
From the hot fight call'd off his eager bands.
Thus clos'd at length the undecided fray,
And sank, as it began, in blood, the day.
  But, ere his post great Godfrey deigns to yield,
He sends his wounded soldiers from the field
Back to the Camp; nor does the Pagan train
The remnant of his great machines retain;
In safety he withdraws the lofty tow'r,
That sov'reign terror of the hostile pow'r,
Though by the pelting tempest bruis'd and torn,
Full many a breach its groaning timbers mourn.
And now, its labours o'er, its dangers past,
It seem'd in safety to retire at last;
But as some ship, the stormy seas that braves,
And bounds awhile triumphant o'er the waves:
The wish'd for port in view, at length is lost,
Dash'd on the rocks, or on the quicksands tost:
Or as an horse, the toilsome road o'ercome,
Falls, luckless, as he gains his much lov'd home;
Such sad mischance befel th' ill-fated tow'r;
For on the side where rain'd the rocky show'r,
Two shatter'd wheels gave way; unbalanc'd stood,
Inert, and motionless, th' unwieldly wood.
But close beside the' attendant guards remain,
With timely props the leaning weight sustain,
Till, hast'ning to their aid, with skilful care
Each failing part the artist band repair;
Such instant orders gave the chief supreme,
Resolving that the morn's returning beam
Should see renew'd and whole, the shatter'd mass;
Round the tall pile, securing ev'ry pass,

His guards he posted: but the town within,
Their speech incessant, and the mingled din
Of artists' instruments, the Pagans hear,
While all around such num'rous lights appear,
That by their beams the watchful foes discern
Each busy labour, and each movement learn.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## CANTO XII.

# ARGUMENT.

Clorinda, jealous of the glory which Solyman and Argantes had acquired by their sally on the preceding day, determines to issue from the town by night, and burn the large wooden tower of the enemy, the only one that had been saved.—The eunuch Arsetes, her attendant, endeavours to dissuade her, and unfolds the secret of her history, with which she was before unacquainted.—Heedless of his remonstrances, she sallies out at midnight, accompanied by Argantes.—They set fire to the tower, and return to the town closely pursued by the Christians.—In the confusion, the gates are shut upon Clorinda.—Her single combat with Tancred.—She is slain by him, having first received the rites of baptism at his hands.—His despair at discovering what he had done.—He endeavours to destroy himself.—Is recalled to his senses by Peter the Hermit.—Distress of the besieged at learning the news of Clorinda's death.—Argantes makes a vow to be revenged on Tancred.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## CANTO XII.

'Twas night; nor yet, with war's rude toils op-
prest,
The weary nations knew the sweets of rest.
Here, watching o'er the lab'ring artists stand
Intent upon their charge, the Christian band;
Nor less alert, the busy Pagans there
Each tott'ring wall, each weak defence repair;
While both, regardful of the suff'ring brave,
To heal their wounded friends, their succour gave.
At length their wounds were drest, each care
was shown;
At length their nightly tasks in part were done,
And respiting th' unfinish'd toils, more deep
The night came on, and summon'd man to sleep.
But not to sleep the warrior Fair resign'd,
All thirsting for renown, her ardent mind,
And while all else their closing tasks gave o'er,
For toils renew'd she panted more and more.
With her Argantes watch'd: the maid began
Thus to herself: "This day great Solyman,
"And brave Argantes, ever foremost known
"Where honour calls, no common deeds have
done.

" Alone, in scorn of all the hostile force,
" To raze the Christian piles, they took their course;
" While I (and this the sole renown I boast)
" Annoy'd with distant war th' assailing host:
" True, with success I plied my fatal bow,
" And laid the noblest of their warriors low;
" But is this all a woman dares to claim?
" Shall such poor limits circumscribe my fame?
" 'Twere better far to scour the desart wood,
" And aim my arrows at the savage brood,
" Than ply, a female 'mid the warrior train,
" A warrior's arms: why doubt I to remain
" Within some cell recluse, and there resume
" The softer arguments, that my sex become?"
Thus to herself the heroine spake; her breast
High wishes fill'd, and lofty thoughts possest;
Then to Argantes thus: " My restless soul
" Strange boldness long has fir'd, that spurns control;
" Or 'twas some God the daring thought bestow'd,
" Or each man's keen desire is to himself a God.
" Without th' encampment of the Christian foe,
" See where afar the redd'ning watch-fires glow:
" 'Tis thither I will go; yon tow'ring frame
" Of labour'd wood, a prey to wasting flame
" Shall sink; this fortune to my arms be giv'n,
" 'Tis all I ask; the rest be left to Heav'n.
" But if on this design my stars should frown,
" And fate forbid me to regain the town,
" My maids, of faith and honour unreprov'd,
" And him, whom like a father I have lov'd,
" To thy kind care I leave; fair Egypt's land
" See thou they reach; this favour I demand:

"Old age and female weakness well may crave
"Protection from the manly and the brave."
Amaz'd Argantes heard; arous'd, inspir'd,
His soul a new-born thirst of glory fir'd;
"And shalt thou go," he cried, "while I remain
"Behind, confounded with the vulgar train,
"In safety to behold, with distant eyes,
"The smoke that blackens, and the flames that rise?
"Far be the thought! if ever I have been
"Thy faithful partner in war's bloody scene,
"This hour with thee an equal risk I claim,
"To share thy dangers, and to share thy fame.
"I too an heart can boast, that smiles on death,
"And thinks fair glory cheaply bought with breath."
"No proof of this we need," the maid replied;
"This day thy matchless worth was nobly tried.
"But yet a female I, and from my doom
"No evil to the straiten'd town would come;
"But should'st thou fall, (Heav'n make such omen vain!)
"Who to defend our cause would then remain?"
"In vain thou seek'st," th' unyielding Knight rejoin'd,
"To bend, with pretexts vain, my settled mind.
"Close in thy steps, if thou my wish approve,
"Behind, a willing second, will I move;
"But foremost, if thou still refuse my claim,
"I start for honour, and prevent thy fame."
This said, the King they sought with one accord;
His honour'd visitors the turban'd Lord
Amid his wisest, bravest nobles took;
And first the virgin, brave in battle, spoke:

"Give to thy faithful friends a willing ear,
"And what I tell, O Prince, with favour hear.
"Yon tow'r, the pride of the besieging train,
"Argantes vows to burn, nor boasts in vain:
"I too will aid; we wait till sleep shall close
"The heavy eye-lids of our weary foes."
His hands to Heav'n the aged Monarch rears;
Streams down his furrow'd cheek a flood of tears;
"Praise be to Him, who on his slaves looks down
"With eye of grace, and guards my tott'ring crown,"
Grateful he cried; "nor soon that state shall bend,
"Which hearts so noble, hands so brave, defend.
"But what reward, oh! say, ye matchless pair,
"What praise, what gift, accords with worth so rare?
"Let grateful Fame her voice of glory raise,
"And through the echoing world resound your praise.
"Your deeds reward you; more if you require,
"Let half my realm content your just desire."
Thus spake the hoary King, and, speaking, prest
Alternate, each brave champion to his breast.
Amid the courtier-band the Sultan stood;
A gen'rous envy fir'd his royal blood:
"Nor do I wear," he cried, "this sword in vain;
"Nor far behind shall Solyman remain."
"Shall all then go?" the martial Dame replies;
"Shall all be sharers in our enterprise?
"Who then must stay behind?" So spake the maid:
Argantes, scornful of the proffer'd aid,

With proud refusal on his tongue, approach'd
To check the Nicene King, that thus encroach'd;
Him Aladine observ'd; with placid look
To Solyman he turn'd, and mild bespoke:
"Ever in arms, great warrior, thou art shown
"Thine own great parallel, surpast by none;
"No form of danger can appal thy breast;
"The glorious toils of war to thee are rest.
"And now, this deed of hazard should'st thou join,
"Worthy thyself, I know, thy deeds would shine.
"But all the bravest of my friends to spare,
"While none remain the town's defence to share,
"For valour, or for skill, most highly priz'd,
"If right my judgment prompts, were ill advis'd.
"Nor these should go, for 'twere my part to save
"Th' inestimable blood of friends so brave,
"If less the end, or others could supply
"A courage equal to a task so high.
"But since yon formidable tow'r around
"So vast a throng of wakeful guards is found,
"That with slight force to hope success, were vain,
"Nor could our need afford a num'rous train,
"Let this illustrious pair, who oft have been
"Ere now engag'd in many an equal scene,
"Go, and success be theirs; they well may boast
"To match in arms the prowess of an host.
"But thou, as best becomes thy kingly state,
"Within our City's gates vouchsafe to wait,
"And when these gallant friends have rous'd the fire,
"And homeward, as my hopes presage, retire,
"Thou, if the vengeful foe their steps pursue,
"Protect them, and repel th' assailing crew."

He spake: obedient, but reluctant still,
His royal hearer yielded to his will.
Ismeno then, the Sorc'rer, thus subjoins;
"Midnight's still hour, most apt for your designs,
"Await; meanwhile, subservient to your use,
"A wond'rous compound shall my art produce,
"Which, cleaving to the timbers, shall devour
"With unresisted sway, the hostile tow'r.
"Then too perchance may lie, in slumber drown'd,
"Those squadrons, that the guarded pile surround."
All thus arrang'd, each to his home retir'd,
Impatient waiting for the hour desir'd.
Her glitt'ring arms Clorinda laid aside,
Her vest with silver wrought, her helmet's pride;
A sable suit, prophetic of her doom,
She took, undeck'd of ornament or plume;
For unperceiv'd she trusted thus to go,
And cheat th' observance of the watchful foe.
'Twas then Arsetes join'd the warrior Fair,
The Eunuch old, whose unremitting care
His mistress' steps, 'mid toils and dangers rude,
Surmounting age's weakness, still pursued.
Her alter'd guise with wonder and with awe
He mark'd; th' impending danger well he saw;
And much he wept, and by his silver hairs,
By the past mem'ry of his pious cares,
He urg'd her to desist; but vain his fears,
His fond entreaties, and his streaming tears.
Then thus at length: "If thy unbending will
"Be fix'd upon this fatal purpose still,
"If nought my pray'rs avail, my tears that flow,
"My age, my fondness, or my locks of snow,

"More will I tell; prepare thy birth to hear,
"A tale ne'er yet unfolded to thine ear.
"This known, as wisest may appear to thee,
"My wishes or thine own, thy guide shall be."
His tale he then pursued; with eager look
The warlike female ey'd him, as he spoke.
"O'er distant Ethiopia's sun-burnt plain
"Perchance the wise Senapus still may reign,
"Which erst in peace his prosp'rous sceptre sway'd;
"The laws of Mary's Son the King obey'd,
"Whose rites alike his swarthy people held;
"'Twas there, a Pagan and a slave, I dwell'd,
"To tasks of female ministry confin'd,
"And with the Queen's attendant damsels join'd:
"Dark was her hue, nor yet the dusky cloud
"Her charms could lessen, or her beauty shroud.
"Her husband's warmest love 'twas her's to prove;
"But furious jealousy disturb'd his love;
"Each day increasing, o'er his tortur'd soul
"The hateful passion held supreme control;
"From mortal eyes his consort he conceal'd;
"He grudg'd that to the Sun should be reveal'd
"The charms he lov'd; while she, with meekness fraught,
"No glory courted, and no praises sought,
"Save from her Lord; submissive, prudent still,
"His wish to her was law, her only joy, his will.
"The storied tapestry, round her chamber plac'd,
"Figures, renown'd in holy legends, grac'd.
"There stood a dragon's fiery form, and there,
"With cheeks of rosy hue, a virgin fair;
"A Knight with lifted spear the serpent tore;
"The prostrate monster welter'd in his gore.

"Oft humbly there my royal mistress stood
"With looks devout, and suppliant attitude,
"Her wants made known, her errors past confest;
"And told the sorrows of her secret breast.
"At length, when nine revolving months were o'er,
"A daughter fair the teeming Princess bore;
"That daughter thou; with terror and surprise
"On thee the startled mother fix'd her eyes,
"And as too well she knew his jealous mind,
"To hide thee from her husband's sight design'd,
"Whose soul suspicious, by thy tint misled,
"Had judg'd her faithless to her marriage bed,
"And in thy place, to his deluded view
"A new-born infant show, of sable hue.
"Within a guarded tow'r she dwelt confin'd,
"Where none found entrance, save the female kind,
"And I alone; to me, whose faith was prov'd,
"And who with zeal unfeign'd my mistress lov'd,
"Thee, her sole joy, her offspring dear, she gave,
"Unsprinkled with the consecrated wave;
"Nor could she then thy infant form baptize;
"Her country's use the early rite denies,
"With tears she quitted thee, and made me bear
"To some far spot, and nurse with tend'rest care.
"But who the mother's sorrows shall express?
"What plaintive moans declar'd her deep distress,
"How oft her arms the last embrace renew'd,
"What gushing tears each parting kiss bedew'd,
"How from her lips the sobs unceasing broke,
"And stopp'd each trembling accent as she spoke
"At length she rais'd her eyes to Heaven, and cried
'Oh! thou, from whom no human soul can hid
'Its secret deeds, if this pure breast within
'*A spotless* heart be found, unstain'd by sin,

'If unpolluted be my matron fame,
'And free my nuptial bed from taint or blame,
'Not for myself I ask thy aid divine;
'Unnumber'd errors and misdeeds are mine;
'Unworthy in thy sight, and base am I;
'But save this babe, to whom the fates deny
'To suck its mother's bosom, or to prove
'Th' endearing fondness of parental love.
'In spotless honour may she rival me,
'But diff'rent, diff'rent far, her fortune be!
'Celestial warrior, thou, whose potent aid
'Snatch'd from the dragon's jaws the holy maid,
'If ever, by my hands devoutly plac'd,
'The taper's hallow'd blaze thy altars grac'd,
'If e'er to thee the circling incense roll'd,
'Or pious gifts were made of votive gold,
'To her, thine arm, thy pray'rs auxiliar lend,
'That on thy succour she may still depend,
'In ev'ry chance of life her guardian and her friend.'
"She ceas'd; convulsive sorrow tore her breast,
"And all her face death's pallid hue exprest.
"The narrow chest thy infant form that bore,
"With leaves and scatter'd flow'rs was cover'd o'er
"With such nice art, that as my way I took,
"No doubt within th' observer's breast awoke.
"Unknown I went, and through a shady wood,
"With trees imbrown'd, my lonely path pursu'd.
"'Twas then across my way a tigress came;
"Fierce anger lighten'd in her eyes of flame:
"On a tall tree I sprang, such fear bereft
"My wilder'd sense, and on the herbage left [nigh,
"Thee, my unsuccour'd charge; the beast drew
"Toss'd her proud head, and fix'd on thee her eye:

"Sudden, as by some potent impulse charm'd,
"Of all her terrors, all her rage disarm'd,
"The monster stood; her look, her tongue, exprest
"Mildness and love; she lick'd thee, and carest;
"Thou with undaunted look, and smile serene,
"To stretch thy hands of innocence wert seen,
"And her fell jaws with playful fingers meet;
"She offer'd to thy lips her swelling teat,
"In nursing attitude, while thou didst lift
"Thy little head, to grasp the proffer'd gift.
"Trembling meanwhile, confounded, and amaz'd,
"As one who views some portent strange, I gaz'd.
"Thy hunger sated with the milky food,
"Again the tigress sought the shelt'ring wood.
"Once more my leafy refuge I forsook,
"And on my destin'd way my journey took.
"I reach'd an hamlet near; there made abode,
"And on thy infant wants my care bestow'd.
"Till through the Zodiac's signs the circling Sun
"Had sixteen times his monthly journey run,
"I tarried there; then, slowly lisping, first
"From thy young lips the half-form'd accents burst;
"Then first thine infant feet their office found,
"Printing with undecided steps, the ground.
"But at that point arriv'd, when age assails,
"When life declines, and ebbing vigour fails,
"Anxious in foreign lands no more to roam,
"I long'd impatient for my childhood's home,
"To warm me at my native hearth, and know
"The joys that early friendship can bestow.
"Tow'rd Egypt's land, where first the light of day
"Beam'd on my infant eyes, I bent my way.

"I came, where flow'd a river, deep and wide;
"Behind, advancing robbers I descried;
"Here the broad torrent, there the plund'ring band
"Enclose me round; in trembling doubt I stand;
"I long'd to fly; nor yet my wav'ring mind
"Could bear to leave my cherish'd load behind.
"I plung'd into the stream; one hand remov'd
"The parted waves, and thee, my charge belov'd,
"The other held aloft; with headstrong force
"The boiling torrent urg'd its rapid course,
"And in the midmost stream, a gulph profound
"Whirl'd in impetuous eddies round and round.
"'Twas there I lost my pow'rs; th' attraction strong
"Of the deep vortex hurried me along,
"And in its gulph o'erwhelm'd: I left my hold,
"By force constrain'd; but thee, the current roll'd,
"Securely buoy'd, away; the stream to aid
"Propitious breezes blew, and thou wert laid
"Safe on the bank, where soon, of strength depriv'd,
"Spent with fatigue, and breathless, I arriv'd.
"Joyful I took thee: but when Night profound
"Had stretch'd her silent shade the world around,
"A threat'ning warrior to my dreams appear'd,
"And o'er my head a naked falchion rear'd;
'Hear my command,' the angry phantom cries;
'Straight in the sacred wave the babe baptize,
'As by her mother erst the charge was giv'n;
'The favour'd infant is the care of Heav'n.
'Her guardianship the Pow'rs above assign
'To me; to shield her and preserve, is mine:
'Twas I the savage tigress tam'd, and gave
'The soul of pity to th' insensate wave:

'And woe to thee, if heedless thou shalt prove
'Of this thy dream, commission'd from above.'
"He ceas'd; I rose, and with th' awaken'd ray
"Of dawning morn, pursued my anxious way.
"But as my native Faith I still preferr'd,
"The vision's warning voice in vain was heard;
"Thy mother's pray'rs regardless to fulfil,
"Thy rites baptismal I neglected still;
"Thy birth I hid, nor told th' important truth,
"And nurs'd in Pagan rites thy rising youth.
"Thy years advanc'd, and in the martial field,
"Forcing thy nature and thy sex to yield,
"Renown, and spoil were thine: what else befel
"Thy later days of life, thyself can tell;
"Full well thou know'st, I follow'd thee afar
"'Mid all the perils of tumultuous war,
"To thee my thoughts, my cares, my being gave,
"At once thy friend, thy father, and thy slave.
"But yestermorning, when, at dawn of day,
"Enchain'd in death-like sleep my senses lay,
"The self-same image to my eyes appear'd;
"More angry than before the phantom rear'd
"Its well-known form; more awful accents roll'd
"From its deep voice: 'Base wretch,' it cried, 'behold,
'Thy lov'd Clorinda's fated hour draws nigh,
'The hour to change her destiny and die.
'Spite of thy stubborn will the change shall be,
'And sorrow and despair I leave to thee.'
"Thus did the fierce and threat'ning vision say,
"Then with the winds it mix'd, and fled away.
"Thou see'st that, or by Heav'n ordain'd, or Fate,
"Thee, my lov'd child, some strange disasters wait.

"Heav'n's purpose, by this mystic warning meant,
"In vain I guess; perchance it may resent
"That man should quit the Faith his fathers knew;
"Perchance the Faith thy sires profess'd, is true.
"Then lay those arms aside; for once control
"Th' aspiring ardour of thy dauntless soul."
Thus spake the hoary sire with many a tear;
Musing Clorinda stood, nor free from fear;
She too had seen a vision, which imprest
Its heavy seal of sadness on her breast:
But shaking off the transient gloom, the maid
Resum'd her tranquil looks, and calmly said,
"The Faith, my conscience dictates to be true,
"That Faith, which from my infant days I knew,
"Suck'd with my nurse's milk, I still will hold;
"In vain, my doubts to raise, thy tales are told,
"Nor from my fix'd design will I depart;
"Ill would such change befit a valiant heart:
"Though Death's grim form, in all those terrors drest
"That freeze and paralyze the human breast,
"Before my startled eyes should now appear,
"Nor to repent were mine, nor mine to fear."
Then with kind words to soothe his grief she sought;
And as the Night, advancing, nearer brought
Th' appointed moment for their great design,
Th' associate of her task she hastes to join.
To them Ismeno came; his counsels goad
Their breasts, that with instinctive valour glow'd.
Two balls inflammable, their scheme to aid,
Of pitch, and quickly-kindling sulphur made,
His skill supplied; and in an hollow frame,
He gave, with art conceal'd, the fatal flame.

Darkling and silent, with incessant haste,
Adown the hill their quiet way they trac'd,
Till to the wish'd for spot their steps drew nigh,
Where the proud fabric rear'd its head on high.
More fiercely then their kindling spirits burn'd;
Swell'd their big hearts, and all confinement spurn'd.
Rage, vengeance, urge them on to blood and fire:
The watchword now the shouting guards require:
They silently move on; then loud alarms
Burst from the guards; "To arms!" they cry, "to arms!"
But, now discover'd, with redoubled speed
On to their task the matchless pair proceed;
Like cannons, or the vengeful bolts of Heav'n
With flame and rattling noise through æther driv'n,
At once that flash, and thunder, and explode,
'Twas thus they sped; to skim along their road,
Upon the foes' opposing ranks to fall,
To pierce, o'erthrow,—one moment serv'd for all;
Nor arms that clash'd, nor blows that rain'd around,
Their daring plan could frustrate or confound.
The ready fire, till now conceal'd from sight,
Impatient, they unclose; with ease they light
The sulph'ry balls, which to the wooden frame
Attach'd, and wide dispers'd, the seeds of flame.
But who shall tell how furious and how strong
The conflagration grew, how swift it crept along?
Or who, how thick the rolling smoke was seen,
Shrouding the stars, that gemm'd the blue serene?
Amid the smoky wreaths, thick globes arise
Of lurid flame, and stream along the skies;
Their timely aid the winds concordant join,
And all in one the spreading fire combine.

The sudden blaze the Christian host alarms;
They start in haste, and grasp their ready arms.
Soon on the ground the smould'ring mass lies low;
That pile, so late the terror of the foe,
Which many an hour of labour had employ'd,
In one short, fleeting moment, sinks destroy'd.
Soon to the spot whence rose th' aspiring flame,
With eager speed two Christian squadrons came:
With threat'ning voice Argantes cries, "Retire,
"Or with your streaming blood I quench the fire;"
Then dauntless fac'd, th' advancing war to meet;
Yet, step by step, commenc'd his slow retreat,
And strove, Clorinda at his side, to gain
The hill behind; more thick, the Christian train
With growing numbers, like some mountain rill,
When lengthen'd rains its rocky channel fill,
Press close, and urge, and hurry them along;
All, up the hill's steep brow, together throng.
Wide open'd was the Golden Gate; and there,
To wait the coming of th' advent'rous pair,
If fate should bring them back, was seen to stand
The Syrian Monarch, with his choicest band.
Quick on the threshold of the gate they sprung;
Close in their rear the fierce pursuers hung;
But Solyman withstood the rushing train,
Baffled their shock, and drove them back again.
Then clos'd the gate; alone, excluded, staid,
Amid an host of foes, the warrior maid:
For while they barr'd the gates, she thoughtless run,
To punish the presumptuous Arimon
For the keen wound his vent'rous arm had dealt;
Her never-failing vengeance soon he felt:

Nor did as yet the great Argantes know
His bold companion left among the foe;
The gloom of midnight, and the trampling rout,
The gath'ring battle, and the deaf'ning shout,
Confus'd his eyes, his thoughts: but when the Dame
Had quench'd in hostile blood her anger's flame,
Returning to herself, at once she found
The portals clos'd, herself encompass'd round
With crowds of foes; alone, amid an host;
'Twas then the heroine felt that all was lost:
Now arts she tried; such hopes alone remain'd;
One of the Christian band herself she feign'd,
And silent stole amid the vengeful crew,
Nor one suspicious eye the stranger knew.
Then as some wolf, discover'd, hastes to run,
His deeds of rapine, and of darkness done,
To the deep wood; 'mid shelt'ring thickets glides,
And there secure his felon carcase hides;
So, while the tumult with the Night conspir'd
To aid her fraud, the wily maid retir'd.
Tancred alone observ'd th' intrusive Dame;
Late to the scene of fight the warrior came,
What time bold Arimon her arm subdued;
He saw, he mark'd, and close behind her stood,
Eager her might to prove; a gallant Knight
Deem'd her his peer, nor scorn'd an equal fight.
The Dame, detected, sprang away; in haste
Around the hill her circling path she trac'd,
And at some other portal hop'd to find
Entrance secure; still closely prest behind
Th' impetuous Chief; and soon, so loud, so near,
The clang of arms alarm'd her startled ear,

That facing round, "What would'st thou here?"
she cried;
"Battle and death," the Latin Prince replied;
"Battle and death," the maid rejoin'd, "be thine;
"Thyself demands, nor to refuse is mine."
Then planting firm her foot, she waits the fight:
Scorning unequal terms, the Christian Knight
On foot, dismounting from his courser, stands;
The adverse champions wave their flashing brands;
Each dares his foe, as valour, wrath inspire,
Their mutual pride they rouse, and wake responsive ire:
Thus meet two furious bulls, and thus engage,
Inflam'd with jealousy, and wild with rage.
Worthy some theatre's applauding scene,
Worthy the brightest Sun, their deeds had been:
But thou, dun Night, whose deep and silent womb
Involv'd them in impenetrable gloom,
Forgive me, if I rend thy veil in twain,
And from the dark recesses of thy reign
Snatch forth those deeds of hardihood, and give
Through ev'ry future age, their fame to live:
Then, deathless as their glory, shall be made
Th' eternal mem'ry of thy sacred shade.
Not once drew back, nor shrunk, those gen'rous foes,
Nor strove to fence, nor ward their mutual blows.
Dexterity and skill are banish'd far;
No time is now to try the tricks of war;
Promiscuous fury, and the gloom of night,
Render art useless, and confound the fight.
At ev'ry stroke that falls, with horrid crash
Against the meeting steel their falchions clash.

Where first their feet were planted, firm they
stand;
Unmov'd each foot, but restless is each hand,
And as their wheeling blades are plied amain,
Nor forward thrust is made, nor stroke descends,
in vain.
Scorn and disdain provoke their mutual ire,
And keen revenge adds fuel to the fire;
To efforts new, incentives new provoke,
Nerve their stout arms, and sharpen ev'ry stroke.
More hot th' advancing strife each moment glows,
And fiercer, as it burns, and sturdier grows:
And now, intent on nearer war alike,
No longer with their trenchant blades they strike,
But with the hilts commence more savage fight;
Their bucklers close, their locking helms unite.
Thrice did the Latin Prince, with straining grasp,
In his strong arms the martial damsel clasp;
As oft, elapsing from his nervous hold,
The skilful maid escap'd the iron fold;
What strange embrace was hers that hour to prove!
The fold of savage hate, and not of love!
Again their swords with one consent they try;
Oft in each other's blood the steel they dye,
Till faint at last, and weary, they retire,
And breathless, from the work of death respire.
While thus the combat in suspense remain'd,
Each on his falchion's hilt his weight sustain'd:
But now the last faint stay expiring ray
Withdrew, extinguish'd by the dawning day,
Which in the East its rosy glow display'd;
His rival's blood the Christian Knight survey'd,
That down her armour roll'd its torrent red;
*Himself* meanwhile with less profusion bled.

With pride and joy his conscious breast swell'd
high;
Oh! short-liv'd joys of frail Humanity,
By ev'ry varying breath of Fortune tost!
Wretch that thou art! whence comes thine ill-
tim'd boast?
Sad shall thy triumphs prove, thy gladness vain!
Thine eyes (if still in life thou dost remain)
Thy sorrowing eyes shall pay, how vast arrears!
For ev'ry drop of blood, a sea of tears!
Thus pausing a short space, the champions
stood,
And each his valiant foe in silence view'd.
Tancred at last the awful stillness broke;
Longing to learn his rival's name, he spoke:
"Our fates ordain, that to the Night alone,
"Unheard, unseen, our prowess must be shown.
"But since harsh Fortune, envious of our fame,
"That praise denies our deeds might justly claim,
"Thy name, thy state, thy rank, I pray, declare,
"If savage war admittance leaves to pray'r:
"Thus much vouchsafe, that I at least may know,
"Who, in this contest, is the noble foe,
"Whose valour, whichsoe'er may be my doom,
"Must gild my laurels, or adorn my tomb."
"In vain thou ask'st," the haughty Dame re-
plied,
"What custom, long observ'd, still bids me hide.
"But whatsoe'er my name, before thee stands
"One of that vent'rous pair, whose fearless hands
"Consum'd your boasted tow'r." With fierce dis-
dain,
The gallant Tancred heard her boastful strain:

"In evil hour," return'd th' indignant Lord,
"Thy lips gave utt'rance to that fatal word.
"Alike thy silence and thy speech require
"A full revenge, and whet my righteous ire."
Again in each brave heart new anger burn'd;
To each exhausted frame new strength return'd.
Oh! cruel fight! where art, by both disdain'd,
Was banish'd far; where strength no more remain'd;
Where desp'rate rage the place of each supplied,
And singly gave what force and skill denied!
And oh! where'er their lifted swords descend,
What gaping, bleeding wounds ensue, to rend
Their arms, their flesh! and if each feeble frame
Might still retain the spark of vital flame,
'Twas gen'rous wrath held back, and wrath alone,
The subtle spirit in the breast, its throne.
As, when the North or South winds cease to rave,
That vex'd of late the wild Egean wave,
Yet not the more the troubled waters cease,
Nor the rough surface sinks, becalm'd, to peace;
Their impulse strong the billows still retain,
And still with big commotion heaves the main;
So though the nervous vigour liv'd no more,
With which each arm assail'd its foe before,
Yet energy exhaustless still they show;
This props each champion still, this makes him scorn his foe.
But lo! the fated moment now was come,
The moment, charter'd with Clorinda's doom:
Great Tancred's sword her beauteous bosom tore;
Deep lodg'd the greedy blade, and drank her virgin gore:

Her robe, of golden tissue, that represst
Th' ambitious heavings of her snowy breast,
With the warm stream was fill'd; cold death assail'd
Her bloodless frame; her languid footsteps fail'd:
Tancred with threats the falling fair pursues,
His conquest urges, and his blow renews.
She raises, as she falls, her voice of woe,
And from her lips life's latest accents flow,
Th' infusion of the Spirit from on high,
Spirit of Faith, of Hope, of Charity!
New virtue, by th' Almighty Father giv'n;
For if in life she spurn'd the laws of Heav'n,
He will'd at least, that in her dying hour,
Her contrite soul should own her Saviour's pow'r.
"Friend, I am conquer'd; thou hast pardon free;
"And pardon I demand in death from thee;
"Not on this frame, which no base fear can know,
"But on my parting spirit mercy show:
"'Tis for my sinful soul I bid thee pray;
"Let rites baptismal wash my guilt away."
From her pale lips these languid words that fell,
Such sweetness breath'd, divine, ineffable,
As to the hero's heart resistless crept;
His enmity was hush'd, his anger slept,
And straight, compell'd by some mysterious force,
Unbidden tears gush'd copious from their source.
Emerging from the hill, a scanty brook
Not far remote its murm'ring progress took:
Thither the soul-struck warrior ran, to fill
His hollow helmet at the limpid rill,
Then hasten'd to perform the sad demand;
Some conscious instinct shook his trembling hand,

As from her face, till now unknown, he drew
The helm that cover'd it; he saw, he knew:—
All pow'r of speech, of motion, then was gone;
Ah! cruel sight! ah! knowledge, best unknown!
Nor yet he died; in that momentous hour,
Collecting all the remnant of his pow'r,
Deep in his soul his sorrows he supprest,
And for the solemn office arm'd his breast,
That she, whom late his murd'rous steel had slain,
By water's saving pow'r might live again.
As from his tongue Salvation's accents came,
New joy transform'd the virgin's dying frame;
A smile of gladness o'er her features past,
And sweetly tranquil, as she breath'd her last,
She seem'd to say, "Earth's vain delusions cease;
"Heav'n opens on my eyes; I part in peace."
O'er her fair face death's livid hue arose;
So mix'd with violets the lily shows.
She fix'd her eyes on Heav'n; the Sun, the sky,
Seem'd to look down in pity from on high:
She wav'd her hand, and since her lips denied
All pow'r of speech, the pledge of peace supplied.
So past from earthly scenes the maid forgiv'n;
So her pure spirit fled, redeem'd, to Heav'n;
Not death's rude hand her features fair imprest,
But the calm slumber of unclouded rest.
  But when he saw her noble life was o'er,
His borrow'd firmness he retain'd no more,
And wild and desp'rate grown, th' ungovern'd Chief
Gave loose to all the torrent of his grief:
Close round his heart the stifling sorrow twin'd,
And in such narrow space his life confin'd,

That on his alter'd face the stamp of death
Was fix'd; his senses fled; his languid breath
Scarce heav'd; all spoke him dead—his ebbing blood,
His pallid hue, his silence, attitude:
And sure his life, thus struggling to depart,
Had burst the chain that bound it to his heart,
And follow'd the pure soul that late had spread
Its liberated wings, and heav'nward fled,
But to the spot, by Fortune's guidance brought,
A Christian squadron came; the stream they sought,
By want of water led; these rais'd with care
The half-dead warrior, and the lifeless Fair.
Though yet at distance great, their Leader's eyes
The Latin Prince's armour recognise;
He hasten'd to the spot, and soon he knew
The slaughter'd Fair, and sadden'd at the view:
Unwilling that of fun'ral rites bereav'd,
The beauteous Pagan (as he still believ'd)
Should lie neglected, to the wolves a prey,
He bade his train each bleeding corse convey,
Then took to Tancred's tent his pensive way.
So slow they mov'd, such easy steps they took,
Not wholly from his trance the Knight awoke,
Yet sighs, and feebly utter'd groans declare
That some faint sparks of life still linger'd there.
The other's silent, stiff'ning corse made known
That all the vital spirit thence had flown.
Thus, side by side, each pallid corse they bear,
And in distinct apartments place with care.
And now, intent their various aid to bring,
His sad attendants form a busy ring,

And tend with pious care the bleeding Knight
Already to his languid eyes the light
Slowly returns; their tending hands he feels,
And on his ear their low-breath'd whisper stes
Nor yet at once his wilder'd mind regain'd
Its wonted sense, but half entranc'd remain'd:
Around, with vacant gaze, his eyes he threw,
At length the place, th' attendant menials kne
And from his lips these feeble accents came;
"Does life still animate this wretched frame
"Still do I breathe? still do my eyes survey
"The hated beams of this ill-omen'd day?
"Day, that but shines my foul misdeeds to bla
"The witness of my errors, and my shame.
"Why art thou now so slow, my coward hand
"Thou that each mode of slaughter canst c
mand,
"The ready minister of fate and death,
"To snap the thread of life, and stop my fo
breath?
"Then pierce this bosom; act a righteous par
"And take due vengeance on my guilty heart
"But thou, who savage deeds alone dost know
"Might'st deem it mercy, to conclude my woe
"Then will I live, in torments live, and prove
"A sad example of unhappy love;
"For guilt of such deep dye, 'tis life alone,
"A life of shame, of sorrow, can atone.
"By furies goaded, and by anguish worn,
"An outcast vile, a wanderer forlorn,
"Must hapless Tancred live, and start dismay'd
"At solitary Night's returning shade,
"That shade, which brings again to mem'ry's e
"My error, source of all my misery!

"Nor less the gaudy sun-beams will I hate,
"Which first reveal'd my melancholy fate:
"Myself in terror will I hold, and try,
"An useful effort, from myself to fly.
"But where, ah wretched me! what spot retains
"That fair and spotless form's belov'd remains?
"Whate'er the fury of these hands could spare,
"Perchance the monsters of the forest tear.
"Ah! spoil too fair! and worthier far to prove
"The choicest, noblest sacrifice of love!
"Ill-fated maid! 'gainst whom alike combine
"The fury of the sylvan tribes, and mine!
"Thither, where'er thou art, I go; with me,
"Ye dear remains, for ever shall ye be!
"If on thy limbs, where thousand beauties play'd,
"The beasts of prey their bloody feast have made,
"Me too the self-same monsters shall consume,
"The self-same entrails be my living tomb;
"An honour'd tomb, and dear, where'er it be,
"If fate unite me, though in death with thee."
In doleful accents thus his hapless fate
The Latin hero mourn'd, disconsolate.
And soon he learn'd that close at hand were laid
The relics of the dear, lamented maid:
Then rose a gleam of pleasure, to illume
His face of woe, o'ercast with settled gloom;
Thus in the skies the transient lightnings play,
Divide the sullen clouds, and pass away.
At length his limbs' dull weight with pain opprest,
He rais'd laborious, from his bed of rest,
And slowly dragging on his weary frame,
Thither with weak and tott'ring steps he came.
When in that lovely breast he saw display'd
The fatal gash his murd'rous hand had made,

And when he view'd that face, so bright before,
Illum'd with living radiance now no more,
(So oft in some clear night the skies are seen
All wrapt in rayless gloom, yet still serene)
What yet of strength remain'd, his limbs forsook;
His frame, unnerv'd, with fierce convulsions shook,
And, but his friends their timely aid bestow'd,
Had sunk to earth, unequal to its load. [cried,
"Oh! lovely face, whose wond'rous charms," he
"E'en death's abhorr'd deformity can hide,
"Yet fail, with all their magic, to bestow
"Relief or comfort to my cruel woe!
"Fair hand, which she at parting deign'd to wave,
"When the last pledge of faith and peace she gave!
"What are ye now? and what, alas! am I?
"Do not those limbs, so lovely late, supply
"Proof of my brutal rage? And ye, my eyes,
"Rival this hand accurst in cruelties!
"Those bleeding wounds my hand achiev'd, and ye
"Can tamely bear those bleeding wounds to see;
"Tearless ye see; then let me haste to pour,
"Where tears refuse to flow, my streaming gore."
Frantic he said, and urg'd by fell despair,
His furious fingers ev'ry bandage tear,
And ope his wounds anew; the spouting blood
Sent from each freshen'd gash a crimson flood,
And he had died, but by the pain o'erpow'r'd,
His senses fled, and left alive their Lord. [plac'd,
When on his couch once more the knight was
His spirits from their swoon awake at last.
But babbling Fame soon hastens to relate
His poignant sorrows, and his luckless fate.
Thither his steps the pious Godfrey bends,
And thither throng in crowds his anxious friends.

But no sage counsel, no persuasive pray'r [spair.
Can quell his stubborn grief, or calm his wild de-
As oft beneath the probing hands of art,
A mortal wound receives augmented smart,
So consolation's soothing sounds bestow
Severer anguish to his bitter woe.
But as some shepherd swain, who fondly tends
His drooping lambs, the holy Peter lends
His grave advice, and in impressive strain
Reproves his idle love, his errors vain: [are thou:
"Tancred," he cried, "how chang'd, how lost,
"Where is thy mighty soul, thy manly spirit now?
"Whence are these mists, that cheated sense that blind,
"And pour thick darkness o'er thy noble mind?
"Thy trials and thy pains 'tis Heav'n that sends;
"And wilt thou shun the good that Heav'n intends?
"Nor hear its voice, that calls thee to the road,
"The road of Faith, which once thy footsteps trod:
"Thither it points, and warns thee to resume
"Those duties, that a Christian knight become,
"Which now thy soul renounces, to pursue,
"Foul change! a woman, to her God untrue.
"Thy Heav'nly Father, in his justice mild,
"Correction sends to thee, a wayward child,
"And of the precious cure vouchsafes to make
"Thyself the minister, for mercy's sake.
"And wilt thou then, by headstrong passion driv'n,
"Reject the pitying chastisements of Heav'n?
"Unhappy Prince! ah! whither dost thou stray,
"Led by the wild, uncurb'd desires away?
"Ah! stay! yet stay! stretch'd out before thine eyes
"The eternal precipice deep-yawning lies;

"Upon the brink thou stand'st, and still art blind;
"Awake! look down; recal thine erring mind!
"Return, return! this sinful grief control,
"Fatal alike to body and to soul."
He ceas'd; no more to die the youth desir'd,
With terror of eternal death inspir'd;
Religion's voice succeeds his breast to calm,
And his sooth'd woes confess the healing balm.
Yet still in groans his secret soul he pour'd,
Yet still his tongue his grievous lot deplor'd;
Now to himself his sorrows he exprest,
Now to Clorinda's shade his tale addrest,
And she, perchance, well-pleas'd his voice to hear,
Lent, from her heav'nly home, a pitying ear.
Here, when the Sun departed, or return'd,
With weary voice he call'd, implor'd, and mourn'd.
So the lorn nightingale, with plaintive tone,
Laments, incessant, o'er her offspring gone,
Whom, e'er the down their callow forms invest,
Some rustic tears, unpitying, from their nest:
She, stung with bitter anguish, all night long
Trills, unconsol'd, her melancholy song,
And deafens with her oft-repeated tale,
The silent forest, and the vocal gale.
But sleep at length, as morn began to rise,
Gave respite to his tears, and seal'd his eyes.
Then, while he dream'd, in robes of light array'd,
Appear'd before his eyes, the much lov'd maid;
Around her brows no human glories shine,
And Heav'n's own beauties deck her form divine;
Yet well he knew the sainted Fair, who dried
With gentle hand his swimming eyes, and cried,
"Behold what charms this alter'd frame adorn,
"Bright as the Sun, and placid as the morn:

"Then shed no more those fruitless tears, and, know,
"To thee, lov'd friend, my blissful state I owe.
"Thy hand (ah! happy error) snatch'd away
"My captive spirit from its bonds of clay;
"Thy hand alike the mighty means bestow'd
"To fly into the bosom of my God,
"And taught me to those blissful realms to soar,
"Where Sin, and Death, and Sorrow are no more.
"There, with the happy and the good I dwell;
"And there, if right my hopes prophetic tell,
"Thee too an equal happiness awaits;
"Heav'n opes for thee its everlasting gates;
"There shall my beauties greet thy raptur'd sight,
"Array'd in robes of uncreated light,
"Unless, by vain and sensual passion driv'n,
"Thou scorn'st th' inviting voice, and fly'st from "Heav'n.
"Then live restor'd; all earth-born cares resign;
"Know that Clorinda's love is wholly thine,
"As far as perishable man may prove
"Th' affection of the sinless souls above."
More bright, while yet she spake, her features beam'd,
And love immortal from her eye-balls stream'd;
Then, all dissolving in a blaze of light,
The glowing vision vanish'd from his sight.
But comfort to his fainting soul she spoke;
Cheer'd and refresh'd, th' unhappy Prince awoke,
And, sway'd by Reason's voice, no more denied
The grateful aid that med'cine's art supplied.
Then to its last abode his care consign'd
That form, where once had dwell'd so great a *mind.*

And though no costly marble there might stand,
Rich with the labours of the sculptor's hand,
Yet, far as time allow'd, the fabric fair
Selected stone adorn'd, nor art was wanting there.
The fun'ral pomp to deck, a num'rous throng,
Each with a lighted taper, mov'd along,
And on a pine's bare trunk, in order plac'd,
The virgin's trophied arms her mem'ry grac'd.
But, with the next-ensuing day that came,
Soon as the Knight could raise his sickly frame,
With pious rev'rence fraught, he took his way
To where inhum'd her honour'd ashes lay.
He reach'd the sepulchre, by Heav'n's decree
His living spirit's prison doom'd to be;
Pale, cold, and dumb, all power of motion gone,
He glued his eyes upon the senseless stone,
And pouring as he spake, a briny tide,
Burst into one continuous sob, and cried,
"O lov'd and honour'd stone, whose outward part
"Feels my warm tears, whose inner holds my heart!
"No clay-cold dust thy darksome womb contains;
"There Love vivacious lives, triumphant reigns.
"I feel from thee the fires which well I know:
"Less sweet, less grateful, but as warm, they glow.
"Accept these faithful sighs, which now I heave;
"These kisses, bath'd with scalding tears, receive,
"And since from me such bliss my fate withholds,
"To the lov'd dust thy cold embrace infolds,
"Deliver ev'ry kiss, imprinted there;
"And if the spirit of the murder'd Fair
"E'er turn, with fond remembrance, to survey
"The lovely relics of her kindred clay,

" No anger shall her peaceful bosom move
" At thy compliance, or at Tancred's love;
" The realms of bliss nor wrath nor hatred know;
" She (my sole comfort 'mid this world of woe,)
" She deigns my ill-starr'd error to forgive;
" 'Tis in this cherish'd hope alone I live:
" My hand, she knows, her blood, unconscious, spilt,
" My will partook not of the monstrous guilt:
" Nor, as I lov'd in life, will she deny
" That I should love till death, and, loving, die.
" And I will love till death! whene'er it be,
" Happy shall prove life's closing hour to me!
" And happier far, if, as I now am come
" A mounful wand'rer to her cherish'd tomb,
" This self-same tomb may then myself inclose,
" And give my cold remains their last repose.
" To each, one resting place on earth be giv'n;
" Together may our souls be blest in Heav'n!
" May death at last that envied lot attain,
" Which life so long has sought, and sought in vain!
" If on a fate so dear I dar'd presume,
" High were my bliss, and envied were my doom!"
Meanwhile within their walls the Pagan train
Of their sad loss some partial tidings gain;
Faintly at first they spread, but quickly grew
More sure, more loud, and far and wide they flew.
What cries of woe were heard, what shrieks of fear!
And many a groan ensued, and many a tear:
Not greater their alarm had all been lost,
And masters of their town, the conqu'ring host

Profan'd with sword and fire their lov'd abodes,
And sack'd th' insulted temples of their Gods.
But more than all the rest, Arsetes old,
Grievous to hear, and mournful to behold,
Each pitying eye, each list'ning ear engag'd;
No streaming tears his stubborn grief assuag'd;
Too deeply rooted in his inmost soul
Th' inherent sorrow dwelt, and mock'd control.
His hoary locks with dust he cover'ed o'er,
His wrinkled face, his aged breast he tore:
Around the sire the flocking townsmen crowd;
Then fierce Argantes came, and cried aloud,
" Much did I wish, when first the portals clos'd,
" And my brave comrade staid without, expos'd
" 'Mid hostile arms, to issue from the gate,
" And ran, impatient, to partake her fate.
" T' unbar the gates, the timid King I pray'd,
" Nor aught was left undone, nor aught unsaid.
" He, as I pray'd, and urg'd, and strove in vain,
" My ardour check'd with pow'r's commanding rein,
" And here the pow'r pertains to him alone;
" Alas! if, as I wish'd, I then had gone,
" Or snatch'd from danger, my protecting care
" Had brought in safety back the matchless Fair,
" Or, where her blood distain'd the moisten'd clay,
" Myself had nobly clos'd my mortal day.
" But ah! what could I more? or Heav'n's decree,
" Or man's, assign'd another lot to me.
" Her doom, by sad mischance, the virgin met;
" To me remain some mighty duties yet;
" Nor shall Argantes, what he owes, forget.
" Jerusalem! thou Queen of Cities! hear!
" Thou too, Almighty! to my words give ear!

" If what my lips now say, be falsely said,
" Blast with thy thunders my devoted head!
" My just revenge the ruffian shall pursue,
" Whose cruel hand the great Clorinda slew,
" Nor from my side this sword shall ne'er depart,
" Till its keen point is lodg'd in Tancred's heart,
" And, by my arm laid low, the birds of air
" The carcass of the coward murd'rer tear."
Thus spoke the Satrap proud; and as he spoke,
Loud plaudits from th' admiring vulgar broke,
Nor fail'd the hinted vengeance to bestow
Reviving comfort 'mid the general woe.
Oh! empty oath! oh! promise vainly made!
Far other end those lofty hopes essay'd!
The Knight, whom now his heated Fancy view'd
Beneath his own redoubted arm subdued,—
With him ere long the desp'rate chance he tried
Of equal fight;—he yielded, and he died.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## CANTO XIII.

# ARGUMENT.

Ismeno, desirous to prevent the Christians from renewing military engines, places the forest which supplied them timber, in charge of the Dæmons.—The artificers who a to cut down wood, retire in great alarm as soon as they in sight of the enchanted forest.—Alcasto, a Swiss, eng break the charm, but is baffled, and returns in confusion. ered undertakes the task, makes his way into the wood, a parts to cut down a tree, but is prevailed upon to desi Dæmon in the shape of Clorinda.—Godfrey's solicitude.- the Hermit predicts that his difficulties and trials sha cease.—The Christians are afflicted with an unusual he drought.—The troops begin to desert the Camp.—Go prayer to the Almighty, who, moved by his intreaties compassion on the Christians, and decrees that their suf shall have an end, and their enterprise be shortly crowne success.—He refreshes them with rain.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## CANTO XIII.

Scarce had the greedy flame's consuming pow'r
Laid level with the ground the mighty tow'r,
Ere to another scheme Ismeno gave
His restless thoughts, the threaten'd town to save:
To guard the wood that to th' invading band
Its timbers lent, devices new he plann'd,
That vain might be their efforts, to prepare
For fresh assaults, their artificial war.
Nigh to the Christians' wide encampment, stood,
By lonely vales inclos'd, a spacious wood,
Thick with tall trees, whose antique shade profound
Breath'd dark and inauspicious horror round.
When beams the Sun, in noon-day lustre fair,
A doubtful light, and dismal, glimmers there;
Such light the mist-envelop'd skies display,
When day gives place to night, or night to day.
But when his rays depart, a veil of clouds,
Gloom like the gloom of Hell, the forest shrouds;
Th' astonish'd eyes a sudden blindness seals,
And ev'ry heart mysterious terror feels:

No shepherd here, no herdsman guides to feed
His horned treasures, or his woolly breed,
Nor here the lonely trav'ler dares to stray,
Unless perchance bewilder'd in his way,
But marks the spot with half-averted eye,
And shrinks within himself, and passes by.
Foul witches, sailing through the midnight air,
Hither, their lovers at their side, repair;
Disguis'd as dragons, or as goats, they hide
Their forms obscene; borne on the clouds they ride,
Hast'ning to rites impure and feasts profane,
Lur'd by false hopes of bliss, an hellish train!
And celebrate, amid the conscious grove,
The impious orgies of accursed love:
So thought the neighb'ring swains; nor ever dare
From that dread wood one branch, one twig, to tear.
Yet not for this the Christian bands refrain'd;
Thence only might their warlike piles be gain'd.
Thither the Sorc'rer came; that hour he chose,
When Night had wrapp'd the world in deep repose,
The night which next ensu'd; his hands unblest
A magic circle trac'd, and secret signs imprest.
Loose round his limbs his quiv'ring garments flow'd;
With unshod feet th' enchanted ground he trod,
His post within the mystic circle took,
And potent words in low-breath'd murmurs spoke:
Thrice to the Eastern clime he turn'd his eyes,
As oft he fronted to the Western skies,
Thrice shook the charmed wand, whose pow'r can force
To burst Death's iron bands, the buried corse;

Thrice stamp'd the Earth with naked feet accurst,
Then from his lips these fearful accents burst:
" Hear me, ye Spirits, who of old were driv'n
" From the pure regions of your native Heav'n!
" Ye, in the wide expanse of air who dwell,
" Who guide the tempest, and the storm compel!
" And ye, who in the gloomy realms below
" Inflict on damned souls eternal woe!
" You, citizens of Orcus, one and all,
" And thee, Hell's sable Emperor, I call!
" Entrusted to your care this wood shall be;
" Number'd with care, I give you ev'ry tree.
" As souls in forms corporeal dwell enshrin'd,
" So ye within these plants remain confin'd;
" Thus shall the Christian bands, appall'd, retire,
" Arrest their palsied hands, and dread your ire."
He said; all else from lips so foul that fell,
None but an impious tongue might dare to tell.
The stars, that spangled the blue vault of Night,
Glimmer'd, while yet he spake, with paler light;
The silver Moon, so pure and bright before,
Veil'd in thick clouds her face, and shone no more
Enrag'd, the wizard renovates his spell:
" Resist ye my commands, ye sons of Hell?
" Whence this delay? what? waits your stubborn will
" For charms more pow'rful and more secret still?
" Nor think, though long disus'd, and practis'd not,
" That magic's direst arts are not forgot!
" My tongue, when steep'd in blood, can still apply
" That mystic name, of dreadful potency,
" Which Hell has never yet refus'd to own—
" Which startles Pluto on his burning throne—

"What? wait ye yet?"—Nor more the Sorc'rer said;
He saw his charms fulfill'd, his spells obey'd.
While yet he spake, an endless, countless throng
Of spirits flock'd at his behest along,
All who through æther's wide expansion ride,
Or in the darksome womb of Earth abide,
Slow, and still trembling at the dread commands,
Which wrested late their weapons from their hands,
But yet of pow'r possest, the trunks amid
To take their stand, or in the leaves lie hid.
The fell Ismeno now, with gladness fraught,
His schemes fulfill'd, the hoary Despot sought;
"Away with fears, dread Lord, be joy thine own,"
He cried; "secure from danger is thy throne,
"Nor, as they hope, shall e'er the Latin crew
"Those vast machines, their battle's nerves, renew."
So spake th' Enchanter, and explain'd in part
The prosp'rous issues of his secret art.
"More will I now unfold," he then subjoin'd,
"Which fills with equal joy my sanguine mind.
"Know then, that in celestial Leo's sign
"Soon with the Sun will fiery Mars combine;
"Their fervour to abate, no breeze shall lend
"Its cooling aid, nor dews, nor show'rs descend.
"The threat'ning Heav'ns, by every mark, presage
"The fierce extremity of Summer's rage:
"Such heat will soon be felt, as ne'er before
"Parch'd the black tribes on Afric's sultriest shore.
"Within the town, where shade, where wells abound,
"Less grievous will the solar beams be found;

"But they without, upon the parched plain,
"Th' intolerable blaze must ill sustain;
"And, half subdued by Summer's burning heat,
"Their ruin soon will Egypt's bands complete.
"A bloodless victory shall be thy lot;
"To tempt thy fortune more, befits thee not.
"But if Argantes, he, whose haughty breast
"Spurns, scornful, e'en at honourable rest,
"Urge thee, and with requests vexatious tire,
"Find thou excuse to curb his headstrong fire.
"To thee ere long shall welcome peace be giv'n,
"While the proud foe contends with hostile Heav'n."

Well pleas'd and re-assur'd, the tyrant hears;
The efforts of his foes no more he fears.
Already by his zeal in part renew'd,
The shatter'd, half-demolish'd bulwarks stood;
Yet not the less, with unremitting care,
Whate'er was left, he labour'd to repair;
Each citizen, each slave, by turns bestows
His helping toil; the busy labour glows.

Meanwhile the pious Prince, who knew 'twere vain
T' assail the city's strengthen'd walls again,
Until, by art rebuilt, once more should rise
His engines, and the tow'r of mighty size,
To the tall wood despatch'd his artist crew,
Whence late his timber's large supplies he drew.
They, with the earliest glimpse of dawning day,
To the wide forest took their well-known way.
But when the trees first struck their distant eyes,
They paus'd with sudden fear, and strange surprise:

As simple infants fear their looks to guide
Where bugbears and imagin'd ghosts reside,
Or shrink within themselves at midnight still,
When tales of fear their startled mem'ry fill;
Such indistinct alarm they felt, nor knew
Whence sprang their fear, or whence their tremors grew;
But, as the pow'r of plastic Fancy wrought,
More dreadful forms before their eyes were brought,
Than e'er in Greece's antique tales was read
Of Sphinx portentous, or Chimæra dread.
The baffled crowd returns, by terror quell'd,
And such confus'd and strange reports they held,
That what they told with laughter was receiv'd;
All scorn'd the tales they brought, and none believ'd.
The great Commander then, displeas'd, commands
A choice detachment from the bravest bands
To march, and lend them courage to fulfil,
Unsway'd by vain and false alarms, his will.
As near the bound'ries of the wood they drew,
Where fix'd their dread abode th' infernal crew,
When first the deep, the dismal shades they saw,
Their flutt'ring hearts were chill'd with secret awe;
Yet on they journey'd to the destin'd scene,
And cloak'd with valour's well-dissembled mien
Their coward fear, till, with unslacken'd pace,
They reach'd the confines of th' enchanted place.
Then burst upon their ears a sudden sound;
As when an earthquake rocks the groaning ground;
As when the South-winds murmur, loud and deep;
As when amid the rocks the billows weep;

The serpent's hiss was there, the wolf's dread howl,
The lion's roar, the bear's terrific growl,
The trumpet's blast, with crashing thunder join'd;
Such mingled sounds in one the hideous din com-
A livid paleness marks each alter'd cheek: [bin'd.
No dubious signs the general fears bespeak:
Reason alike and discipline are vain
To urge them to advance, or to remain:
Weak are such aids, and pow'rless to control
The mighty influence that possest their soul.
At length they fly; their frailty to excuse,
To Godfrey thus they tell the wond'rous news:
"Great Sir, not one of all our band pretends
"To fell yon trees, which such strange pow'r de-
fends,
"That there, I swear, the Sov'reign Prince of Hell,
"And all his court of cursed angels dwell.
"With three-fold adamant his breast is arm'd,
"Who views yon dreadful forest, unalarm'd;
"And dead are all his senses, who shall dare
"To listen to the din that rages there."
'Twas thus they spake: among th' attentive
Alcasto stood, the lofty and the proud; [crowd
To rashness his exub'rant valour swell'd;
The pow'rs of man, of fate, at nought he held;
No beast, the fiercest that the world e'er saw,
No monster's direst form, his soul could awe,
Nor earthquake, nor the mightiest wind that blows,
Nor all the violence that Nature knows.
In scorn he smil'd, and toss'd his haughty head;
"Be mine to go," he cried, "where others dread.
"Those formidable trees I soon will fell,
"Where all these visions of weak Fancy dwell.

"Each unsubstantial phantom I defy, [cry.
"Each sylvan monster's roar, or bird's ill-omen'd
"Nor would I shrink, though yon dire spot should
"A gaping passage to the shades below." [show
Thus to his Chief the vaunting Switzer said,
Then took his leave, and on his journey sped.
He saw the distant wood; the sounds of fear
That issued thence, soon broke upon his ear,
Nor backward yet his daring steps he bent,
But dauntless still, and scornful, onward went,
And soon had reach'd the spot,—but to oppose
His further way, a mass of flame arose:
Wider, each moment, it expands, and high'r,
And seems one lofty wall of solid fire,
Which round the wood, a wond'rous bulwark stands,
To guard its treasures from intrusive hands.
Part high above the rest, aspiring, grew,
And seem'd a tow'ring castle to the view.
The ramparts of this new-made Hell to guard,
Vast store of warlike engines was prepar'd:
And oh! in what dire crowds th' infernal brood
To guard the castellated barrier stood!
Some eye'd the Chief with stern and with'ring look;
Their weapons some with threat'ning gestures
At length he fled, reluctant still and slow; [shook:
So may the lordly lion backward go;
Yet still 'twas flight; and fear, till then unknown,
Now first within his bosom rear'd his throne.
That fear it was, he knew not, nor believ'd;
But in his own despite the truth perceiv'd
Ere long; amaz'd, enrag'd he stood; the smart
Of keen repentance rankled in his heart;

Mute was his tongue; with shame his bosom burn'd;
Confus'd, his hasty steps apart he turn'd,
And dar'd to men's upbraiding eyes no more
To show his downcast face, so proud before.
When summon'd by his Chief, he made delay,
And with excuses vain prolong'd his stay:
Slowly he went at last, but silence kept,
Or loose discourse maintain'd, like one who slept.
Th' observing Chieftain saw; and from the sight,
Augur'd discomfiture, and shame, and flight:
"What strange unheard events are these?" he cries,
"Witchcraft perchance, or nature's prodigies?
"But if there yet be one, whose gen'rous will
"May prompt him to explore, undaunted still,
"These sylvan wonders, freely let him go,
"That surer tidings we at least may know."
He said; and on the days that next ensued,
Thrice were the terrors of th' enchanted wood
Tried by the bravest; but, o'ercome with dread,
All from the scene of horror turn'd, and fled.
Tancred meanwhile with pious rev'rence paid
The tomb's last honours to the much-lov'd maid.
Though languid weakness stamp'd his features pale,
Ill apt for warrior's helm, or pond'rous mail,
Yet when the public cause for succour call'd,
Nor dangers him deterr'd, nor toils appall'd;
For, feeble as he was, his soul of flame
Lent its own copious vigour to his frame.
Silent and cautious, on his task intent,
Collected in himself, the hero went:
The dreadful forests' sight unmov'd he bore,
The groaning earthquake, and the thunder's roar;

No fear he felt, and if within his breast
One tremor flutter'd, soon it sank to rest.
Forward he went; and lo! before his eyes
The fiery city rose, high-tow'ring to the skies.
He stays his steps awhile, and pond'ring stands;
"Nought here will steel avail, nor valiant hands:
"What? must I brave the flame's resistless pow'r,
"And jaws of monsters, gaping to devour?
"Ne'er yet, in manly or in honest strife,
"By public service call'd, I spar'd my life:
"No desp'rate rashness do the valiant need;
"And he who ventures here, is rash indeed.
"Yet what will say, if I return in vain, [gain
"Our scornful Gamp? whence hope they else to
"The wish'd supplies? our Chief will ne'er abide
"To leave this chance, whate'er its risk, untried.
"If boldly I advance, the fires I see
"More fierce in aspect, than in fact, may be.
"But come the worst."—As thus the hero spoke,
A desp'rate leap amid the flames he took;
Boldness unmatch'd! Yet did no heat intense,
As of surrounding fire, affect his sense,
Nor rightly in a space so brief he knew
If fancied were the flames he saw or true,
For, hardly touch'd, the baseless phantom fled;
Sudden, thick clouds the darken'd skies o'erspread;
A storm arose; but one short moment o'er,
The gloom dispers'd, the tempest rag'd no more.
Astonish'd at the scene, yet unsubdu'd
And fearless still, the valiant warrior stood;
But when he saw that all was still around,
He stepp'd secure within the sylvan ground,
And all its secrets saw; nor aught arose
His sense to baffle, or his steps oppose.

Save where the dark and interlacing wood
His sight obstructed, and his march withstood.
An open space at length the Knight descries;
An amphitheatre of spacious size
It seem'd; nor tree, nor lowly shrub was there,
Save where, high waving its dark boughs in air,
Like some tall pyramid, a cypress rose;
Thither in haste the curious warrior goes,
And as he gaz'd, engrav'd the trunk around,
Strange marks and various characters he found,
Such signs as Egypt, nurse of mystic lore,
Ere letters yet were us'd, employ'd of yore.
Mix'd with these types unknown, there met his view
Some words of Syria's tongue, which well he knew:
"Thou vent'rous warrior, whose unshrinking feet
"Have trod these dismal regions, Death's retreat,
"Unless thy heart be cruel as 'tis brave,
"Respect the lonesome quiet of the grave;
"The souls that from Heav'n's cheerful light have fled,
"Forgive; the living war not with the dead."
So spake th' imprinted bark; th' astonish'd Lord
Revolv'd the import of each mystic word.
Meanwhile amid the foliage, sad and deep,
He heard the wind in ling'ring murmurs creep;
Thence issued soon, in mournful concert join'd,
Sobs deeply drawn, and sighs of human-kind:
On his rous'd soul a crowd of passions prest;
Fear, pity, sorrow, sway'd at once his breast.
Yet from his sheath his shining sword he took,
And the tall tree with all his vigour strook;
Straight from the wounded bark a torrent gush'd
Of smoking blood; the ground with crimson blush'd.

Though fill'd with terror, he repeats his blow,
How such strange scenes might end, resolv'd t
know;
Then burst, as from some sepulchre profound,
A mournful, indistinct, and hollow sound.
"Relent," a voice distinct at last exclaimed;
"Why still at me is Tancred's vengeance aim'd?
"Me, from the fleshly frame where once I dwell'd
"My lov'd and happy home, thine arm expell'd;
"Why falls thy anger on this luckless tree,
"Which for my last abode the fates decree?
"When in their tombs, all lifeless, they repose,
"Still must thy cruel rage pursue thy foes?
"Clorinda once I was; nor I alone
"Within this rugged tree my dwelling own,
"But all of Christian or of Pagan race,
"Who at the walls of yon contested place
"Their limbs of perishable mould resign'd,
"By some unknown and wond'rous charm confin'd
"Here dwell, a strange, inexplicable doom!
"Nor 'tis a body we possess, nor tomb:
"Sense lives in ev'ry trunk, in every bough;
"And if these trees thou harm'st, a murd're
thou!"
As some poor, bed-rid impotent, who seems,
His sense bewilder'd by delusive dreams,
To see a dragon, multiform and dire,
Or fell Chimæra, girt with volum'd fire;
Although his soul confus'd, but half believes
Th' unreal phantom that his sense deceives,
Yet still he longs to fly; such strange control
The dreadful image holds o'er all his soul;
So fares the lover in his wild surprise;
He doubts, he credits not, yet fears and flies:

His manly breast conflicting passions fill'd,
Its flutt'ring inmate icy tremors chill'd,
And by the tempest of his soul o'erpow'r'd,
From his brave hand he dropp'd his trusty sword.
Fear robb'd him of all sense; with piteous air
He saw before his eyes the wounded Fair,
Who groan'd and wept; nor bore his heart to view
Her gushing blood, or hear the sighs she drew.
Thus the brave heart, against death's terrors arm'd,
No danger troubled, and no fear alarm'd;
But him, who weak in love alone was found,
A phantom could beguile, an idle sound.
Meanwhile without the precincts of the wood
His sword a whirlwind bore; disarm'd, subdued,
Tancred retir'd; and as his way he trac'd,
His falchion found, and in its sheath replac'd.
Yet not again the warrior turn'd, nor strove
To pierce the secrets of the spell-bound grove,
But calling back his thoughts, dispers'd and lost,
He sought the leader of th' united host,
And thus began: "I tell, illustrious chief,
"Of things unheard, and passing all belief.
"True, all the marvels that we heard, I found,
"The sights terrific, and th' appalling sound.
"A wond'rous fire next met my dazzled view:
"Unfed by substance, self-sustain'd, it grew;
"High, like a solid wall, it rose, and wide,
"Guarded by monsters arm'd on every side.
"This barrier too I pass'd, and found no harms
"From flames that threaten'd, or from brandish'd arms.
"A storm arose; thick night the skies o'erspread;
"Again the day return'd, and darkness fled.

"Still more will I relate: with life imbued
"Is ev'ry tree within that dreadful wood;
"The pow'rs of feeling, sense, and speech they own;
"By sad experience what I tell, is known.
"The mournful sounds I heard, which still impart
"Unutterable anguish to my heart.
"As if to flesh were chang'd the solid wood,
"Each wounded trunk pour'd forth a stream of blood.
"Conquer'd I own myself; nor more will dare
"To pluck one branch, one tree to injure there."
He said: the captain of the Christian host
In a wild maze of anxious thought was lost.
He doubts, or if himself 'twould best behove
To try the wonders of th' enchanted grove,
Or from some spot, remoter, though more sure,
The timbers, needful for his use, procure.
Him from the trance that all his thoughts possest,
The holy hermit rous'd, and thus addrest:
"Dispel the doubts that vex thy gen'rous mind;
"To other hands the task shall be assign'd
"To spoil the treasures of the guarded grove;
"Already does the fated vessel move—
"I see—impell'd by heaven-directed gales,
"She gains the shore;—she furls her gilded sails:
"Already is th' unworthy bondage o'er;
"Th' expected warrior quits th' enchanted shore;
"The hour foredoom'd is nigh, when Sion's tow'rs
"Shall bend, and ruin crush the Pagan pow'rs."
He spake; his visage glow'd with holy flame,
And from his lips seraphic accents came.

To other cares the pious chief addrest
His ever-anxious thoughts, that knew no rest.
But now in Cancer's sign the lord of day
Exerted o'er the world unwonted sway,
And by the heat unnerv'd, his fainting train
The rugged toils of war no more sustain.
Each star benign withdraws its friendly rays;
Malignant fires with threat'ning aspect blaze,
Whose influence, unrelenting and severe,
Stamps with disease the tainted atmosphere.
More hurtful still the sultry fervour glows,
And fiercer ev'ry hour, and deadlier grows;
Unwholesome night succeeds unwholesome day,
And to more noxious morn in turn gives way.
Whene'er the Sun begins his matin race,
Vapours of bloody hue distain his face
And his bright orb surround, a sure presage
Of coming day's intolerable rage.
Spotted with red his parting disc he shows,
Unerring token of to-morrow's woes,
And with the future mischief he portends,
To past distress a sting more poignant lends.
While thus he reigns, the despot of the skies,
Where'er unhappy man directs his eyes,
He sees the flow'rs all droop, the leaves grow pale,
The verdure wither, and the herbage fail.
Cleft is the ground; the streams, absorb'd, are dry;
All Nature's works confess th' inclement sky.
The barren clouds, through air's wide regions spread,
Part into flaky streaks, and flare with red.
The Heav'ns above like one vast furnace glow,
Nor aught relieves the eye of man below.

Within their caves the silent Zephyrs slept;
The stagnant air unbroken stillness kept;
No wind was there, or 'twas the burning blast
That o'er parch'd Afric's glowing sands had past,
And with a dull and heavy heat opprest
The fever'd cheek, dry throat, and lab'ring breast.
Nor cooler are the shades of eve, but seem
Still influenc'd by the Sun's departed beam;
Thick-wove with meteors, and with stars that blaze,
Her fire-embroider'd mantle Night displays:
On Earth's dry lap the niggard Moon no more
Of kindly dew-drops sheds her crystal store;
The herbs, the flow'rs that languish on the plain,
The vital moisture's aid implore in vain.
Far from the restless night soft slumber flies;
In vain, to renovate their weary eyes,
With ev'ry flatt'ring art they court repose:
Yet still was thirst the direst of their woes,
For into ev'ry spring Judæa's Lord
Malignant drugs and pois'nous juice had pour'd,
And their pure waves more foul and turbid made,
Than the black streams that range th' infernal shade,
And Siloe's narrow brook, that lately gave
The grateful treasures of his limpid wave
To the cheer'd Christians, scarcely now supplied
A scanty store, his naked bed to hide,
Of heated moisture: Nor the mighty Po,
When deepest and most wide his waters flow,
Superfluous to their longing thirst would seem;
Nor Ganges, India's pride, nor Nile's proud stream,
When all his sev'n broad channels he disdains,
And to one spacious lake converts green Egypt's plains.

And if in happier days their eyes have seen
The liquid silver sleep 'mid banks of green,
Or rushing from the rocks with headlong force
The living torrent urge its foaming course,
Or slowly through th' enamell'd pastures stray,
These does fond Memory again display
In pictur'd coolness to their keen desire,
Augments their thirst, and aggravates their fire.
Then might ye see the nervous soldier's frame,
Whom many a toilsome march had fail'd to tame,
Whom nor the weight of armour had subdued,
Nor pointed weapons, thirsting for his blood,
Fainting, and conquer'd by the sultry sky,
Relax'd, inert, an useless burden, lie:
In all his veins exults the fiery sway,
Consuming by degrees his strength away.
Now droops the courage of the warrior horse;
Tam'd is his pride, and spent his gen'rous force;
He loathes the herbage that his nature loves;
Slowly his weak and tott'ring footstep moves;
He rears not now his neck, but bending low,
Loose on the ground his mane's thick honours flow.
Forgotten are the palms he won before;
The love of glory fires his breast no more;
Conquest's rich spoil, the trappings that adorn'd
His noble frame, are hated now, and scorn'd.
And droops the faithful dog; the home he lov'd,
The lord, that all his fond affection prov'd,
He now regards not; but, outstretch'd, inhales
Redoubled fervour from the torrid gales.
Though Nature's wisdom bade the lungs inspire
Fresh draughts of air, to cool th' internal fire,
Small aid can respiration now bestow,
Such dense oppression loads the blasts that blow.

Thus droop'd the Earth; thus sick'ning mortals
Unhappy victims of the scorching ray. [lay
Heartless despair the Faithful legions show;
No hope remains; they fear extremest woe.
On ev'ry side the voice of discontent
Burst forth in many a deep and loud lament:
"What more does Godfrey hope? why longer wait?
"His wasted troops are hast'ning to their fate.
"Where are the means, with which he hopes at length
"To force yon ramparts high, yon tow'rs of strength?
"Whence come his new machines? to him alone
"Is Heav'n's dread wrath, so clearly told, unknown?
"To us, that Heav'n is our acknowledg'd foe,
"A thousand signs, a thousand portents show.
"How deadly is the Sun's inclement ray!
"Less need of coolness and of shade have they
"Who dwell in Ind's, or Ethiopia's plains,
"To quench the fire that glows within their veins.
"What? in his haughty sight imports it not,
"That we, despised, neglected, and forgot,
"Should bow, a worthless rabble, to our fate,
"That he, supported in his princely state,
"May reign at ease? is pow'r so great a bliss,
"That man shall buy it at a price like this,
"And still to keep the lov'd possession try,
"Though in unpitied heaps his subjects die?
"Behold the Chief, to whom profuse mankind
"The specious name of Pious has assign'd!
"Mark well his holy zeal, his soul humane!
"His own destructive honours to maintain,
"On us, his charge, he casts a scornful eye;
"While all our streams and wonted springs are dry,

"For him, through ways laborious and remote,
"From Jordan's wave the grateful draught is brought:
"Then gaily seated at the copious board,
"Passes his joyous hours th' unheeding Lord,
"And feasting with a favour'd few, combines
"The luscious coolness with his Cretan wines."
Thus their complaints the Franks and Latins made:
But he, whose rule the Grecian troop obey'd,
Long loth the Western standards to attend,
Exclaim'd. "Why here await a shameful end?
"And why condemn to unresisted fate,
"Th' unpitied bands that on my orders wait?
"If Godfrey still be obstinate and blind,
"The sad results himself, his Franks, may find.
"Why in his suff'rings share?"—Nor leave he took,
But silently by night the Camp forsook.
Th' example, by the rising morn declar'd,
Spread wide; and many a band for flight prepar'd.
The guideless troops, that follow'd to the war
The flags of Clothaire, and of Adhemar,
And all those gallant Chiefs, who, robb'd of breath,
Lay mould'ring in the cold embrace of death,
Since now the fealty they swore had ceas'd,
By death, the all-dissolving pow'r, releas'd,
Already long'd to fly; and when the day
Its light withdrew, set forward on their way.
Nor shut was Godfrey's eye, nor clos'd his ear;
His was the choice of remedies severe,
But rigour's harsh resource his soul abhorr'd;
His arms were Faith in Heav'n's Almighty Lord,
Faith, which can make the rapid stream stand still,
And from its base remove the stedfast hill:

Him he implor'd, with heart devout, to shed
The show'r of gladness on his people's head.
He clasp'd his hands, and pray'd; his ardent eyes,
Beaming with zeal, he lifted to the skies;
"Father and Lord, if on thy chosen line
"Th' unfailing fountain of thy love divine
"Rain'd heav'nly dew amid the barren sand;
"If e'er thy mercy to a mortal hand
"Virtue to burst the solid mountain gave,
"And from the rock call'd forth the living wave,
"Renew th' example for thy faithful host;
"And though unequal be the claims we boast,
"Do thou in pity our defects replace
"With all the rich abundance of thy grace.
"Oh! be some sign from Heav'n on us bestow'd,
"And stamp us for the champions of our God."
This humble pray'r, which from an upright breast
The pious Godfrey to his Lord addrest,
Clung not to Earth, but to the realms of Light
Sped, like a winged bird, its easy flight:
Arriving at the everlasting throne,
'Twas welcom'd by the High and Holy one,
Who from the secrets of his awful place,
Cast on the Christian train an eye of grace;
Compassion on their lengthen'd toils he took,
And thus in mild, benignant accent spoke:
"Till now, my chosen bands on earth below
"Have prov'd each sad diversity of woe.
"'Gainst them the hostile world, and Hell beside,
"Their leaguing arms, their secret arts have tried.
"Now shall the dawn of brighter days arise,
"And happy issue crown their enterprise.
"In healthful show'rs shall fall the genial rain;
"Th' unconquer'd warrior shall return again,

"And to enhance his praise, his fame the more,
"The swarming hosts shall come from Egypt's shore."
Th' Almighty Father nodded, as he spoke:
The spacious Heav'ns, the stars, the planets shook;
Shook the wide air, and sign of rev'rence gave;
Shook in profoundest Ocean, ev'ry wave,
And Earth's tall mountains shook, and trembled ev'ry cave.
Then on the left the lightning's flash was seen;
Then roll'd big thunder through the blue serene:
The well-known signal cheers the soldiers' eyes,
And ev'ry peal is hail'd with joyful cries:
Lo! sudden clouds, collecting thick and fast,
The azure firmament's expanse o'ercast;
Nor these the Solar virtue drew from Earth,
But from the Heav'ns, the region of their birth,
Which wide its everlasting portals spread,
Downward, the harbingers of joy, they sped:
Lo! wrapping in thick shades th' eclipsed light,
A veil of darkness turns the day to night;
In torrents fall th' impetuous rains, and fill,
Till its low banks it spurns, th' abúndant rill.
As oft, when Summer brings its fervid hour,
If from the skies descend the grateful show'r,
To meet its wish'd approach, with clamours loud
On some dry bank the birds aquatic crowd,
And open their broad pinions, to retain
The cool refreshment of the welcome rain,
And when more deep the gath'ring waters grow,
They plunge impatient in, and dive, and sport below.

So did the Christians feel, and so rejoice;
They rais'd in gladsome shouts sheir thankful voice
To hail the kindly moisture that was giv'n,
In pity to their wants, by bounteous Heav'n.
All to the falling show'r their vestments spread,
All gladly caught it on their naked head;
In cups, in helmets some assuag'd their thirst;
Some in the cooling wave their hands immers'd;
Some on their face, their glowing temples, pour'd,
In vases some, for future uses, stor'd
The liquid treasure. Nor to man alone
The blessings of the heav'nly gift were known;
Th' afflicted Earth, that late was cover'd o'er
With gaping fissures, at each thirsty pore
Drinks the pure dew, transmits through ev'ry vein
Th' invigorating draught, and thrives again,
Dispensing largely the nutritious pow'r
To ev'ry drooping plant, and herb, and flow'r.
As to some languid Fair the hands of art,
To cool her blood, a sov'reign juice impart,
And chasing the dire source of ill away,
That made of late her beauteous limbs its prey,
Gives back each glowing grace she e'er could boast,
When in her rosiest hour she charm'd the most;
So Earth refresh'd, her garlands gay resumes,
And in her green attire again rejoicing blooms.
At length the rain is o'er, the Sun returns,
Nor like a fierce and raging tyrant burns,
But soft and genial shoots his temper'd beams;
All full of manly vigour now he seems,
As when in mildness rising, to adorn
*Fair April's* close, or May's inspiring morn.

Oh! confidence divine! the good and just,
Who still on Heav'n repose their pious trust,
Superior to terrestrial evils prove,
Can from the air distemper's seeds remove,
New laws for alt'ring seasons can create,
And thwart the stars malign, and conquer fate.

# ERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## CANTO XIV.

# ARGUMENT.

Godfrey, in a vision, is transported to Heaven.—He there has an interview with Hugh, the deceased Commander of the forces of the French King, who assures him of a prosperous issue to his undertaking, but instructs him to recall Rinaldo to the Camp.—A petition being made to him by Guelpho to that effect on the following morning, Godfrey consents to his recall.—Charles, the Danish warrior, and Ubald, one of the Adventurers, are commissioned to go in quest of Rinaldo.—Having received instructions from Peter the Hermit, they take the road to Ascalon, and arriving at the mouth of a river, discover an old man walking upon the surface of the waters.—He conducts them to his habitation under the bed of the river, shews them various wonders, and informs them of what had happened to Rinaldo since he quitted the Camp, and of the manner in which he was ensnared by Armida, who fell in love with him, and conveyed him away to an enchanted palace on the Peak of Teneriffe.—He then instructs them how they are to reach the palace of his retreat, and liberate him from his confinement.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## CANTO XIV.

Now from the Earth's fresh lap ascending high
Night rode majestic through the cloudless sky;
Light in her train attendant Zephyrs throng;
Rich store of moisture pure she brought along;
She shook her humid veil, and round her threw,
Sprinkling each herb and flow'r, the silver dew,
While ev'ry breeze its pinions wav'd, to fan
Eyes long unclos'd, and sleep restor'd to man.
Each thought, each care, day's anxious brood, was drown'd
In sweet forgetfulness, and rest profound:
But where he sate superior and alone,
Heav'n's King was wakeful on th' Eternal throne;
Presiding o'er his charge, an eye benign
He cast on Godfrey from the height divine,
And sent, still studious of the just, a dream,
The faithful herald of the Will Supreme.
Nigh to the golden gates, whence takes his way
The source of Light and Life, the King of Day,
Far in the East a crystal portal stands;
Still on its hinge that lucid valve expands,
Ere issues forth, just waken'd into birth,
The blushing dawn, to glad the sons of earth:

Hence come the visions which th' All-gracious Mind
Sends to the pure and good of human-kind;
And hence flew forth, precursor of the morn,
That placid dream, on gilded pinions borne,
Which came, a pleasing guest, to Bouillon's Lord;
Ne'er did a phantom of the night afford
Such scenes of beauty to th' enraptur'd thought,
As this fair messenger to Godfrey brought,
Heav'n's high decrees commission'd to relate,
And all the hidden purposes of fate.
As in a mirror, to his eye was giv'n
To view the bright realities of Heav'n.
He seem'd in Fancy's car convey'd away
To regions fair, that beam'd with golden day;
And while in that exalted spot, amaz'd,
O'er all the vast expanse of light he gaz'd,
While now the motion tranquilliz'd his soul,
Now the bright harmony that sway'd the whole,
Lo! girt with rays of more than mortal flame,
Before his dazzled sight a warrior came,
And with a voice, to which might harsh appear
The sweetest sound that rings in human ear,
Began: "Is Godfrey's friend remember'd not?
"Is Hugh, once lov'd, unwelcom'd and forgot?"
"That alter'd form," th' astonish'd Prince return'd,
"Which seems as with the Solar beams adorn'd,
"With such surprise bewilders all my mind,
"That scarce her wonted pow'rs can mem'ry find."
Then thrice with outstretch'd arms the Chieftain mov'd
To fold in his embrace his friend belov'd;

Thrice from his eager grasp, in vain outspread,
Th' impalpable and airy phantom fled;
Then smiling, thus: "The form thine eyes behold,
"No flesh, no earthly shackles now infold;
"A pure and unsubstantial spirit, I,
"A peaceful, sinless tenant of the sky.
"God's temple this; and in this happy place
"His chosen warriors dwell, a favour'd race;
"And here a mansion is prepar'd for thee."
Then Godfrey: "Say, when that blest hour shall be?
"If here the flesh forbid me to abide,
"This instant be the mortal knot untied."
"Thy fate will call thee," Hugh replied, "ere long,
"To share the glories of the heav'nly throng.
"But ere that hour, in Heav'n's just wars below,
"Thy toils are needed, and thy blood must flow.
"Thy valiant arm must rend Judæa's chain,
"Must crush the haughty Pagan's iron reign,
"And on its ruins rear a Christian throne;
"Thy brother there the kingly pow'r shall own.
"But that the love of heav'nly things may fire
"With undiminish'd zeal thy just desire,
"On these abodes of light thine eye incline,
"These living fires, inform'd with soul divine;
"Hear in sweet sounds celestial music swell,
"And Seraph songsters tune their golden shell."
Then, as the distant spot of Earth he show'd,
"Now turn thine eye-sight to yon low abode.
"All human worth what obstacles oppose!
"How mean the recompense that virtue knows!
"How small a space, what naked deserts, bind
"The vain ambition of man's restless mind!

"The sea your globe surrounds, an islet small;
"That sea, which boundless and immense ye call,
"How weak its claim such pompous names to boast;
"'Tis but a pool, a narrow lake at most."
The Spirit said: nor Godfrey fail'd to turn
Downward his wond'ring view, and smil'd in scorn.
The Earth, its seas, its rivers, he descries;
Distinct at one brief glance they meet his eyes.
And much he marvell'd that perverse mankind
Should fix on shades, on smoke, the wayward mind,
Grasping at sov'reign pow'r, or short-liv'd fame,
A splendid slav'ry this, and that an empty name,
Nor on celestial things their thoughts employ,
Which beckon them to endless rest and joy.
Thus he rejoin'd: "Since righteous Heav'n denies
"To free my spirit from its earthly ties,
"Yet oh! the safest path vouchsafe to show
"Amid the errors of the world below."
"What now thou tread'st," the sainted Hugh replied,
"That is the path of Truth; nor turn aside.
"But mark the single counsel I enjoin;
"The matchless Knight of Berthold's princely line
"Call from his exile back; for if high Heav'n
"To thee the sov'reignty of rule has giv'n
"In his just war, the task Rinaldo claims
"To execute the plans thy wisdom frames.
"To thee the foremost station is assign'd; [mind
"The chief, the head that guides, th' informing
"Art thou, while in the second place he stands,
"To act the rude details that war demands.
"By him alone may yon tall wood be hew'd,
"By him the spells that guard it be subdued:

"From him your weaken'd Camp, which now supplies
"A force unequal to such great emprise,
"Which now desponding from the field withdraws,
"Shall catch new ardour in the holy cause;
"And soon beneath their pow'r, the new-built wall,
"And all the legions of the East shall fall."
The Spirit ceas'd, and thus the earthly Lord:
"To see that lov'd and honour'd Knight restor'd,
"Were heart-felt joy to me: Ye spirits blest,
"Who know each latent secret of the breast,
"Ye know if love unfeign'd to him I bear,
"And if the truth sincere my lips declare.
"But say, what means shall gain so wish'd an end?
"And where may now be found that valued friend?
"Say, shall commands control, or pray'rs persuade?
"With honour how shall such request be made?"
The heav'nly Knight resum'd: "Th' Eternal Lord,
"Who on thy head his choicest gifts has pour'd,
"Ordains that whom he subjects to thy sway,
"With reverence shall regard thee, and obey.
"Nor must thou sue, (such act would ill beseem
"The lofty dignity of pow'r supreme)
"But sued, must yield; a prompt compliance lend
"To those, who at thy feet for pardon bend.
"Guelpho, whose heart th' Almighty will inspire,
"Shall pray thee to forgive the jealous fire,
"Which led the proud, ungovern'd youth astray;
"Soon to the Camp shall he retrace his way;
"And though far off, by love's soft wiles o'ercome,
"He wastes in idle ease his youthful bloom,
"Doubt not but soon he shall return, to share,
"When most thy need demands, the glorious war.

"Peter, the holy seer, to whom is giv'n
"To know the secret mysteries of Heav'n,
"The messengers ye send, shall guide aright
"Where certain tidings may their search requite;
"And they, with due instructions arm'd, shall free
"The captive youth, and bring him back to thee.
"Thus thy dispers'd and wand'ring comrades all
"Beneath thy sov'reign sway shall Heav'n recall.
"One brief concluding truth, which well I know
"With joy thou wilt receive, my lips shall show:
"Rinaldo's blood shall one day mix with thine,
"And from their union spring a glorious line."
He ceas'd, and vanish'd from the hero's sight,
Like smoke before the wind, or vapour light
That by the fervour of the Solar ray
Is melted into thinner air away:
The dreamer's slumbers fled, and left imprest
Amaze and mingled pleasure on his breast.
Then op'd the pious Chief his eye-lids wide,
The day-light far advanc'd he now descried:
Impatient from his bed of rest he sprung,
And round his limbs his pond'rous armour flung.
Soon to their honour'd Leader's tent of state,
Where still, assembled for profound debate
They sate, the councils of the war to frame,
The Princes of the Christian army came.
The noble Guelpho then, whose alter'd breast
More humble thoughts, inspir'd of Heav'n, possest,
To Godfrey thus began his suppliant suit;
"Great Prince, renown'd for mercy's attribute,
"I come my kinsman's cause to plead, and sue
"For present pardon, though the crime be new.

"Hence wilt thou deem, perchance, my warm request
"With zeal imprudent and untimely prest;
"But since for brave Rinaldo I demand
"Forgiveness at the pious Godfrey's hand,
"And since 'tis I so small a boon that claim,
"Myself, I dare presume, no common name,
"That grace, I trust, my humble pray'r may meet,
"Which all th' assembled Camp with joy will greet.
"Consent then that the youth return at last,
"And let him shed, to expiate errors past,
"His valiant blood: For say, who else shall fell,
"Yon forest, guarded by the fiends of Hell?
"Or who, like him, in valour's pride elate,
"Shall march to danger, and contend with fate?
"His potent arm shall shake the lofty wall;
"'Tis he shall bid the trembling portals fall,
"And mount the breaches, foremost of us all.
"Then yield, and to our eager hopes restore
"Whom all the Camp expect, and all adore;
"My kinsman bold recall, whose valiant hand
"Shall dare perform whate'er thou dar'st command,
"Nor let him in ignoble ease remain,
"But give him back to glory's arms again.
"Once more thy conqu'ring banners let him join;
"In open day let all his valour shine;
"Worthy himself his future deeds shall be,
"In following, as his guide, his master, thee."
Thus spake the high-born Guelph; th' encircling crowd
Approv'd his suit with plaudits, murmur'd loud.
The sov'reign Chief, as though he now inclin'd
To things unthought before, his changing mind,

Thus made reply: "Ungracious were the task,
"Should my stern will withhold the boon you ask.
"Let rigour cease, and what the gen'ral voice
"Of public favour sanctions by its choice,
"Be law: but henceforth let the youth restrain
"His headstrong passions with a firmer rein.
"Let him return, and by his deeds fulfil
"The Camp's high hopes, and satisfy their will.
"Thou, to recall him, Guelph, the charge must take;
"And he, methinks, no long delay will make:
"This task to thy discretion I resign;
"To choose a trusty messenger, be thine;
"Guide thou his journey, and direct the road
"To what thou deem'st the exil'd youth's abode."
He ceas'd: the Danish warrior then: "Be mine
"That task to execute; nor I decline
"Or paths of peril, or remotest land,
"To give this weapon to its destin'd hand."
Pleasing to Guelph his ready offer came,
For great through all the Camp his valour's fame:
Him to the charge he nam'd, and Ubald join'd,
Of prudence, skill, and knowledge unconfin'd,
In many a distant land had Ubald been,
And various realms in early youth had seen;
To him each clime, from Europe's coldest zone
To Ethiopia's scorching sun, was known;
And there, as one who wisdom, worth, desir'd,
Their laws, their rites, their language he acquir'd,
And in his riper age by Guelph approv'd,
Among his friends was number'd, and was lov'd.
To these the honour'd office Guelpho gave
To fetch from far the bravest of the brave:

He charg'd them to pursue their speedy way
To the proud seat of Boëmond's regal sway,
Where dwell'd, so Fame declar'd, the gallant youth;
And all receiv'd the voice of Fame as truth.
But holy Peter, favourite of Heav'n,
Who knew the errors of the counsel giv'n,
Ent'ring while thus they spake, abruptly cried,
"Ye choose a faithless and an erring guide,
"If following Fame's uncertain voice ye stray;
"Your steps she will mislead, perplex your way.
"Speed ye to Ascalon's adjacent shores,
"Where into ocean's bed a river pours
"Its tributary waves; there shall ye join
"An aged sire, my friend; to him assign
"Your ready confidence; his words are mine.
"Full long to him your journey has been known,
"Part self-discover'd, part by me foreshown.
"Nor less expansive shall ye surely find
"The sage's wisdom, than his manners kind."
He spake: nor Ubald, nor the warlike Dane
Besought the hermit farther to explain,
But to the voice divine, whose spirit sway'd
His fervent words, a prompt obedience paid.
Their leave they took, and bursting through delay,
By keen impatience urg'd, commenc'd their way.
Tow'rd Ascalon's domain their course they took,
Where 'gainst the strand the wavy ocean broke:
Scarce had their ears perceiv'd the hollow roar
Of the rude surge that lash'd the echoing shore,
When lo! athwart their path a stream they found
So swell'd by show'rs beyond its wonted bound,
That, rising o'er its banks, the current strong,
Swift as a gliding arrow, rush'd along.

While in suspense they stood, with rev'rend mien
And stately step, an hoary sage was seen;
With beechen chaplets were his temples crown'd;
A long, white vest of purest linen bound
His venerable form; a wand he shook,
And o'er th' unyielding waves his passage took
With feet unwet. As on the Polar coast
When savage Winter wraps their world in frost,
And the swift floods arrests with piercing cold,
O'er the smooth Rhine the village females hold
Their course secure; long, sliding steps they take,
And o'er the solid stream an easy progress make:
Thus though no frost its flowing waves congeal'd,
The sage advanc'd along the liquid field:
And soon he came where with attentive look
The wond'ring warriors gaz'd, and courteous spoke:
"Friends, on a task of danger ye proceed;
"Counsel and friendly guidance much ye need:
"The noble youth ye seek, now makes abode
"In lands far distant, and estrang'd from God.
"What lengthen'd toils, what hardships must ye know!
"O'er space immense of seas and lands to go
"Will be your fate, and realms unknown explore
"Far as the confines of Earth's utmost shore.
"But first with me vouchsafe your way to take
"Where in Earth's secret cells my home I make.
"Things of no light account shall meet your ear,
"Which most of all imports you now to hear."
He said, and to the waters gave command
To yield a passage: straight, on either hand,

: waves, obedient to his word, divide;
ɔd like some beetling rock, th' o'er-arching tide,
ıt in the midst: their hands he seiz'd, and led
wond'ring guests beneath the river's bed.
ere shone a feeble light with dubious gleam,
:h light as from the Night's pale orb may stream,
: yet she ride in fulness through the sky
: many a spacious cavern met their eye,
th lucid waters fill'd; thence take their birth
e liquid treasures that enrich the earth,
founts that gush, in rivers wide that take
eir wand'ring course, the stagnant pool that make,
into breadth expand, and form the spacious lake.
ere might they see where first begins to flow
daspes, Ganges, or majestic Po;
ıence on his race impetuous Danube starts,
d whence Euphrates, Tanais, first departs;
r there, with mystery's dark veil o'erspread,
f Nile's proud waters hide their infant head.
d still more deep, a wond'rous stream they found,
ıich living silver pour'd profusely round,
d liquid sulphur; these at last refin'd
Solar heat, concreted and combin'd,
solid masses charm'd the wond'ring view
golden lustre, or of silv'ry hue.
d scatter'd o'er the wealthy river's shore,
costly gems they saw a glitt'ring store,
ıich like the brightest taper's ray, illume
e dusky regions, and dispel the gloom.

There gleam'd the sky-blue sapphire, mildly gay,
And the rich jacinth join'd its deeper ray;
There flaming red, the carbuncle was seen,
There the proud diamond blaz'd, and smil'd the em'rald green.
With silent awe the wond'ring pair advanc'd
Such ecstacy unknown their souls entranc'd
As tied their tongues; at length Ubaldo broke
The silence, and his mystic guide bespoke:
" Where are we now, thou wond'rous sage, impart;
" Whither thy guidance leads us, who thou art,
" Thy name, thy state, refuse not to unfold:
" Nor know I if the scenes I now behold
" Be real, or illusions false and vain;
" Such deep amaze confounds my wilder'd brain."
The sage replied: " Th' unmeasur'd womb of earth,
" Whence all ye see above, derives its birth,
" Contains ye now; nor might ye thus proceed,
" Without my aiding hand your steps to lead,
" Within her entrails deep, my lone retreat:
" But to my palace will I guide your feet;
" A splendid dome shall there surprise your sight,
" Illumin'd with a blaze of wond'rous light.
" A Pagan was I born, so will'd my fate;
" But by baptismal rites regenerate,
" New being to my earthly man was giv'n;
" Such grace unmerited I gain'd from Heav'n.
" Nor think that from th' infernal Gods proceeds
" The pow'r I own to work these wond'rous deeds;
" Forbid it Heav'n, that I should e'er compel,
" By words, or charms accurst, the realms of Hell!

"Th' intrinsic virtues of the springs that flow,
"The hidden worth of ev'ry herb I know;
"I trace dark Nature's secrets to their source,
"The starry influence, and the planets' course.
"Nor barr'd for ever from the light of day
"Within these dim recesses do I stay,
"A subterraneous habitant; but oft
"I dwell on airy Lebanon aloft,
"Or fix on Carmel's brow my proud abode;
"There, as they journey on their azure road,
"Bright Mars and Venus to my eyes appear,
"No cloud to veil their beams; each star's career,
"Or swift, or slow, I trace, and when they shine
"With threat'ning aspect, or with rays malign.
"I see the clouds swift rolling through the air
"Beneath my feet, as dense they move, or rare,
"Or blacken in a sullen mass, or glow
"With the gay colours of the heav'nly bow.
"I mark whence first the dews derive their birth,
"Whence spring the rains to renovate the earth;
"How the light wind in changeful currents blows
"I trace, and whence the kindled lightning grows,
"That darts its twisted spires along the sky;
"So near the meteors, comets, I descry,
"That arrogant, self-will'd, presumptuous, grown,
"I liv'd enamour'd of myself alone,
"And in my own vain eyes so great I seem'd,
"That my poor narrow knowledge I esteem'd
"A measure of the wisdom unconfin'd,
"That fills th' Omniscient and Eternal Mind.
"But when your holy Peter came, to lave
"My sinful forehead in the cleansing wave,

"My thoughts he rais'd; I learn'd how weak, how blind,
"How lost in gloom before, my erring mind;
"I found that like the bird of Night, whose gaze
"First opens to the Sun's meridian blaze,
"Such is vain man, when first his feeble sight
"Admits the rays of Truth's celestial light.
"With scorn myself, my knowledge I beheld,
"And all that once my foolish pride had swell'd.
"Nor yet my wonted studies I gave o'er,
"But still pursued the arts I lov'd before,
"For so he will'd: Yet alter'd is my heart;
"To him I look for guidance in my art,
"To him obedience pay; he gives the word,
"My master, teacher, and my sov'reign Lord.
"And now a weighty charge he leaves to me,
"Which not unworthy of himself might be.
"Th' important task is mine to bring from far
"The matchless warrior to the sacred war:
"Such his command; and long have I foreknown
"Your coming, by his prescient wisdom shown."
They came, while social converse thus they held,
To where the sage in deep retirement dwell'd.
Form'd like a grotto was his palace rare,
And many a chamber, many an hall was there.
Whate'er the mighty mother Earth contains
Of bright, of precious, in her swelling veins,
There shone in all its genuine pomp display'd;
Nature's own work they seem'd, by hands unmade.
There too, to serve the guests, appear'd at hand
Of courtly ministers a num'rous band.
On silver tables, splendid to behold,
Vases of crystal shin'd, and polish'd gold.

But when, abated by the sumptuous feast,
The rage of hunger and of thirst had ceas'd,
The sage thus spake: "The fleeting hours require
"That what your anxious bosoms most desire,
"Be now explain'd:" Then thus resum'd: "In part
"The progress of Armida's treach'rous art,
"Ye know, how first she led your Camp astray,
"And with Love's potent witchcraft drew away
"The choicest warriors; how, in fetters chain'd,
"Her ill-starr'd guests the cruel Fair detain'd,
"And how to distant Gaza was despatch'd
"The captive train, by armed soldiers watch'd,
"And how their freedom they obtain'd: now hear
"A tale, till now a stranger to your ear.
"When first she knew that from the cruel toils
"Her prey had fled, and baffled all her wiles,
"She gnaw'd her hands, with sorrow, rage inflam'd,
"And in indignant agony exclaim'd:"
'Ne'er be it told—to him shall ne'er belong
'The boast to liberate my captive throng;
'Or if his comrades his bold arm set free,
'Himself shall wear the chains of slavery;
'The pains for them design'd, be his to know,
'Their lengthen'd suff'rings, and their hopeless woe.
'Nor yet shall this suffice; on all, on all,
'The weight of vengeance and despair shall fall!'
"As to herself she spake, her wily mind
"The deep-laid plot ye soon shall learn, design'd.
"She sought the spot where brave Rinaldo's hand
"Had routed, or destroy'd, her soldier-band.

" The hero there his arms aside had thrown,
" And put a Pagan's meaner trappings on;
" Perchance he sought, conceal'd in such disguise,
" To shun the prying search of curious eyes.
" His arms she took, and of the head bereft
" A maim'd and gory trunk within them left,
" And carelessly beside a river tost,
" To which a squadron from the Christian host
" Would shortly come; this well the Sorc'ress knew;
" For num'rous spies were hers, a watchful crew,
" Whence all the tidings of the Camp she learn'd,
" Whoe'er arriv'd, departed, or return'd.
" Converse with spirits too at will she held;
" With them in foul communion oft she dwell'd.
" Thus she dispos'd the corpse, where all was meet
" For the base purpose of her black deceit.
" Not far remote she plac'd a trusty slave
" In shepherd's weeds; to him her orders gave,
" How best his feign'd and treach'rous part to play,
" What do, what tell; nor fail'd he to obey.
" He to your foragers his tale addrest,
" And dark suspicions sow'd in ev'ry breast,
" Whence discord in the Camp, and broils were rais'd,
" And all the madness of sedition blaz'd;
" For as she wish'd, th' excited troops believ'd
" That Godfrey's plots Rinaldo's death achiev'd;
" Though clear'd by Truth's all-penetrating ray,
" The foul surmises soon dissolv'd away.
" Thus first were laid, as now my lips declare,
" The schemes deceptious of the Syrian Fair.
" But what the brave Rinaldo next befel,
" And how she chas'd her prey, I haste to tell.

" Him, as he journey'd on, the vengeful Dame
" Incessant watch'd: he to Orontes came,
" A far-fam'd river, where the rapid tide
" Sees in the midst its rolling stream divide;
" The parted waves a narrow isle confine,
" And soon below in friendly confluence join.
" A tow'ring column on the bank he spied,
" Nor far remote a narrow skiff descried:
" The skilful workmanship, the marble white,
" Attract awhile th' admiring warrior's sight,
" And thus in golden characters he reads:"
' Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or fortune leads
' To this fair spot! yon favour'd islet boasts
' More wonders, than the world through all its coasts,
' From West to farthest Orient, can display:
' Thither, if thou would'st view them, haste away.'
" Rinaldo, yielding to persuasion's force,
" Resolves across the stream to take his course;
" And as the pinnace, circumscrib'd of size,
" A passage to th' attendant squires denies,
" Without escort th' incautious youth and brave,
" Alone, yet nothing daunted, tempts the wave.
" The island reach'd, he cast his eyes around,
" But judg'd his senses mock'd, when nought he found
" Save shady grots, and streams that murm'ring flow,
" And trees that wave in air, and flow'rs that blow.
" But yet so fair the scenes around him smile,
" So sweetly tempt, he stays to rest awhile,
" And strips his helmet off, his brows to ease
" With the cool ventilations of the breeze.

" Meanwhile fresh sounds he hears; with gurglings new
" Murmur'd the stream; he thither bends his view;
" He marks, the river's surface smooth above,
" One sep'rate wave in circling eddies move;
" Thence auburn ringlets soon were seen to rise,
" And soon a female face surpris'd his eyes;
" Next on his sight, as wond'ring he beheld,
" Her heaving breasts in full luxuriance swell'd,
" And next her tap'ring waist, and all below
" To what coy Modesty forbids to show:
" So in some nightly theatre appears
" A Nymph or Goddess, that, slow rising, rears
" Her beauteous form. Although no Syren she,
" But witchcraft's child, a shade, a phantasy,
" Yet one of those she seem'd, renown'd of yore,
" That dwelt, insidious, on the Tuscan shore.
" Her voice was melting, as her face was fair;
" And as she sung, she sooth'd the list'ning air:"
' Ye gentle youths, while Spring's enchanting hours
' Smile o'er your heads, and deck with all their flow'rs,
' Ah! let not Virtue's, Fame's, fallacious ray
' Lead, with attraction vain, your minds astray.
' Who follows Pleasure's path, alone is wise,
' And culls Life's blooming garlands as they rise.
' Thus Nature bids; and say, will ye alone
' Refuse, with stubborn hearts, her voice to own?
' Deluded youths! why will ye cast away
' The new-born pleasures of your short-liv'd day?
' The goods, which valour, honour, worth, ye call,
' Are names, and unsubstantial idols all.

'And Fame, so subtly-potent to trepan,
'With unresisted lure, the heart of man,
'Though sweet her voice, though wond'rous fair she seem,
'Is but an Echo vain, an empty dream,
'A dream's more empty shadow, rather say,
'Which ev'ry passing wind can waft away.
'Live free from care; let gay delights employ
'Each sense, each thought; drink deepest draughts of joy:
'Your sorrows past forget; away with gloom,
'Nor care forestall with fancied ills to come.
'Though thunders roar, and clouds the sky deform,
'Be ye regardless of the passing storm;
'Such is true bliss, and such is wisdom's choice;
'Nature directs, and thwart not Nature's voice.'
"'Twas thus she sung; her tuneful accents steep
"The list'ning warrior's pow'rs in sweetest sleep.
"By soft degrees the potent influence stole
"O'er all his senses, and usurp'd his soul;
"Nor would the thunder's loudest voice have woke
"His death-like slumber, or th' enchantment broke.
"Forth from her ambush then Armida came;
"Approaching vengeance fir'd the furious Dame;
"But when the youth she saw,—his aspect mild,
'The playful beauties in his eyes that smil'd,
'(Though seal'd his eyes, yet beauty there was seen;
How potent then his waking glance had been!)
Wond'ring, she paus'd, and seated at his side,
Soon lost all thoughts of vengeance, hatred, pride;

"Low bending o'er his manly charms she stood,
"As bent th' entranc'd Narcissus o'er the flood.
"With her soft veil she hasten'd to displace
"The dewy moisture trickling down his face,
"And wak'd the slumb'ring Zephyrs, to assuage
"Th' oppression of the sultry season's rage.
"Who shall such tale believe? his eyes, though clos'd,
"Where, arm'd with flames resistless, Love repos'd,
"Could thaw the icy coldness, that possest,
"Harder than hardest adamant, her breast,
"Could banish hate, and tender thoughts inspire,
"And change the thirst of vengeance to desire.
"Of purple roses and of lilies fair,
"For ev'ry flow'r profusely blossom'd there,
"A wond'rous chain her skilful fingers wove,
"Soft, but of surest hold;—the type of love.
"These round his hands, his neck, his feet, she wound,
"And held him in her toils, securely bound,
"Then plac'd him on her car, by sleep subdued,
"And through the air her rapid course pursued;
"Nor to Damascus went and Syria's lands,
"Nor where in Sodom's lake her fortress stands,
"But jealous of her prize, and smit with shame
"That her proud heart should own so soft a flame,
"She hid herself 'mid Ocean's boundless waste,
"Where never ship its vent'rous journey trac'd,
"From Asia's, Europe's climates far remote:
"A solitary island there she sought:
"To this, and num'rous isles that round it rise,
"Auspicious Fortune's self her name supplies.

"She climb'd the summit of a mountain lone,
"Where from thick woods eternal shade is thrown;
"Its rugged shoulders and its beetling breast
"Her magic arts with wintry snows invest,
"But leaves its summit smiling, green, and fair:
"Beside a lake she rear'd a palace there,
"Where, while th' unfading bloom of April reigns,
"The thoughtless warrior, bound in am'rous chains,
"Leads with th' enamour'd Fair a life of joy;
"'Tis yours to rescue the deluded boy;
"The guards ye must o'ercome, profusely found
"The well-watch'd hill, the stately dome around:
"A guide awaits you to supply your hands
"With weapons, that such great emprise demands.
"When from the waves ye rise, a mystic Fair,
"Aged, yet youthful-seeming, by her hair
"Collected round her forehead smooth, confest,
"And the gay colours of her changeful vest,
"Shall meet your view: She o'er the billowy main
"Shall guide you, swifter than through æther's plain
"The light wing'd eagle wins his easy way;
"Swifter than darts from Heav'n the lightning's ray:
"Nor when your homeward way again ye take,
"Shall she, a faithful guide, her charge forsake.
"At the tall mountain's basis, where resides
"The skilful Sorc'ress, many a serpent glides;
"There gapes the bear, there stuns the lion's roar,
"And rears his bristled back the tusky boar.
"But wave the wand I give; 'tis all ye need;
"Scar'd by the sound, each monster shall recede.
"On the high top, if Fame no falsehoods tell,
"More great, more formidable dangers dwell.

"A fountain there its lucid waters throws;
"So fair, so tempting to the eye it flows,
"The gazer's thirst grows eager at the sight;
"But subtlest poison in the crystal bright
"Lies hid; one draught of that enticing rill
"Th' inebriate soul with madd'ning joy can fill;
"Loud mirth awakes, and peals of laughter rise
"Still swells the laughter, till the victim dies.
"Shun ye the fountain dire, with murder fraugh
"And let your lips reject th' alluring draught:
"Reject alike the costly viands, seen
"Beside the limpid streamlet's margin green,
"And shun the damsels, practis'd to beguile
"With look seductive, and with wanton smile;
"Their smiles, their glances, and their words di
dain,
"And through the lofty gates your entrance gair
"Perplex'd, confus'd, the inner walls are found,
"Winding in endless mazes round and round:
"But charts descriptive, furnish'd by my care,
"Through ev'ry doubtful turn shall guide you ther
"Amid the labyrinth, a shady grove,
"Where breathes from ev'ry leaf the soul of lov
"Blooms fair; and on the verdant carpet laid,
"Shall lie the warrior and th' enamour'd maid.
"Then, when the beauteous Sorc'ress shall retir
"And quit awhile the Lord of her desire,
"Spring forward, and before his startled gaze
"A polish'd adamantine buckler raise;
"(Myself the needful present will supply)
"Reflected there, Rinaldo shall espy
"His own degen'rate image, and behold
"Th' unmanly garments that his limbs infold,

"And at the sight arous'd, indignant shame
"Shall banish from his breast th' unworthy flame.
"Let this suffice, for more 'twere vain to say,
"Save that in safety ye shall take your way,
"And unoppos'd your ready entrance win
"Through ev'ry secret pass the dome within:
"Nor all the pow'rs of witchcraft shall succeed
"To thwart your progress, or your steps impede;
"Nor shall Armida your approach foresee;
"So potent will th' o'erruling guidance be.
"The palace too with ease ye may forsake,
"And with success your homeward journey take.
"But sleep invites us now; the first faint ray
"Of rising morn will call you hence away."
He ended, and th' astonish'd hearers led
Where for their sleep the nightly couch was spread;
Then leaving, wrapt in thought, each well-pleas'd guest,
The hospitable sage retir'd to rest.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## CANTO XV.

# ARGUMENT.

The two Knights embark in a vessel which is steered by a mysterious female.—They traverse the Mediterranean, pass the Straits of Gibraltar, enter the Atlantic Ocean, and reach the Fortunate Islands.—They land on the island of Teneriffe.—They ascend the mountain, which is guarded by wild beasts, and the sides of which are covered with snow.—Overcoming all obstacles of nature and art, they gain the summit, and find it clothed with the most beautiful verdure, and enjoying a perpetual spring.—They come to the Fountain of Laughter, and discover two Nymphs bathing.—Various allurements are practised upon them, which they resist, and enter the palace of Armida.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## CANTO XV.

Now through the skies the cheerful morning broke,
And Earth's refresh'd inhabitants awoke
To renovated toil, and daily care:
When lo! approaching tow'rd the warrior-pair
The friendly sage was seen, and in his hand
Convey'd the chart, the shield, the golden wand.
"Prepare," he cried, "ere yet the rising day
"Be more advanc'd, and gird you for your way.
"Behold my promis'd gifts; these potent arms
"Shall crush the Sorc'ress, and annul her charms."
Already had they left their bed of rest,
And their stout limbs in radiant armour drest.
Through paths, unconscious of the light of day,
Following the hoary sage, they took their way,
And in returning, trac'd the self-same road,
Which their advancing feet before had trod.
Soon as they reach'd his own fair river's bed,
"Go, and success be yours, my fri, ds," he said.
Then on its bosom broad, that gently heav'd,
Th' obedient stream the fearless pair receiv'd.
They through the buoyant waves with ease ascend,
As to the surface some light leaf may tend,
Which the strong eddies hurried down before;
And safe they landed on the grassy shore.

The destin'd vessel there they straight descried,
And high upon the poop, their female guide.
Long tresses veil'd her forehead; mild her mien;
Her soft eye beam'd with dignity serene:
Likest the Seraph Sons of Heav'n she seem'd;
Such lustre from her radiant visage stream'd.
Her robe was gay with many a varying dye;
Now azure, now vermilion, caught the eye;
Where'er the wond'ring gazer turn'd his view,
His sense was greeted with an alter'd hue.
So shine the many-glancing plumes that deck
Some love-devoted pigeon's glossy neck:
Nor permanent nor fix'd its colours seem,
But catch new beauties from the Solar beam,
Now the mild em'rald's vivid green they show,
And now the flaming ruby's richer glow,
Now blend them both with one, and new delight
Charms, in a thousand forms, th' admiring sight.
"Within this bark, ye happy pair," she cried,
"In which secure o'er Ocean's depths I ride,
"Step, free from fear; no adverse wind assails
"My favour'd ship, but ever-friendly gales,
"Airs breath'd from Heav'n, my swelling canvas "fill;
"Light is each burden, and each tempest still.
"Me as your guide, th' All-ruling Lord of Heav'n,
"For ever bounteous of his grace, has giv'n."
The Dame, while thus she spake in accents bland,
Advanc'd her pinnace nearer to the land,
Receiv'd her destin'd charge, the warriors twain,
Push'd from the bank, and gave her bark the rein:
Her sails she loosens, at the helm presides,
And o'er the waves its bounding progress guides.

So full, so deep, th' abundant current flow'd,
That on its back the proudest fleets had rode;
But this light ship its easy course might hold,
Though by no show'rs increas'd the stream had roll'd.
With speed unwonted tow'rd the salt sea's shore
Impellant gales the gliding vessel bore:
Thick foam surmounts the agitated waves;
Behind, the furrow'd water frets and raves.
And soon they came, where in a wider bed
Its surface smooth th' expanding river spread;
There, mingling with the Ocean's mighty stream,
Its scantier waves are lost, or lost they seem.
And scarcely did the wond'rous vessel gain
The margin of old Ocean's green domain,
When ev'ry cloud that late the skies o'ercast,
Dispers'd, and still was ev'ry howling blast,
That threat'ning signs of latent tempest gave;
Propitious Zephyrs smooth'd the angry wave,
And with soft breath the azure surface curl'd
Late to the skies in foam-topt mountains hurl'd;
Laugh'd the blue Heav'ns, and æther grew serene;
Ne'er saw the eye of man a fairer scene.

Westward, inclining to the left, they run;
They past the coasts of sandy Ascalon,
And near to lofty Gaza quickly came;*
Gaza, an haven once, well-known to fame,

* *Gaza.*—The last town of importance in Palestine towards the Egyptian frontier, a short distance from the sea, and on the edge of the desert. The town called the Port of Gaza was a separate town, at a short distance from the former, which was greatly injured by Alexander the Great, and finally deprived of all its privileges by the Emperor Julian.

But by the neighbouring city's ruin swell'd,
High rank 'mid great and pow'rful states she held.
And now her plains a swarming army bore,
Unnumber'd as the sands upon her shore.
The trav'llers, coastward as they turn their eye,
An endless multitude of tents descry;
They see of horse and foot a moving mass
Betwixt the town and shore incessant pass;
Smooth with perpetual trampling was the road,
By elephants and loaded camels trod;
And firmly by their biting anchors tied,
Tall ships within the spacious harbour ride.
Some to the winds the bellying canvass gave,
Some brush'd with nimble oars the sparkling wave;
The crooked beaks the liquid plain divide;
The parted waters foam on ev'ry side.
Then thus the Dame: "Although the sea and coast
"Swarm with the myriads of yon armed host,
"Not yet arriv'd are all the countless bands
"That own the potent Monarch's dread commands.
"These Egypt furnish'd, and her neighb'ring states;
"From lands remote an added force he waits,
"For stretch'd through many a clime his empire lies,
"Beneath the Eastern and the Southern skies.
"With ease may we return, our voyage o'er,
"Ere move his camp the mighty Emperor,
"He, or whoe'er, appointed by his word,
"Guides the vast host, vicegerent of his Lord."
Thus spake the Dame; and as the feather'd King
Glides 'mid surrounding birds on soaring wing;
To the bright Solar orb so near he flies,
That his lost figure mocks th' observer's eyes;
So through the crowded ships her vessel flew,
Nor one alarm, one anxious thought she knew,

Or of pursuit, or hindrance, or delay:
She leaves them far behind, and swiftly scuds away.
Soon Raffia's ancient tow'rs she passes by,
Which first salutes th' Egyptian sailor's eye
On Syria's coast: then Rinocera's strand
They sail'd along, a waste and barren sand.
Not far remote a tow'ring mountain stood,*
That lifts aloft its head above the flood,
While its broad base th' unstable billows lave;
There Pompey's sacred ashes find their grave.
Fair Damietta next the trav'llers spied,
And mighty Nile, whose heav'n-descended tide
Through sev'n fam'd mouths, and through an hundred more,
Pours to th' expecting main its copious store.
They past the city, which the Greek of fame
Built for his followers of the Grecian name.
Pharos, an isle of yore, they left behind,
Now to the land united, once disjoin'd.
Nor Rhodes, nor Crete, renown'd of old, they spy;
Far stretching to the North those islands lie.
They coasted Afric; though her sea-wash'd strand
With cultivation smiles and fertile land,
Her inner tracts no fruitful harvests bless;
Wild beasts enjoy the howling wilderness.

* *Un monte.*—Mount Casius, near the Pelusiac mouth of the Nile, where Pompey's ashes were buried, and a tomb erected to his memory, which was restored and beautified by the Emperor Adrian.

Perfida qua tellus Casiis excurrit arenis.
*Luc. Pharr.* viii. 539.

Et Casio præferri Jovi.
*Ibid.* 857.

By Marmarique their rapid vessel flies,*
And where Cyrene's five proud cities rise,†
And Tolomet; and where, inert and slow,
Dull Lethe rises from the shades below.
The greater Syrtis then, the sailor's dread,
At distance due they left, and sea-ward sped.
Now by Giudeca's jutting cape they steer'd;
Then Magra's mouth, then Tripoli appear'd;
Fronting was Malta, o'er the wat'ry waste
That scarcely rear'd her head; and soon they past
Each lesser Syrtis, and Alzerba's shore,
Where dwelt the mild Lotophagi of yore.
Stretching her ample bay two hills between,
Next on the winding shore was Tunis seen,‡
A rich and honour'd realm; nor Libya boasts
A nobler city on her peopled coasts.
To her oppos'd, where Sicily expands
Her laughing shores, tall Lilybæum stands.
Then the fair guide to either warrior's eyes
Show'd the lone spot where perish'd Carthage lies.
Great Carthage prostrate lies; and scarce a trace
Of all her mighty ruins marks the place
Where once she stood: Thus Desolation waits
On loftiest cities, and on proudest states;

* *La Marmarica rade.*—Marmarica, formerly Mareotis, no Barca. It is called by its modern name in the 17th Canto.

† *Cinque cittadi.*—Berenice, Arsinoe, Ptolemais, Apollonia, a Cyrene.

‡ *Tunisi, ricca ed onorata sede.*—For a short time during middle ages, Tunis was an independent and flourishing ki dom. It was not till its conquest, and that of Algiers by Ba rossa, in the early part of the 16th century, that the Bar States became so formidable to the Europeans, though Al seems always to have carried on more or less the trade of pi Hence the distinction made by Tasso.

Huge heaps of sand, and waving herbage hide
The pomp of pow'r, the monuments of pride;
And yet does man, poor child of earth, presume
To mourn, vain arrogance! his mortal doom!
They reach'd Biserta next, and on their right
Sardinia's distant island met their sight.
They past the plains, a wide-extended space,
Where once Numidia's sons, a swarthy race,
Their past'ral life pursu'd: Algiers they spy,
And Bugia, dens accurst of piracy:
Still farther they descried tall Oran's tow'rs,
And next they coasted Tingitana's shores;
The lion there in native grandeur reigns,
And elephants possess th' unpeopled plains:
Morocco, Fez, those spacious lands comprise:
Extended in their front Granada lies.
And now they came where, hemm'd on either side,
Flows through a narrow pass the rushing tide;
Alcides' work, as ancient legends feign;
Perchance some earthquake rent the land in twain,
Then rolling on with unresisted force
Through the vast breach the Ocean took his course,
Here Abila, there Calpe plac'd, and tore
The lands of Afric from the Spanish shore.
Such pow'r has Time to loose the solid base
Of Earth's proud realms, and alter Nature's face.
Four times the Orb of day his round had run,
Since first the wond'rous ship her course begun,
And, though so far advanc'd upon her way,
No shelter had she sought in port or bay.
The Straits she enter'd now, with rapid sweep
Shot through the pass, and in th' unmeasur'd deep
Of Ocean plung'd: If, where the land's embrace
Restricts the main, so vast the wat'ry space,

How far from vast, where Ocean, free from bounds,
With his wide-circling arms the land surrounds?
No more the travellers, with straining eye,
Or Gades, or the neighb'ring towns descry:
Far from their view the land, receding, flies;
The skies confine the waves, the waves the skies.
Then Ubald thus began: "Since thou, our guide,
"Hast brought us 'mid this endless waste of tide,
"Declare, if any else have trac'd before
"The vast and distant seas we travel o'er?
"Or if the distant world we seek, may own
"Men like ourselves, upon its shores unknown?"
Then she: "When great Alcides' arm had slain
"The monsters, that o'er Libya's lands and Spain
"Rang'd wild, and when, victorious, he had view'd
"Your western regions, and their realms subdu'd,
"To try the Ocean's unknown deeps he fear'd:
"His pillars there, a signal tall, he rear'd,
"And in too mean and narrow bounds confin'd
"Th' expansive vigour of man's dauntless mind.
"But with the keen desire of wisdom fraught,
"The goal prescrib'd Ulysses set at nought;
"Passing the Straits, his sails, his oars he plied
"Fearless, amid th' immeasurable tide.
"But vain his naval skill; an early grave
"He found, a victim of th' insatiate wave,
"And, with his bones entomb'd, his hapless lot
"Your Europe knew not, or has long forgot.
"If any else the bold adventure tried
"Driv'n by the winds, they turn'd not back, died.
"Untouch'd, unseen as yet this mighty main;
"A thousand isles its spacious waves contain,

"A thousand realms; each undiscover'd coast
"Like yours, its own inhabitants can boast;
"Like yours, the teeming harvest they supply,
"Like yours, they smile with rich fertility,
"Nor barren can that pow'r vivific prove,
"Which the warm Sun infuses from above."
Then Ubald: "Say, what laws that world unknown
"Obeys, and what the Faith its nations own?"
The Dame return'd: "To diff'rent tribes belong
"A diff'rent ritual, customs, laws, and tongue.
"The monsters of the forest some adore,
"Some to the Earth, the Sun, their homage pour,
"The starry Heav'ns; some, dreadful to record,
"With hateful viands load their impious board.
"In brief to tell, on this side Calpe's heights
"In savage customs ev'ry land delights;
"Their laws are barb'rous, and profane their rites."
"Will then that God," the curious Knight rejoin'd,
"Who came to pour Heav'n's radiance on mankind,
"From this large portion of our earth conceal
"The Truth, nor one enliv'ning ray reveal?"
"No," she replied; "in time shall be bestow'd
"The genuine worship of the living God,
"The Faith, by holy Peter handed down;
"And ev'ry civil art shall there be known.
"Nor shall this endless-seeming length of tide
"These realms for ever from your world divide:
"The day shall dawn, when they who plough the seas,
"Shall laugh to scorn the bounds of Hercules:

"Those hidden seas, those realms without a name,
"Ere long shall fill the sounding trump of Fame.
"A keel more dari n the rest, shall trace
"Whate'er the O spreading arms embrace,
"And round the globe ourse triumphant steer,
"Victorious rival of the n's career.
"A son of fair Liguria, bold and brave,
"Foremost of all shall t pt the virgin wave,
"The rage of winds t mpests shall defy,
"Th' inhospitable seas, and dubious sky;
"Nor aught, if aught there be more pow'rful still
"With awe and fear man's shrinking soul to fill,
"Shall hold within you narrow straits confin'd
"Th' aspiring ardour of his lofty mind.
"Thou, great C an of mighty soul,
"Shalt spread t c as to another Pole!
"E'en she, who glories in a thousand eyes,
"And buoy'd upon a thousand pinions flies,
"Shall scarce thy march pursue: Let clam'rous Fame
"Alcides', Bacchus' deeds at large proclaim,
"And of thy great exploits slight warning give;
"Though slight the notice, yet they still shall live,
"Worthy that either Muse the theme prolong,
"The Queen of Hist'ry, and the Queen of Song."

She spake, while to the West the vessel went
Ploughing the wat'ry way, and Southward bent
Its track oblique; now in their front declin'd
The setting Sun, and Morning rose behind.
But when the young Aurora, blushing bright,
Scatter'd her pearly dews, her streaky light,
Remov'd afar a mountain they descry,
That hid amid the clouds its summit high.

Arriv'd more near, when from its tow'ring head
The mists had vanish'd, and the vapours fled,
Like a sharp pyramid it seem'd to rise,
Pointed above, below of spacious size;
And from its top such smoky volumes flow'd,
As from that hill, the rebel Giant's load,
Which clouds of murky smoke by day expires,
And lights the sky by night with ruddy fires.
Then other neighb'ring isles, some high and steep,
More level some, they trace amid the deep.
The Happy Islands these; in days of yore
Such the proud name these envied regions bore:
To them, so ancient times believ'd, was giv'n
Such store of blessings by propitious Heav'n,
That, still unconscious of the ploughman's toil,
Spontaneous harvests crown'd the gen'rous soil;
There did the never-failing olive grow,
And vines unprun'd their luscious fruits bestow;
In streams mellifluous from the hollow tree
Distill'd the golden treasures of the bee;
There, pure as crystal, from the sloping hill,
Trickled with murmurs sweet the sparkling rill;
Soft Zephyrs, gentle dews the heat assuag'd,
Nor torrid summer there oppressive rag'd:
There bloom'd Elysium; there, for ever blest,
The great departed found their lasting rest.
At these the Dame arriv'd; "And now," she said,
"Your course is ended, and your labour sped.
"The happy Isles of Fortune ye behold,
"Of which such strange and doubtful tales are told:
"A fair and fertile region will ye find;
"But copious falsehood is with truth combin'd."

Close to the isles which first in order stood,
The vessel, as she spake, its track pursued.
Then Charles began: " Unless th' important task
" We now pursue, forbid such boon to ask,
" Straight let me set my foot on yonder shore,
" And all its lands, till now unknown, explore,
" The native tribes, their customs, worship, see;
" My envied boast will such discov'ry be,
" When in some future day I take delight
" My perils, toils, adventures to recite,
" Whate'er I saw of new or strange, declare,
" And say with honest rapture, ' I was there.'
" In truth thy gen'rous wish is worthy thee,"
The Dame replied, " but what remains for me,
" If Heav'n's behests thy will oppose, and Fate,
" Whose awful mandates none must violate?
" Not yet is come th' important moment, giv'n
" For this sublime discovery by Heav'n,
" Nor yours must be the glory, to display
" Ocean's dark secrets to the light of day.
" To you high Heav'n assigns the' unwonted grace
" Through this untried profound your way to trace,
" To scale the mountain where Rinaldo lies,
" And back restore him to your Eastern skies.
" Be then content, nor with vain pride elate
" To loftier gifts aspire, nor combat Fate."
She ceas'd: the foremost isle in Ocean blue
Now disappear'd, the second rose to view.
She show'd the trav'llers that their long extent
Unvarying, to the Western climate bent,
And that each isle betwixt, the waves expand
In equal breadths, dividing land from land.
In sev'n, the signs of human-kind they found,
*Houses*, the work of man, and cultur'd ground;

But three were desert, and in hill or wood
Rang'd unmolested there the savage brood.
In one a spot recluse they find, where bends
The winding shore, and Ocean-ward extends
Two jutting horns, within whose compass lies
A spreading basin of capacious size :
Thus the continuous cliff an harbour makes;
Inward its fronts, and to the sea that breaks
Against its feet its back it gives, and braves
The foaming fury of the baffled waves.
On either side, a crag, that tow'rs on high,
Supplies a sea-mark to the sailor's eye.
Beneath, in peace the quiet waves repose ;
Above, a wood its deepen'd shadows throws;
Amid the sylvan shade a grot is found,
Where ivy creeps, and waters purl around.
Tall vessels there, in safety moor'd, may ride,
Nor held by anchors, nor by cables tied.
To this fair spot, where silent peace prevails,
She steer'd her bark, and furl'd the slacken'd sails.

" Behold that vast and tow'ring pile," she said,
" That crowns the mountain's sky-envelop'd head.
" There, lost in sloth, and feasts, and am'rous play,
" Your far-fam'd champion whiles his time away.
" Ye, when the first faint beams of morning peep,
" Must urge your footsteps up the rugged steep;
" Nor with impatience this delay be borne;
" Alone auspicious is the hour of morn :
" But while the Sun's declining rays remain,
" The lofty mountain's foot ye yet may gain."

The Chiefs, attentive to their guide's command,
Impatient stepp'd upon the welcome land.
So smooth, so easy was the' inviting road,
*That with unwearied feet* the path they trod,

And when the hill they reach'd the Sun's bright car
Still from the Western main was distant far.
They saw that up the long ascent, their way
O'er steeps abrupt, and craggy ruins lay;
Each path that to the mountain's summit led,
With frost was rugged, and with snows o'erspread,
But herbage there, and laughing flow'rs were seen;
White was his beard, his locks of vernal green;
Close to the ice th' uninjur'd lily grows,
Nor winter breaks its compact with the rose:
Such wond'rous pow'r attends the magic spell
To vanquish Nature, and her laws compel.
In a lone spot, with woodland shades inclos'd,
At the tall mountain's base the Knights repos'd.
But when the Sun, eternal fount of day,
The skies illumin'd with his golden ray,
"Up, up!" they cried, with rival ardour fir'd,
And boldly recommenc'd the task desir'd.
But lo! with sudden spring, their path to thwart,
They saw a vast and hideous serpent dart:
Bristling with scaly gold his head he rear'd,
And burnish'd crest; thick-swollen his neck appear'd;
His angry eyes shot forth a deadly flame;
The monster's belly, onward as he came,
Hid the broad path; foul-steaming poison broke
From his wide jaws, and clouds of wreathy smoke;
Now twin'd in curls, now stretch'd at length, he roll'd
His forked tail abroad, and lash'd the spiry fold.
Thus, for defence prepar'd, the monster stood;
Yet fearless each brave Knight his way pursued.

Charles from the scabbard plucks his sword, and flies
At the fell snake: "How now?" his comrade cries;
"Would'st thou with arms like those the monster quell?
"Shall might of human arm such foes repel?"
He wav'd th' immortal wand of gold around;
The startled serpent heard the hissing sound,
Left free the pass, o'ercome with sudden dread,
And sought concealment, and for safety fled.
As upward still their steps th' advent'rers bend,
Forth leapt, their further passage to contend,
A lion fierce; dire was his roar; his eye
Glar'd with'ring fire; he toss'd his mane on high;
The cavern of his jaws he open'd wide;
His sounding tail lash'd each alternate side,
And wak'd the terrors of his wrathful flame;
But when the wand before his eye-sight came,
His savage heart was frozen with affright;
He lost his rage, and safety found in flight.
Swiftly along their path the warriors flew;
But still a vast and formidable crew
Of monstrous beasts to stop their march was seen,
Of various motions, various voice and mien.
Seem'd gather'd there, whate'er in Afric's land
Is bred, from Egypt to th' Atlantic strand,
With all that in the wide Hercinian roam,
Or in Hyrcania's forests find their home.
Nor yet these fierce and num'rous tribes succeed
Or to repule the warriors, or impede;
All fled, (strange miracle!) o'erpow'r'd with awe,
Soon as the sound they heard, the wand they saw.
And now the mountain's highest ridge they gain;
Nought had they found their progress to detain,

Save where the ice might cause a brief delay,
Or the rough rocks that strew'd the alpine way.
But when the snowy region now was past,
And each steep precipice o'ercome at last,
On the high top they found a spacious plain,
Where mildest summer held her genial reign.
Fresh and unchanging blew the breezes there,
And odours wanton'd on the buxom air:
Not there, as in less favour'd climes prevails,
The Sun or wakes, or lulls th' inconstant gales,
Nor there his regulating beams bestow
By turns solstitial heat, hybernal snow.
In purest brightness cloth'd the skies are seen,
Not now with clouds deform'd, and now serene,
But the blue vault preserves its gay attire,
Unchang'd by winter's storms, or summer's fire.
The meads in Nature's brightest green are drest,
The verdant herbage wears a flow'ry crest,
Unfading sweets the waste of flow'rs pervade,
The trees supply an everlasting shade.
On the fair margin of a lake was rear'd
A palace fair, that in its pride appear'd
To stretch o'er all around its princely reign,
Queen of the woods, the mountain, and the main
Fatigu'd with toiling up the steep ascent,
Loitering along th' enamell'd path they went;
When lo! a crystal fountain they descry
Soft-trickling from the steepy rocks on high,
Which call'd them, with its murmuring voice, t
lave
Their parched lips in its refreshing wave.
In one large vein it gush'd, and parting, threw
O'er the gay herbage round its scatter'd dew,

But soon collected in one channel flow'd,
And trac'd 'mid verdant banks its noisy road;
There cool to touch, and dark to view, it stray'd,
O'er-arch'd by trees that lent perpetual shade,
But still so limpid, that its waters show
Whate'er of beauty lies conceal'd below;
While rising high the tempting stream beside,
The grass-clad turf a soft, fresh couch supplied.
"Lo! laughter's fountain, in whose waters fell
"The subtle pow'rs of mortal poison dwell.
"Behoves us here our wishes to restrain,
"And curb our appetite with caution's rein.
"Shut we our ears against the charms of song,
"Nor heed yon Syrens with their tuneful tongue."
Thus on they past to where the streamlet spread
Its lake-like surface in a wider bed:
There, on the bank, they found a costly board,
With viands rare, in rich abundance stor'd,
And wantoning amid the crystal flood,
Two prattling maids their frolic play pursued.
They dash the waves in mutual sport, or strain
With rival speed some destin'd spot to gain;
Now in the laughing water dive below,
Now their fair heads and shoulders, rising, show.
The beauteous bathers, deck'd in Nature's charms,
Rais'd in the warriors' breasts some soft alarms:
Awhile they stay'd, a sight so fair to view;
But, careless, they their gambols wild pursue.
Standing erect meanwhile, one lovely maid
Her beauteous bosom's marble swell display'd,
And all above, that wins man's soul, reveal'd;
Her other charms the liquid veil conceal'd.
As issues from the Ocean, newly born,
Glist'ning with *spangled* dew, the star of Morn;

As rising from the foamy wave was seen
The form divine of Beauty's matchless Queen;*
'Twas thus the blooming Nymph emerg'd to view,
Thus from her tresses dropp'd the pearly dew.
Then feigning to descry th' intrusive pair,
Back drew, alarm'd, the modest-seeming Fair;
Her knotted hair, that wreath'd her temples round,
Her snowy hands with trembling speed unbound;
Down her fair form the floating locks that roll'd,
Wrapp'd the soft iv'ry in a veil of gold.
Ah! what a sight divine was then destroy'd!
Yet lovely was the sight they still enjoy'd.
Thus while her locks above, below, the flood
Conceal'd her charms, asham'd, and pleas'd, she stood;
At once she smil'd, she blush'd love's richest hue;
Still as she blush'd, her smile more lovely grew;
Itself in turn enhanc'd the rosy grace
Whose deep suffusion dyed her angel face.
Then from her lips such winning accents broke,
That stoutest hearts had yielded as she spoke:
"Ye happy strangers, hail! whose favour'd feet
"Have reach'd this region fair, this blest retreat,
"The refuge of the world! here care is drown'd,
"Man's woes repair'd, and those true joys are found,
"Which early mortals, free and uncontroll'd,
"Once tasted, in the long-lost age of gold.
"Those arms which with success your hands have plied,
"Ye now may lay with unconcern aside,

* *La Dea d'amore.*—Alluding to the celebrated Venus Anadyomene of Praxiteles.

Nuda Venus madidas exprimit imbre comas.
Ov. Art. Am. iii. 224.

"And consecrate them here to rest and peace;
"All contests here, save those of love, shall cease;
"Your field of Battle be the genial bed,
"Or the soft mead, with flow'ry herbage spread.
"Be ours to guide you to the royal Fair,
"Whose vot'ries never-ending pleasures share:
"She shall enroll you in the happy throng
"Of those, to whom her chosen joys belong.
"But first to taste those dainty viands stay,
"And wash in this pure stream the dust away."
Thus spake the one: her sister-Beauty join'd
With movements eloquent, and glances kind:
So to the sounding lyre, responsive beat,
With cadence swift or slow, the dancer's feet.
But the brave strangers steel'd their manly hearts
Against the witchcraft of the Syrens' arts;
Their looks so sweet, their voice's thrilling tone,
Play'd harmless on their eyes, their ears alone:
Or if the thrilling softness crept within,
To where the germs of young desire begin,
Soon stubborn reason woke, such thoughts to tame,
And check the progress of th' incipient flame.
Baffled, o'ercome, the wily damsels stood;
The Knights, all heedless, still their way pursued,
Nor leave they stay'd to take, nor word they spoke,
But straight within the dome their entrance took.
The Nymphs, enrag'd at their repulse, withdrew,
And in the shelt'ring waters plung'd from view.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## CANTO XVI.

# ARGUMENT.

Description of Armida's Palace and Garden.—The Ka
over Rinaldo and Armida.—As soon as she retires, th
themselves known.—Rinaldo, seized with sudden sh
contrition, follows them instantly out of the Palace
da's consternation at his departure.—She has recour
incantations, but without effect.—She follows him to
shore, and endeavours to prevail upon him to perm
accompany him.—Her various emotions at finding he
rejected.—She destroys the enchanted Palace, and n
her car, flies through the air to her castle in the D
whence she sets out to join the Egyptian army.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## CANTO XVI.

Round was the form the costly mansion show'd;
Hid in the centre of the fair abode
A beauteous garden lay, which far excell'd
Whate'er or Fame has sung, or eye beheld.
Around, the work of many a Dæmon's hand,
A range of building stood, confus'dly plann'd:
Through these th' oblique and mazy paths that wound,
Perplex'd the passage to th' enchanted ground.
Though the proud dome an hundred portals grac'd,
Yet through the chief, the loftiest gate they past.
The massy valves of sculptur'd silver, roll'd
On sounding hinges of refulgent gold.
The graven figures wond'ring they beheld,
Whose skilful workmanship by far excell'd
The rich materials; life, expressive mind
In ev'ry look, and ev'ry gesture shin'd;
Speech fail'd alone; and if we trust our eyes,
Indued with speech, with life itself, they rise.
There girt with many a fair Mæonian maid,
The great Alcides with his distaff play'd:
He, who the starry Heav'ns had once sustain'd,
And o'er the pow'rs of Hell a conquest gain'd,

A spindle wields, and with soft stories whiles
The hours away: fond Love stands by, and smiles
And there, in scorn of hero's toils, was seen
To grasp his murd'rous arms the sportive Queen,
And on her back the lion's trophies wear;
Too rough a burden for a form so fair.
  Hard by, the Ocean spread its surface blue
All white with silv'ry foam the billows grew.
Two hostile navies tow'r'd amid the flood;
In adverse ranks and pride of war they stood;
From their arm'd sides a steely lustre came;
The sparkling surges glow'd with golden flame;
Leucate seem'd on fire, and beam'd afar
With the dread splendour of the mimic war.
Here mighty Cæsar led his Roman bands;
There, from the swarthy East's remotest lands
Great Antony brought all his pow'rs along,
His Indian, Arab, and Egyptian throng.
Seem'd as along the groaning waves were borne
The Cyclades, from their firm base uptorn,
Or as, encount'ring with gigantic shock,
Mountain with mountain crash'd, and rock with rock;
On either side with such o'erpow'ring sway
The tow'r-like navies plough'd the billow way.
Darts, torches fly; the seas are cover'd o'er
With spoils, and mangled limbs, and blush with gore.
But lo! ere yet inclin'd the battle's scale,
The royal Beauty spread her swelling sail,
And fled; nor did her doting lover stay,
But threw the empire of the world away.
Nor yet he fled; his brave, his haughty breast
No stain dishonour'd, and no fear possest;

He follow'd her, who with attraction strong,
Could drag in honour's spite, e'en Antony along.
He seem'd as one, in whose disorder'd mind
Love, shame, and anger glow'd at once, combin'd;
By turns the bloody fight, that doubtful rag'd,
By turns the flying Fair his eyes engag'd.
In Nile's deep bosom hid, he seems to wait
Lock'd in her warm embrace, his threaten'd fate,
And heedless of his loss, his woes beguiles
With the soft witchcraft of a woman's smiles.
Such sculptur'd signs the stately portals show,
Relieving the rich metal's gaudy glow.
The warlike pair the storied wonders view'd,
And ent'ring, their intrepid way pursued.
As through his crooked banks Mæander strays,
In many a sinuous, many a doubtful maze,
Now forward to the Ocean takes his course,
Now drives his refluent waters to their source;
Now falls, now mounts, and downward as he goes,
Meets his returning wave, that upward flows:
So round and round the winding lab'rinth roll'd;
But in the faithful chart each maze was told,
The gift, which from th' Enchanter wise they gain'd;
There was the knot untied, the doubt explain'd.
When through the lab'rinth they had made their way,
Before their eyes the lovely garden lay.
Still lakes of silver, streams that murm'ring crept,
Hills, on whose sloping brows the sunbeams slept,
Luxuriant trees, that various forms display'd,
And valleys, grateful with refreshing shade,
Herbs, flow'rets gay with many a gaudy dye,
And woods, and arching grottoes met their eye.

What more than all enhanc'd those beauties rare,
Though art was all and all, no signs of art were there:
Seem'd as if Nature reign'd in ev'ry part,
Such easy negligence was mix'd with art:
Nature herself, in frolic might appear
To imitate her imitator here.
'Twas magic's spell call'd forth the genial breeze,
That fill'd with pregnant life the bursting trees;
Eternal bloom they yield, eternal fruit,
The fruitage rip'ning while the blossoms shoot.
The self-same tree on one o'erloaded twig
Bears the full-ripen'd, and the nascent fig;
The apple hanging on one bough is seen
In ev'ry shade of golden, and of green.
Where most the genial Sun the garden cheer'd,
Creeping aloft, the luscious vine appear'd;
Here clusters crude, their yellower grapes it bore,
Or ruby-red, and rich with nectar'd store.
Unnumber'd birds, the leafy boughs among,
Trill'd the wild music of their wanton song.
Murmur'd the undulating air around;
The rills, the leafy grots return'd the sound,
As loud or low the quiv'ring Zephyrs rung:
When ceas'd the birds, an echo deep they flung,
But when the feather'd choir restor'd their lay,
The echo, gently whisp'ring, died away:
Or chance the concert made, or art design'd,
Each swelling song the music-breathing wind
Alternate answer'd, and alternate join'd.
Amid the rest one beauteous warbler flew,
With purple bill, and plumes of various hue;
His pliant voice assum'd the human tone,
Each note, the shrill, the soft, the deep, his own.

With wond'rous skill, mellifluous, loud, and long,
Surpassing all belief, he pour'd his song.
Their meaner strains his list'ning fellows clos'd;
The whisp'ring winds grew silent, and repos'd:
"Behold how, bursting from its covert, blows
"With virgin blushes deck'd, the modest rose;
"With half her beauties hid, and half reveal'd,
"More lovely still she seems, the more conceal'd.
"Grown bolder soon, her bosom she displays
"All naked to the winds; then soon decays,
"And seems the same enchanting flow'r no more,
"Which youths and virgins fair admir'd before.
"Thus transient and ephem'ral fades away
"The flow'r, the verdure, of man's short-liv'd day;
"And though the year bring back the vernal hour,
"No more his verdure blooms, no more his flow'r.
"Cull'we the rose, while laughs th' auspicious morn
"Of that bright day, which must no more return:
"Cull we the rose; love's transports let us prove,
"While love may answer and reward our love."
He ceas'd; with one accord the feather'd throng
Join'd in applausive chorus to his song.
The playful doves renew'd their am'rous kiss;
Each living thing was melted into bliss.
Seem'd as th' unbending oak, the laurel chaste,
And ev'ry tree amid that flow'ry waste,
Seem'd as the Earth, the waves, imbib'd the charm,
And lifeless Nature's self with love grew warm.
'Mid melody so sweet, and scenes so fair,
Such mix'd temptation, past th' advent'rous pair,
And 'gainst th' alluring baits of pleasure steel'd
Their manly bosoms, that disdain'd to yield.

Betwixt the flutt'ring leaves their eager eye
Forward they cast, and spied, or seem'd to sp
Him they pursued: their doubts were soor
mov'd;
They saw the wanton Fair, the youth belov'd,
Her, on the bosom of the herbage laid,
Him, on the bosom of the lovely maid.
Her parted veil her naked breast disclos'd;
The soft breeze wav'd her tresses discompos'd
Languid her air, and o'er her features warm
A gentle moisture play'd, exalting ev'ry charm
As quivers in the stream the Solar ray,
The waters sparkling as the sunbeams play,
So trembled in her humid eyes the smile;
She o'er her doting lover hung the while,
As on her heaving bosom he reclin'd;
To her soft cheek his burning cheek he joi
Taught o'er her charms his greedy looks to ro
And fed his soul, insatiable of love,
And pin'd and wasted with internal flame:
Then gently bent her head th' impassion'd dar
From his bright eyes the playful kiss to sip,
Or suck the dewy transport from his lip:
'Twas then such deep, such lengthen'd sigh
drew,
As if his parting soul that instant flew,
And mix'd itself with hers. The Knights surv
Hid by the tufted trees, their wanton play.
Depending from his side, unworthy sight!
A mirror they beheld, of crystal bright.
She rose, she held the shining surface high.
The minister of am'rous mystery.

Though various were the scenes reflected there,
The youth, whose eyes were fire, the smiling Fair,
Amid them all one object sole beheld;
On this their eyes, their thoughts, their wishes dwell'd.
She in the polish'd glass herself survey'd;
He of her brighter eyes a mirror made:
She of her own resistless pow'r was vain;
He of his slav'ry's fascinating chain:
She seem'd at once her own, her lover's pride:
"Turn, hither turn," the love-sick warrior cried,
"On me those sun-bright eyes, of pow'r to bless
"With quintessence of earthly happiness.
"The flames my bosom feels, can best declare,
"Though mute, most eloquent, how thou art fair:
"More clear than in this crystal are exprest
"Thy deeply-graven beauties on my breast.
"If me thou dost disdain, yet turn to see
"Another fair Armida smile on thee;
"There on thyself thy sated eyes employ;
"Thine own bright charms admire, and take thy fill of joy.
"What mirror shall those heav'nly beauties trace?
"What glass contain the Eden of thy face?
"Reflected in the stars thine image see;
"The Heav'ns present a mirror worthy thee."
Smil'd, as her lover spake, the conscious Fair;
Nor yet relax'd her toilet's pleasing care;
Her veil she smooth'd; her hair, that to the wind
Luxuriant play'd, she braided and confin'd;
The lesser locks in shining curls she roll'd,
And deck'd with flow'rs, as with enamel, gold,

And with the rose, a blushing stranger, drest
The lilies, show'r'd by nature on her breast.
Not half so gay the peacock, proud and vain,
Displays the glories of his star-ey'd train;
Nor half so bright does dewy Iris show
The gold, the purple of her gaudy bow.
But far o'er all her rich attire was seen
The magic girdle of th' Enchantress-Queen.
This was her pride, adorn'd or naked, still;
Here all her pow'r was lavish'd, all her skill.
Her skill, all skill excelling, could supply
To incorporeal things, reality,
And temper many a potent charm unknown,
And spells, familiar to herself alone.
Soft anger, tender scorn, she there combin'd,
Repulses mild, and reconcilements kind,
The ready tear, almighty to beguile,
The lisping accent, and th' inviting smile,
The kiss, which Love's imparted nectars bless,
The sigh half stifled, and the warm caress.
These by her mighty art compell'd to meet,
She fus'd, and temper'd with a gentle heat,
To form the wond'rous girdle which embrac'd
Th' enchanted circuit of her lovely waist.
Her playful courtship o'er, a soft adieu
She sigh'd, and kiss'd her lover, and withdrew;
For still each day at stated hours she went,
On her own Sorc'ry's secret arts intent.
He staid, well-pleas'd, behind, (nor his the pow'r
To move, or elsewhere spend one vacant hour)
And wander'd 'mid the flow'ry groves alone,
An hermit-lover, when his love was gone.
But when the falling ev'ning, soft and still,
Impatient lovers calls to take their fill

Of furtive joy, amid those perfum'd bow'rs
They gave to bliss supreme the flowing hours.
When now Armida, issuing from the grove,
Had left for other cares the sports of love,
The Knights, who in the thickets lay conceal'd,
Stept forth, all arm'd, and stood at once reveal'd.
As some high-mettled courser, long remov'd
From war's tumultuous scenes that once he lov'd,
Free, and at ease, reserv'd for am'rous deeds,
Inglorious wanders through the grassy meads;
But if the trumpet's sound his ears surprise,
Or glitt'ring armour flash before his eyes,
Thither he turns, and snorts, and neighs aloud;
Again he longs, of conscious valour proud,
To bear upon his back the steel-clad Knight,
Measures in thought the lists, and grasps th' imagin'd fight.
Such transport did the startled warrior feel,
When lighten'd in his eye the beamy steel.
Rous'd by the view, his valour's pride return'd;
Bright as before, his martial spirit burn'd,
Though long in morbid ease dissolv'd and drown'd,
And lull'd in pleasure's lap to sleep profound.
Onward meanwhile the bold Ubaldo came:
The shield of adamant, a shining frame,
Before his face he held; with strange surprise
He on the polish'd surface fix'd his eyes,
And clearly in the lucid orb display'd,
His form, his garb effeminate survey'd;
His robes, his essenc'd hair, his sword he spied
Swinging, with grace unmanly at his side;
An idle trinket seem'd Rinaldo's sword,
No more the weapon of a warlike Lord.

As one, by torpid slumber long oppress'd,
At last awakens from his leaden rest
When the dull fetters of his trance are broke;
So, starting up, th' astonish'd youth awoke,
Indignant at the sight; with shame profound,
His bashful eyes he rooted to the ground;
He wish'd the friendly earth might open wide
To cover him, or in the ocean's tide
Had joyful plung'd, or in the rav'ning flame,
To find a shelter from o'erwhelming shame.
Then Ubald thus: "Lo! gath'ring from afar
"Europe and Asia wake the cry of war:
"Whoe'er would win the meed of deathless praise,
"Whoe'er to Jesus' name his homage pays,
"Now joins, in Syria's land, the banner'd hosts;
"Thee, lost in ease, on earth's remotest coasts,
"Thee does a corner of the world confine,
"Unworthy son of Berthold's glorious line!
"Nor can th' embattled world thy spirit move,
"A woman's champion, and the slave of love.
"What sleep, what lethargy, what spells control
"Thy manly virtue, and unnerve thy soul?
"Arise! the Camp its friendly warning sends;
"His aiding voice the noble Godfrey lends;
"Fortune attendant on thy steps shall be,
"And laurell'd Conquest stays her march for thee.
"Return, brave Chief, thy bright career to run;
"Complete the great emprize, so well begun.
"Let the leagu'd Gentiles, faithless and abhorr'd,
"Half-quell'd already by thy conqu'ring sword,
"Be crush'd, their temporary triumphs o'er,
"And sink beneath thine arm, to rise no more."
He ceas'd; all mute, confounded, and subdued.
*motion*, speech, depriv'd, Rinaldo stood.

vhen his aid awaken'd Anger lent,
en'rous champion he, by Reason sent)
as the softer glow that deck'd his face,
dignation's fire resign'd its place,
ore his robes, his decorations vain
gilded servitude's inglorious chain,
eager to depart, with headlong haste,
ugh the blind lab'rinth's twisted mazes past.
anwhile the fair Armida saw, dismay'd,
ate's redoubted guardian breathless laid:
suspicion in her bosom grew;
soon the dreaded, hated truth she knew.
aw (ah! cruel sight!) her Lord remove
eager footsteps from th' abode of love.
! whither dost thou run?" she wish'd to cry,
! leav'st me thus, a prey to misery?"
tifling sorrow stopp'd the piteous strain;
voice, compress, rebounded back again,
murmur'd deeply-plaintive at her heart
an influence mightier than her art,
w'r divine, resistless in its sway,
all her pleasures, all her hopes away.
ees him fly, and vainly would employ
magic skill to keep the truant boy.
note blasphèmous, and each potent strain,
e'er Thessalian witch, with lips profane,
stic murmurs breath'd; each spell, of force
ay the heav'nly wand'rers in their course,

*fier custode estinta.*—It would seem as if the poet had here ten himself, as he has not previously informed us who and the guard was, nor by whom he had been killed. The fact vever, that he had made mention of him in one or more s, which he afterwards determined not to insert, and overlooked the mistake, or thought it of no importance.

And drag the spirits from th' infernal shade,—
All these she knew, these summon'd to her aid.
Yet all her charms are fruitless, nor compel
To answer to her voice, the pow'rs of Hell. [fail
She quits her arts; perchance, where witchcraft
The tears of suppliant beauty may prevail.
In haste she goes; her pride, her shame are lost;
Where are her triumphs now, her haughty boast?
She who, herself unmov'd, unconquer'd still,
Could wield Love's mightiest energies at will,
Who pride's and scorn's extremes together prov'd
Scorning her lovers, proud to be belov'd;
Herself her only pride; who but admir'd
In man, the passion that her eyes inspir'd;
Abandon'd, spurn'd, a suppliant now, she sought
Him, who her vaunted beauties set at nought,
And fled; her tears she summon'd to adorn
Those charms, the object of her lover's scorn;
Nor could the rugged ice, nor alpine way
Prevent her progress, or her flight delay.
Loud cries, as messengers, she sent before;
Nor join'd him, till he reach'd the sea-beat shor
"Oh thou, who bear'st away my better part,
"And leav'st Armida here with half an heart,
"Take with thee this," she cried, "or that res
"Or both destroy, and let my woes be o'er.
"Ah! stay! ah! stay! arrest thy mad career
"Let my last sighs, last accents reach thine
"I say not kisses; henceforth thou wilt shar
"Those envied treasures with some worthie
"Fear'st thou to stay? the force that bids t
"Can bid thee too, whate'er I ask, deny."
"Refuse not," Ubald said, "the Dame t
"Such harsh denial were unworthy thee.

e, arm'd with pray'rs and female charms, draws
near,
d seconds her attack with beauty's tear:
thee shall valour's brightest meed belong,
seeing, list'ning to the Syren's song,
ou yet canst conquer. Thus shall reason's balm
oth thy rous'd senses, and thy passions calm."
hen stay'd th' obedient Knight; while onward
came,
thless, and bath'd in tears, the lovely Dame.
grief all grief surpass'd; yet brighter show
kindled beauties 'mid excess of woe.
eager gaze the youth she ey'd; no word
p'd her lips; perchance by rage o'erpow'r'd,
st in thought she stood, or struck with awe:
aw her not, or if perchance he saw,
h'd, asham'd, he turn'd his eyes askance,
snatch'd a timid, tardy, furtive glance.
ome musician sweet, ere yet his tongue
loose the loud, o'erpow'ring tide of song,
nes, with warbled preludes, soft and low,
hearers' souls to art's extatic flow;
ida thus, who, 'mid her cruel lot,
all her fraudful arts had yet forgot,
th'd gentle sighs symphonious, to prepare
soul of him whom she ador'd, to bear
impression of her woe: then thus began:
Hope not, thrice cruel and perfidious man,
pe not I come with suppliant pray'rs to move,
lovers fondly sue to those they love;—
ch once were we; but if those days be o'er,
d e'en their mem'ry can be borne no more,
t lend, as to thy foe, thy list'ning ear;
en foes vouchsafe the pray'rs of foes to hear.

"'Twere easy to accord what I require,
"And still preserve thy wrath, thy hate entire.
"If thou dost hate, if such thy savage joy,
"Thy blissful state I come not to destroy;
"Yes—take thy fill of hate, if hate thou must;
"Just does it seem to thee, and be it just.
"My hatred too the Christian name incurr'd,
"And with the rest Rinaldo was abhorr'd;
"A Pagan was I born; each nerve I strain'd
"To crush the empire which your arms had gain'd
"Thee I pursued, I seiz'd, and hid afar
"In unknown regions from the fields of war.
"Nor this to other wrongs forget to join,
"That deeper shame and anger may be thine;
"Thee in the snares of Love my arts decoy'd:
"Ah! foul deceit! seduction ill-employ'd!
"To sacrifice to thee my virgin flow'r,
"And place my beauties in a master's pow'r!
"That thou, a stranger, should'st the prize obtain,
"Which many a lover sought, and sought in vain!
"But to my guileful arts this charge be laid;
"And to my crimes be this requital paid,
"That unrelenting thou shouldst hence remove,
"And quit these scenes, the land of happy love.
"Go then, depart, o'er spacious Ocean fly,
"Rejoin the war, and ev'ry effort try
"To crush our Faith; I bid thee haste away;—
"Our Faith, alas! Armida didst thou say?
"'Tis mine no more; to thee my faith is ow'd,
"My only idol, and my only God.
"But let me follow thee; this grace bestow,
"This single grace; small kindness to a foe!
"Bears not the thief his ravish'd spoil away?
"When parts the conqu'ror, does the captive stay?

On me let all the Camp admiring gaze;
Let this too swell the measure of thy praise,
That she, the proud one, in thy train is borne,
A scorner once, but now repaid with scorn.
A slave despis'd, why longer do I wear
The boasted honours of my flowing hair?
These hands shall cut them off; if slave I be,
A servile garb alone were worthy me.
Thee will I follow 'mid the adverse host,
When the fierce battle's tumult burns the most.
No lack of courage will be mine, nor force,
To lift the lance, or lead the prancing horse.
Thy buckler will I bear, thy buckler be,
Nor will I spare myself in guarding thee;
The hostile steel, ere thou its point receive,
Shall pierce this neck, this naked bosom cleave;
So rude an enemy will ne'er be found
To aim his sword at thee, lest me he wound:
These slighted charms may teach thy foes to feel,
And Beauty's glance arrest the lifted steel.
Unblest Armida, dost thou still presume?
Still boast thy beauty's unavailing bloom?"
More had she utter'd, but the tears that rose
(so from a rock some gushing fountain flows)
ifled her words; with keen emotions fraught,
is hand, his robe, the lovely suppliant caught,
attitude of woe: The youth retir'd,
nd by resistance victory acquir'd:
ove found all entrance clos'd against his pow'r,
nd manly virtue curb'd the tearful show'r:
ove enter'd not, the passion to renew
hat cool at Reason's sovereign mandate grew,
ut Pity found its way his heart to move,
ity, the modest partner still of Love.

So strong her sway, he scarcely could contr
The torrent of his tears, that long'd to roll,
Yet hid his softer thoughts, his feelings rein
Compos'd his looks, and thus with calmness
Replied: " Enough, Armida, I endure
" For thee! how happy, were it mine to cu
" The flames that scorch thy bosom, and re
" The fascination of thine ill-starr'd Love.
" No hatred do I feel; nor scorn, nor ire,
" Spurs my resolves; no vengeance I desir
" No sense of wrongs remember'd do I kn
" Nor thee I wish a slave, nor thee a foe.
" True, thou has err'd, and reason's bound
grest,
" As love or hate bore sway within thy bre
" Human thy faults; let this excuse the de
" Thy country, age, and sex, for pardon pl
" I too have err'd; nor thee dare I to blam
" If pity for my own misdeeds I claim.
" Thy cherish'd mem'ry will I still retain
" 'Mid ev'ry scene of pleasure or of pain,
" Thy Champion too, where'er the Christia
" Permits, and honour, and war's rigid laws.
" Alas! be now our idle follies o'er,
" And with our frailties, be their shame no
" Entomb'd, forgotten, on this desert coast,
" The world's lone confine, be their mem'r
" In Europe's, Asia's, Afric's lands alone
" Be this of all Rinaldo's deeds unknown;
" Nor should the stain of calumny disgrace
" Thy worth, thy beauty, and thy princely
" Then stay content; to follow me, in vain
" Thou seek'st; the Pow'rs above thy w
strain.

"Be wise; remain, or elsewhere seek for peace,
"And let the tumult of thy passions cease."
While thus th' unbending youth his speech pursued,
Restless, the proud, ungovern'd Fair-one stood;
Long time with looks of stern disdain she eyed
His once-lov'd form, and then despiteful cried,
"Not fair Sophia's womb thy being gave,
"Nor Actian blood is thine; the boist'rous wave
"Of Ocean, thee, unfeeling monster, bred,
"Or Caucasus, with savage frosts o'erspread,
"And with her milk some savage tigress fed.
"Why need I cringe or fawn? his heart of steel
"No grief could harbour, and no pity feel.
"Chang'd not his alter'd cheek? heav'd he no sigh?
"Dimm'd not one tear the lustre of his eye?
"What shall I leave unsaid? what further say?
"He tells me he is mine, yet hastes away,
"And leaves me, hopeless and forlorn, behind:
"A gen'rous conqu'ror, he, that, mild and kind,
"Forgives the past, and longer scorns to know
"Th' aveng'd offences of his prostrate foe.
"Hear how he talks of love! what counsels sage
"He dares prefer! how wise beyond his age!
"Permit ye then this impious race, ye P'ow'rs,
"To trample on your fanes, your hallow'd tow'rs?
"But go, ingrate! barbarian, go! to thee
"Belong that peace, thou would'st bequeath to me!
"But soon, a naked spirit, from the tomb,
"Arm'd with unearthly vengeance will I come,
"Still at thy side with fire and fury move,
"A fury, equal to my former love.

" And if thy fates permit thee still to brave,
" Secure, the dangers of the greedy wave,
" To 'scape the rocks, the tempests, free
harms,
" And mix again in battle's wild alarms,
" There, faint and breathless on th' ensang
ground,
" While death and smoking carnage rage aro
" The price of perj'ry shalt thou pay at last,
" In bitter sorrow for thy treasons past,
" Shalt call Armida with thy parting breath;
" This hope relieves my soul, and soothes the
of death."

Convulsive faintings seiz'd th' afflicted Dai
From her pale lips the sounds half-utter'd ca
Lifeless she falls; cold, clammy moistures ri
O'er all her frame, and dimness clouds her e
Thine eyes are clos'd, Armida! nor is giv'n
One comfort to thy woes by hostile Heav'n.
Unclose those orbs, thou wretched one; for
A tear, a tear, escapes thy cruel foe.
How sweet, how precious, hadst thou power tc
His bursting sighs would sound upon thine e
Whate'er he can, he gives; with piteous mie
He takes his last farewell, by thee unseen.
What shall he do? what? on the desert shore
Leave her, half dead? for life was hers no m
The voice of Pity pleads, and bids him stay;
But Fate controls, and hurries him away.
He goes; soft Zephyrs blow; the mystic Fai
That steer'd the bark, loos'd her ambrosial h
Far-streaming to the Heav'n-descended gale;
Scuds o'er the blue profound the gilded sail

ng'ring eye he rivets to the shore;
hore, receding, meets his eye no more.
: when her sense the maid regain'd, around
nce sad and desolate she found:
nd has he fled, and left me here to die,"
ried, "nor in life's last extremity
one short hour his parting steps delay'd,
offer comfort, or to lend his aid?
, do I love him still? and here, forlorn,
e unreveng'd, my wrongs, my insults, mourn?
at more avails the tear, th' unpitied groan?
e potent arms, and other arts, I own.
still will I pursue the traitor base;
e Ocean's deep abyss his hiding-place,
hides in vain, nor should the vaulted sky
shelter to perfidious love supply.
now on wings of fancied vengeance borne,
ze my prey; his quiv'ring breast is torn,
limbs are hung on high, an awful doom,
ning to perjur'd hearts in days to come.
ats he in arts of torture to excel?
torture's arts myself can wield as well.
at have I said? where am I? luckless maid!
mes now past thy rage were best display'd;
n was the time those arts, those pow'rs to
show,
in thy strong chains held fast the captive foe.
late to tardy vengeance dost thou turn
e alter'd thoughts; too late with anger burn.
if my charms be vain, and vain my skill,
my fix'd soul shall gain its purpose still.
'ou, my beauties, let the task belong;
'ours the vengeance, as was yours the wrong.

" A prize to him my charms I swear to give,
" Beneath whose arm the wretch shall cease t
" Ye gallant band of lovers, I demand
" An hard, but glorious duty, at your hand:
" Rich store of kingly treasures will be mine
" To you myself, my treasures, I resign,
" The price of vengeance; if in vain I try
" To sell my beauties at a price so high,
" Henceforth the cheap possession I disdain;
" Take, Nature, take thine useless gifts again
" I scorn my life; I scorn my regal state;
" The hour when first I drew my breath, I b
" The hope of vengeance—this alone can gi
" A zest to life, and make me wish to live."
Now fail'd her voice, more furious as she
Then from the desert shore she slow withdr
Her hair, all flying in the wind, exprest
The stormy tumult that convuls'd her breast,
Stern glar'd her rolling eye, that flash'd wit
And all her changing visage glow'd with ire.
She reach'd her palace; from their dark abo
With dreadful voice full thrice an hundred G
She call'd; dark clouds, by sweeping ten
driv'n,
Veil'd the blue sky, and dimm'd the Sun of H
Strong winds the lofty mountain shook and b
Hell bellow'd underneath her feet aloud.
Strange screams were heard th' enchanted
within;
Hiss, howl, and bark, enhanc'd the mingled
Thick darkness reign'd, as when meridian ni
Comes on, unmingled with one ray of light,
Save that the temporary lightnings play'd,
To show the horrors of th' infernal shade.

At length the gloom withdrew; the Orb of Day
Return'd, but pale, and with diminish'd sway,
Nor æther yet resum'd its smiles serene:
The stately fabric now no more was seen,
No traces of its recent pride appear,
Nor could th' observer say, "It once was here."
As when the clouds, suspended high in air,
Present the image of some mansion fair,
Th' illusions vain but one short moment stay;
Driv'n by some rising gust of wind away,
Or melted by the fervent Solar beam,
They fleet, as transient as a sick man's dream;
So faded that proud dome, nor aught appear'd,
Save the dark rocks and hills that Nature rear'd.
She sprang into her car, that waited nigh,
And mounted to the regions of the sky.
Sublime she mov'd through æther's liquid plain;
Thick clouds, and sounding tempests form'd her train:
The lands of men unknown, the regions vast
That border on the Austral Pole, she past;
She left behind the fam'd Herculean bound,
Nor touch'd the Moorish, nor Hesperian ground,
But flew, the rolling main suspended o'er,
Till safe she landed on the Syrian shore.
Nor to Damascus' smiling realm she mov'd,
But shunn'd her native regions, once so lov'd,
And to that sterile plain her course pursued,
Where 'mid th' Asphaltic lake her castle stood.
Arriv'd, her maids, her menials, from her view
She banish'd, and to solitude withdrew:
There in a sea of doubt she long was tost;
Anger at length prevail'd, and shame was lost.

# ARGUMENT.

Character o' the Caliph of Egypt.—Description of his pe
He revews his army on the plains of Gaza.—Catal
his forces.—Armida arrives during the review with a
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the House of Este.—Rinaldo receives the sword of Swe
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of his descendants.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## CANTO XVII.

Her antique tow'rs aspiring Gaza shows,
As from Judæa's bounds the trav'ller goes
To fair Pelusium: On the sea-wash'd strand
It lies, contiguous to the wastes of sand,
Which, by the whirlwinds stirr'd, tempestuous grow,
As heaves the ocean when the South-winds blow;
Nor shelter can th' endanger'd pilgrim gain
From the fierce storms that toss th' unstable plain.
To Egypt's King a frontier-town it stands;
Long since he won it from the Turkish bands:*
And now, in furth'rance of the warlike plan,
On which his soul, still hot for conquest, ran,
Memphis he left awhile, his proud resort,
And fixing here his temporary court,
From various realms and provinces afar
Gather'd his countless armies for the war.

* *Ai Turchi tolta.*—The Turks of the house of Ortok had been expelled from Palestine by the Caliphs of Egypt, about fourteen years before the first Crusade.

# ARGUMENT.

Character of the Caliph of Egypt.—Description of his person.—He reviews his army on the plains of Gaza.—Catalogue of his forces.—Armida arrives during the review with a band of amazons.—Description of her chariot, and of herself.—The Caliph delegates the command of the army to Emireno, a christian renegade.—Gives an entertainment to his vassal Princes and Captains.—Armida's speech to the Caliph.—She promises her hand to any warrior that shall kill Rinaldo.—Adrastus, an Indian King, and Tisaphernes, a distinguished Egyptian soldier, pledge themselves to execute her wishes.—Their mutual jealousy, and quarrel, which is appeased by the intercession of the Caliph.—Rinaldo and the two Knights land on the coast of Palestine.—They meet with the old magician by whom the two latter had been before entertained.—He gives Rinaldo a suit of costly armour.—On the shield are represented the exploits of Rinaldo's ancestors, the Princes of the House of Este.—Rinaldo receives the sword of Sweno from the hand of Charles.—They proceed on their journey to the Camp, and on the way the Hermit fortells to Rinaldo the glory of his descendants.

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What times were then, my Muse, and what state
Of Asia's, Afric's world, do thou relate;
What arms, what pow'rs, the mighty Emp' brought,
What tribes, or subject, or auxiliar, fought
Beneath his flag, when from the Southern coast
And farthest East, he call'd his vassal hosts.
'Tis thine alone their numbers to proclaim,
Each marshall'd squadron, and each leader' name,
And half th' embattled world consign to fame.
When Egypt first against the Greek rebell'd,
And the pure Faith renounc'd which once held,
A Chieftain of Mohammed's blood obtain'd
By arms the kingdom, and securely reign'd,
The Caliph styl'd; and as in turn they came,
Each Prince that sway'd the sceptre, bore name:
Thus Nile once saw successive Pharaohs shine,
And Grecian Ptolemy's imperial line.
At length the rolling course of years beheld
Her bounds so widen'd, and her strength so swel
That Asia, Afric felt her growing pow'r
From Marmarique, and rich Cyrene's shore,
To distant Syria: inland, far and wide,
Where Nile above Syene rolls his tide,
It spread, adjoining here the sandy plains
Where Desolation, wild and hopeless, reigns,
And stretching there, to where Euphrates laves
Rejoicing nations with his fertile waves.
Its compass vast contains on either hand
The Erythrean's odour-bearing strand:

That wealthy sea beyond, its limits run
Far to the East, and meet the rising Sun.
Pow'rful the realm, but still more pow'rful made
By him, who now the regal sceptre sway'd,
Fam'd for his royal blood, more famous far
For kingly virtues, and for skill in war.
He with the martial Turks long contests held,
And Persian pow'rs; oft curb'd them and repell'd;
Now conqu'ror, worsted now, he still was found
Less great when Fortune smil'd, than when she frown'd.
But when th' incumbent weight of age denied
Strength for the field, he laid his sword aside;
Yet not with years his spirit fled away,
Nor the vast love of glory and of sway.
Still through his trusty servants he renew'd
The frequent war; such pow'rs his soul indued,
Such energies, that though with age bow'd down,
Light seem'd to him the burden of a crown.
The weak and scatter'd realms of Afric fear'd
His potent name; him farthest Ind rever'd;
Of soldiers some supplied the armed aid,
And some in gold their humble tribute paid.
Such was the King, his muster'd troops that join'd;
And now he march'd the mighty host combin'd
Against the Franks, late formidable grown
From conquest, and their rising pow'r's renown.
Last came, but opportune, the Syrian Dame;
While past the army in review, she came
Without the walls, a spacious plain along,
Before their Master fill'd th' unnumber'd throng.
Exalted on a throne of royal state,
Rais'd on an hundred iv'ry steps, he sate;

Purple and gold beneath his feet were spread;
A sky of silver canopied his head;
With costly robes adorn'd, he seem'd to shine
In awful pomp, half-barb'rous, half-divine.
Wreath'd in aspiring folds his temples o'er,
A diadem of linen white he wore;
A sceptre grac'd his hand; his beard was snow;
Severely reverend his features show;
In his keen eye, by age's frost untam'd,
His youthful fire, his pristine vigour flam'd.
In ev'ry movement, rank supreme appears,
In ev'ry look, the majesty of years.
Thus Phidias or the fam'd Apelles, known
For skill to animate the breathing stone,
Display'd the sculptur'd Thund'rer, as he hurl'd
His forked bolt and aw'd the shrinking world.
On either side a Satrap took his stand,
Each high in rank; one lifted in his hand,
Stern minister of law, the naked steel;
One, of his place the badge, th' imperial seal:
This, guardian of his master's secrets, bears
The delegated weight of civil cares;
That o'er the armies of the realm presides,
Exerts unbounded pow'r, and justice guides.
Arrang'd beneath his throne, a trusty ring
His bold Circassians form'd around their King;
Tall lances they, and polish'd breast-plates bore,
And at their sides long, crooked falchions wore.
'Twas thus he sate enthron'd, and from on high
Survey'd his armies with experienc'd eye,
While at his feet their arms, their banners proud
Each passing rank in adoration bow'd.

And first the num'rous tribes in Egypt bred
March'd in review, by four proud Captains led.

Two from the Upper regions brought their bands,
Two from Inferior Egypt's plenteous lands,
Those lands which Heav'n-descended Nile bestow'd;
The gath'ring slime usurp'd the sea's abode,
And hard'ning in the Sun, a fertile soil
Became, well-suited to the ploughman's toil.
Thus Egypt grew; her fields that inland lie,
Were once a sea-beat strand, and cheer'd the sailor's eye.
Foremost of these appear'd the glitt'ring train
That tenant Alexandria's wealthy plain;
Where to the setting Sun the shore inclines,
And with the Libyan Continent confines,
There was their home; and these Araspes leads,
More fam'd for cunning than for valiant deeds;
The arts of Moorish war his boast he made,
The quick surprise, the lurking ambuscade.
Then they who on the kingdom's Eastern bound,
Close bord'ring on the Asian shore, are found.
A Noble was their guide, Aronteus nam'd,
For sounding titles, not for courage fam'd.
Ne'er yet the weighty helm his brows had prest,
Nor the loud trumpet woke him from his rest;
But goaded by ambition premature,
He left his shady bow'rs, his peaceful home secure.
The next that past, appear'd no single band,
Such endless numbers swarm'd along the land;
Scarce were it thought that Egypt's wide domain
Could furnish harvests for so vast a train.
Yet that vast train one single city sent,
A city like a province in extent,
Cairo, the great metropolis, that owns
Within her wide embrace an hundred towns.

Thence came the mighty mass, by Campson led,
A mob, unus'd to war, to arms unbred.
Then they who in th' adjoining Southern plain
Turn the fat soil and reap the golden grain,
With Gazel came; their bound'ry upward tends
To where Nile's second Cataract descends.
Light bows and swords alone th' Egyptians bear,
Nor helm, nor corselet's iron load they wear.
Their costly garb no fear of death inspires,
But the keen foe with thirst of plunder fires.
Next Barca's half-arm'd offspring troop along,
And fierce Alarcon guides the naked throng,
A race long us'd to roam the desert soil,
Distrest by hunger, or maintain'd by spoil.
Then with Zumara's King a goodlier train
Succeeds, yet ill adapted to sustain
The shock of battle on the marshall'd plain:
Then he of Tripoli; in skirmish light
These Chiefs alike excell'd, and scatter'd fight.
Next many a swarthy squadron met the eye
From Rocky, and from Happy Araby.
If Fame say true, ne'er knows that favour'd coast
Th' extremes of summer's heat, or winter's frost.
Incense and odours breathe o'er all the plain:
And there th' immortal Phœnix lives again,
Who finds in spicy beds of rich perfume
His natal, fun'ral rites, his cradle and his tomb.
Less rich, less gaudy was the garb they wore,
But arms like Egypt's sons the Arabs bore.
Then others of the name their banners show'd,
A restless race, that know no fix'd abode;
From place to place th' eternal wand'rers roam,
And with them bear their migratory home.

A female voice and stature marks their race,
Black their long hair, and swarthy is their face.
Long Indian canes they point with scanty steel;
So swift their coursers start, and bound, and wheel,
They seem borne on by some fleet whirlwind's force,
Might but the whirlwinds match their rapid horse.
The first that bare the Arab name, obey'd
Syphax their Chief; the next Aldino sway'd;
The third, the savage Albiazar led;
A blood-stain'd robber he, no Knight to battle bred.
And next the crowd advanc'd, who took their way
From isles encircled by th' Arabian bay;
Skill'd in the fisher's dang'rous art, they gain
Rich pearly treasures from the bounteous main.
Combin'd with these, were seen the Negro band,
That dwell upon the Red Sea's Western strand.
These Agricalt, and those Osmida guides
Who mocks at ev'ry Faith, and law derides.
From Meroë next the Æthiops came, an isle*
By Astrabora form'd, and mighty Nile:
Meroë, within whose comprehensive round
Two varying Faiths, two peopled realms are found.
These did Canarius, Assimirus bring,
Each of Mohammed's rite, and each a King,
That tribute to th' Egyptian Caliph paid:
The third, who Jesus' holy laws obey'd,
Came not. Two Sultans next their legions brought,
That arm'd with bows and steel-tipt arrows fought.

* *Meroe.*—The modern Nubia, anciently called Saba, and supposed by some to be the country of the Queen of Sheba, and also of Queen Candace.

In Ormus one maintain'd his princely sway,
Ormus which by the wide-spread Persian bay
Is compass'd round; a rich and smiling land:
One held o'er Boëcan supreme command:
This too an isle, when far diffus'd and wide,
From Ocean's centre rolls th' advancing tide;
But when the ebbing water backward flows,
Thither with feet unwet the trav'ller goes.
Nor thee, great Altamore, could love's stro
chain,
Nor the chaste joys of Hymen's bed detain!
To change thy rash resolve, the weeping Fair
Smote her white breast, and tore her yellow hai
"And greater is thy joy," she cried, "to see
"The scowling Ocean, than to gaze on me?
"Delights thee more the weight of arms to
wear,
"Than in thine arms thy lisping infant bear,
"And watch his playful smile, his op'ning beau-
ties fair?"
Him did the realm of Samarcand obey;
His sceptre free, unshackled was his sway;
Nor this his greatest worth; to skill he join'd
Undaunted courage, and a noble mind.
Soon Europe's sons the hero's arm shall feel,
And their thinn'd ranks confess his slaught'ri
steel.
Breast-plates of shining steel his warriors wore,
And at their saddle-bow a mace of iron bore.
Where the young Morn first shows her rud
flame,
From India's land the fierce Adrastus came.
In place of steel, upon his back was seen,
Speckled with glossy jet and vivid green,

A serpent's hide; no courser he bestrode;
An elephant's vast bulk the giant rode.
On this side Ganges dwelt his tawny train,
Where Indus with rude shock assails the main.
  Next marching in close-order'd ranks along,
The Royal band appear'd, a chosen throng.
Whoe'er with prizes crown'd, with honours grac'd,
Through peace and war pre-eminent had past,
Here found a place: their arms were fram'd alike
To bear the battle's tempest, or to strike:
Proud coursers, fam'd for strength, for spirit fam'd,
They rode; their rich attire with crimson flam'd;
Struck by the Sun, their harness gleam'd afar
With steel and gold, the beauteous pomp of war.
Alarco, savage warrior, there was found,
Idraot, and Odemar, for skill renown'd
To form the battle's line, and still more known
For fierce and desp'rate valour, Rimedon:
His iron soul, with daring pride elate,
All mortal men despis'd, and mock'd at fate.
Tigranes, and Ormondo bold in arms;
Rapoldo, corsair fierce, that with alarms
Fill'd the wide seas; and Marlabusto, nam'd
Th' Arabian, from the Arab tribes reclaim'd.
Brimartes, fam'd for many a city won,
Orindo, Pirga, and stern Arimon,
And great Suifantes, of unrivall'd force
To tame the spirit of th' unbroken horse.
And thou, of boasted prowess to surpass
In the strong wrestler's art, Aridamas;
And Tissaphernes, thunderbolt of war,
O'er all his warrior-comrades fam'd afar,
Whether on foot to join the charge he trode,
Or on his fiery steed to battle rode;

Whether with lance in rest the war he pour'd,
Or wheel'd the flaming terrors of his sword.
A martial Chief th' illustrious squadron led,
A Christian once, in fair Armenia bred,
But for the Pagan faith in early youth
His soul, misled, forsook the Christian truth;
Clement, by rites baptismal, styl'd before,
But Emireno now the name he bore.
Him in esteem th' Egyptian Monarch held
O'er all his peers; and all he far excell'd;
Alike for action fitted, or command, [or hand.
None might with him compare, in wisdom, heart,
None now remain'd, when lo! to sudden view
Armida came, and show'd her goodly crew.
Sublime upon her car the royal Dame
With robes succinct, a quiver'd arch'ress, came.
Imparting strength to Beauty's softer grace,
Indignant wrath sate thron'd upon her face;
There blended in discordant union met
The soft allurement, the repulsive threat.
Her car was like the chariot of the Day,
With amethysts and flaming rubies gay;
Harness'd in pairs, and docile to command,
Four unicorns obey'd the driver's hand:
An hundred boys, an hundred maidens young,
Their sounding quivers o'er their shoulders flung,
Mov'd round their Queen; on prancing steeds they rode,
Fleet as the winds, and white as snow untrod.
Then march'd, led on by Aradine, her band
By Idraot rais'd in Syria's vassal land.
As when the Phœnix, wond'rous bird, reborn,
Visits the glowing kingdoms of the Morn,

Gives to the Sun, in gay confusion roll'd,
His thousand hues, vermilion, azure, gold;
His form divine, transcendent glories deck,
Flame on his breast, and tremble on his neck;
Majestic to the breeze his pinions wave,
And sparkles the bright crown that Nature gave:
To watch his flight the pleas'd spectators throng,
And nations wonder as he sails along;
Behind, around, the birds their homage bring,
And grace the brilliant progress of their King.
So shone adorn'd, so mov'd the matchless Queen,
Th' inspiring Goddess of th' enchanted scene.
No breast so stubborn, and no heart so proud,
But to Love's soul-compelling pow'r had bow'd.
If, hardly seen, and clouded by disdain,
Her charms inflam'd so various, vast, a train,
What might they then, when with instructed wile
She roll'd the speaking glance, and drest th' insidious smile?

And now the King of Kings his will made known,
That Emireno should approach his throne:
To him was destin'd the supreme command
O'er all the Captains, and o'er all the band.
He, proudly conscious of intrinsic worth,
With boldness that beseem'd his rank, stepp'd forth.
Straight the Circassian guard on either side,
Off'ring an open path, their files divide.
Up to the lofty throne his way he made;
His folded arms upon his breast he laid,
He bow'd his knee, he fix'd on earth his look,
While thus the Majesty of Egypt spoke:

"To thee my troops, my sceptre, I resign;
"To fill my post, brave Emirene, is thine.

"To free the King, our vassal, be thy boast,
"And pour our vengeance on the Christian host.
"Go—see—and conquer: leave behind no trace
"Of all their hordes; destroy the impious race;
"Or should some few the slaught'ring hour survive,
"Bring them to me, a welcome gift, alive."
Thus the great King: the Chieftain, as he spoke,
The sceptre of supreme dominion took:
"O King," he said, "from thy unconquer'd hand
"I take the honour'd ensign of command.
"Thy fortune shall my guiding Genius prove,
"While to the conquest of thy foes I move.
"The Captain of thy choice, I trust ere long,
"Strong in thy strength, t' avenge fair Asia's wrong;
"Nor here again shall Emirene be found,
"Unless with vict'ry's well-earn'd laurels crown'd.
"Be mine to conquer, or to yield my breath;
"I scorn dishonour, but I welcome death.
"I pray high Heav'n, that if, fore-doom'd by fate,
"Some ill, (though none I fear) our arms await,
"On me the tempest of its wrath be sped:
"Let all its thunders burst upon my head.
"Safe be thy hosts, while lifeless I return,
"In pomp triumphal, not funereal, borne."
He ceas'd; and mix'd with many a trumpet's clang,
The loud applause of shouting nations rang.
Amid the wild acclaim, the music's sound,
Encompass'd by a crowd of nobles round,
The King retir'd; the royal tent he gain'd,
And at the festive banquet entertain'd
His congregated Chiefs: In silent state
Apart from all his guests, the Monarch sate;

To each some token of his grace he sent,
Or viands rare, or words of compliment;
None fail'd the favours of his Prince to share:
Then, watchful of her time, the subtle Fair
To try her arts a meet occasion found,
While mirth, and jest, and revelry went round.
But when the feast was o'er, the watchful maid,
Who fix'd upon herself each eye survey'd,
And saw, by many a well-known sign exprest,
The pleasing poison thrilling ev'ry breast,
Up from her seat arising, with a look
That reverence at once and pride bespoke,
Turn'd to the King, and by her lofty tone
The daring of her haughty soul made known.
"I too am come, illustrious Prince," she said,
"To guard our country, and our Faith to aid;
"A female, but of kingly rank supreme;
"Nor war unworthy of a Queen I deem.
"Let him who wishes, or deserves to reign,
"Each office that becomes a crown, sustain:
"Who sways the sceptre's weight, the weight of arms
"Learn he to bear, nor shrink from war's alarms.
"Nor weak, nor backward shall my hand be found
"To strike, and draw the life-blood from the wound.
"Nor think that gen'rous Glory's warm desire
"Now first inflames my soul with martial fire;
"That ne'er till now the champion of thy cause
"I stood, and of my country's honour'd laws;
"Thyself can answer if the truth I tell;
"To thee my efforts past are known full well.

"Yes,—well thou know'st that many a Christian Knight
"Most fam'd for lofty birth or warlike might,
"Snar'd by my arts, in bonds secur'd, by me
"Was sent, a rare and valued gift, to thee.
"And still in dark and hopeless durance chain'd,
"Thy pris'ners had the miscreant troop remain'd,
"While thou with firmer confidence wouldst wait
"A prosp'rous issue to this great debate,
"But for Rinaldo; 'twas his daring hand
"My soldiers slew, and freed the captive band.
"Well is Rinaldo known; ev'n here his name,
"Join'd with no common deeds, is spread by Fame.
"From him my injuries, how bitter! flow;
"Nor do I yet the sweets of vengeance know:
"Hence wrath her aid to willing Reason brings,
"Drives me to arms, and goads with all her stings.
"'Twere tedious to unfold my matchless wrongs;
"One word suffice; My soul for vengeance longs;
"And I will have revenge! What? vainly flies
"Each death-commission'd arrow through the skies?
"No: Heav'n to righteous hands its aid imparts,
"And guides their weapons to offending hearts.
"But if some Chief will lay the ruffian low,
"And at my feet his bleeding head bestow,
"Grateful shall this imperfect vengeance be,
"Though far more glorious, if achiev'd by me:
"Yet still so grateful, that whate'er is mine,
"To the brave conqu'ror freely I resign;
"Myself, enrich'd with gold, with nature's charms,
"I yield, if such his pleasure, to his arms.

"Thus do I promise, thus I pledge my troth,
"And add a firmer bond, th' inviolable oath.
"If any here vouchsafe the meed to claim,
"Nor think too high the price I dare to name,
"Now let him say."—While thus the Fair-one spoke,
Adrastus view'd her with desiring look:
"May Heav'n forbid," the kindling warrior cried,
"That thou against the barb'rous homicide
"Shouldst raise thine arm: deserves he that a dart,
"Shot from an hand so fair, should pierce so base an heart?
"In me the agent of thy vengeance see;
"Be mine to send his sever'd head to thee;
"My hand shall rend his heart, his limbs shall tear,
"And give them to the blood-nurs'd fowls of air."
Thus spake the Leader of the Indian host:
Nor Tissaphernes bore his haughty boast:
"And who art thou, whose val'rous tongue," he cried,
"Thus largely vaunts, unbounded in its pride,
"In presence of our Emp'ror, and of me?
"Yet some among us there perchance may be,
"Equal to thee in hour of peril found;
"In valour equal, though surpass'd in sound."
"I too am one," the Indian Prince replies,
"Who, when with deeds compar'd, but little prize
"High-sounding words; and were e'en thou so bold
"In presence less august such speech to hold,

"The words thy lips now utter were their last."
And now from words to deeds the Chiefs had past,
But the dread Monarch wav'd his awful hand;
The frowning Chiefs, obsequious to command,
The tempest rising in their soul, represt:
Then to Armida thus the King addrest
His courteous speech: "Thy breast, O noble Dame,
"Glows with a gen'rous, and a manly flame.
"Well worthy thou, that each brave Chief control
"At thy command, the passions of his soul,
"That at thy will hereafter thou may'st guide
"Against the common foe, their martial pride;
"There may they most excel, and there display
"Their rival courage in a juster fray."
This said, he ceas'd: anew each champion prou
To vindicate th' insulted Beauty vow'd:
Nor these alone, but ev'ry noble name,
In arms excelling, or renown'd by fame,
With ready boast their offers made, and swore
To quench her vengeance with the traitor's gore.
Such foes the' Enchantress rais'd, such hatred mov'd,
Against the hero whom so late she lov'd.
He, when the vessel from the shore was free,
Successful journey'd o'er the billowy sea.
The self-same way the mystic vessel trac'd,
She late had plough'd across the' unmeasur'd waste;
The self-same gales the wond'rous bark impell'd,
That on her outward course her sails had swell'd.
Th' attentive youth observ'd the glowing Pole,
And either Bear, and all the stars that roll

Spangling the firmament with gems of light,
And track'd the course of sable-vestur'd Night.
The scatter'd isles, their streams, their hills he view'd
That high amid the circling waters stood;
News of the Christian Camp he now demands;
Now learns the various laws of foreign lands.
O'er the blue waves they urg'd their ceaseless way,
Till the fourth Sun restor'd the cheerful day,
And when at eve his sinking rays retir'd,
Th' unerring vessel touch'd the coast desir'd.
Then thus the Dame: "Behold Judæa's shore;
"Your toils are ended, and your journey o'er."
Then on the strand the three brave Knights she plac'd,
And ere a moment for reply was past,
She vanish'd, instantaneous, from their sight:
Meanwhile ascending high, the dusky Night
Spread her thick veil of dim confusion round;
Amid the sandy waste no trace was found
Of men, or horses' hoofs, nor aught they view'd
To mark their path, or tell them where they stood.
Awhile they paus'd in doubt uncertain lost,
Then turn'd their backs upon the sea-beat coast,
And forward mov'd, when lo! upon their sight
Some distant object burst, that sparkled bright;
Lo! flashing gold, and silv'ry gleams illume
The shades of night, and dissipate the gloom.
Advancing, nearer to the light they drew,
And whence the splendour rose, they quickly knew.

Appended to a tall tree's naked side
A suit of burnish'd armour they espied,
Reflecting the fair moon's effulgence pale;
And on the gilded helm and costly mail,
Rich gems, thick-set, their lustre shot afar,
As glitters in the skies the radiant star,
And by their light, upon the shield they trac'd
A mass of sculptur'd forms, in order plac'd.
Beside, to guard them, sate an hoary sage;
But when the Knights he saw, the man of age
Forward, with friendly steps, to meet them, drew;
In him their honour'd host the warriors knew,
And greeted with delight: to each brave guest
He too his gratulations kind addrest,
Then to the youth, who with amazement ey'd
His venerable form, he turn'd, and cried,
"Thee, Chief, impatient I attend, alone,
"In this lone spot, and hour, thy friend unknown:
"But though to thee unknown, how much my care
"Thy welfare guards, these warriors can declare.
"They, by my guidance led, the spells o'ercame
"Which tied thee to a wretched life of shame.
"And now to listen to my precepts deign,
"Though adverse to the Syren's flatt'ring strain,
"Nor scorn the counsel that my lips afford,
"But in thy breast collect each treasur'd word,
"Until a wiser, holier tongue impart
"Truth's sacred lessons to thy youthful heart.
"Not in the shade, th' enamell'd meads among,
"The smiles of Beauty, and the Syren's song,

"'Mid flow'rs that bloom, and rills that lull to sleep,
"Our Sov'reign Good is found: on Virtue's steep,
"An high, a rugged eminence, it lies:
"Who seeks the goal to reach, and grasp the prize,
"Must spend in toil his long and anxious hours,
"Far, far remov'd from Pleasure's path of flow'rs.
"And wilt thou, shrinking from the summit high,
"Below, remov'd afar, inglorious lie?
"Say, shall the royal eagle, form'd to sail
"Through the mid Heav'ns, affect the lowly vale?
"To thee a front erect has Nature giv'n,
"And bade thine ardent soul look up to Heav'n;
"Bade thee with noble deeds adorn thy name,
"And climb the proudest, loftiest heights of Fame.
"She gifted thee with anger quickly mov'd,
"Not that in civil broils it might be prov'd,
"The minister of passions hot and blind,
"When reason sleeps, and madness sways the mind;
"But that thy manly valour might oppose,
"More vig'rous from its aid, external foes,
"And o'er the passions gain a due control,
"Those foes within, that war against the soul.
"Who seeks, and who deserves, the name of wise,
"His passions to their genuine use applies;
"Now cools their ardour, loosens now the reins,
"Now the keen flame accel'rates, now restrains."

The Hermit spake: th' ingenuous youth, intent,
While on the ground his bashful eye was bent,
To ev'ry word that fell, his ear addrest,
And deeply lock'd the precepts in his breast.

Well to the sage his secret thoughts were known,
Who thus resum'd: "Now lift thine eyes, my son;
"This shield survey, and here at large behold
"The deeds of thy great ancestors of old.
"E'en in this lonely desert may'st thou trace
"The pristine honours of thy noble race;
"And thou, a recreant idler, ling'rest here,
"A slow competitor in Fame's career?
"Awake! and let the glories here defin'd
"Stir thy young blood, and fire thy high-born mind."

Thus spoke the Sire; and thither as he spoke,
The youthful warrior cast his eager look.
The workman's hand, in sculpture's science skill'd,
With endless forms the narrow space had fill'd.
There glorious and august, in order stood
Th' unbroken series of the Actian blood.
From ancient Rome it sprang, illustrious source!
And took through ages its unsullied course.
Each Prince's temples wore a laurel crown:
Their wars, their deeds, the skilful sage made known.

First Caius stood: to foreign foes a prey
When first the sinking pow'r of Rome gave way,
He took the proffer'd sceptre, and became
First of the Princes of the Estéan name,
And neighb'ring tribes, as growing need requir'd,
Him as their Leader and their Lord desir'd.

Next when the fierce and savage Goth retrod,
By weak Honorius call'd, the well-known road,
When, lighted by the barb'rous spoiler's hand,
Flam'd through Ausonia's realms Destruction's brand,

When, captive and enthrall'd, desponding Rome
Foresaw with terror that her hour was come,
Aurelius firmly stood, the torrent brav'd,
And kept the tribes he govern'd unenslav'd.
  Foresto then, the Champion that stood forth
To face the Hun, the Despot of the North.
With dragon's eyes fell Attila was seen;
Well might ye know him by his brutal mien.
Canine his face; mark'd ye the visage foul?
His grin ye there might see, and hear his dog-like
    howl.
In single fight o'ercome, he, late so proud,
Now steals for safety 'mid his soldier-crowd,
Foresto then fair Aquileia's tow'rs
Defends, the Hector of th' Italian pow'rs.
Hard by his death was trac'd: and when he died
His country's fortunes fell, his country's pride.
  Next on the list was Acarinus shown;
He, of a noble sire the noble son,
Heir'd all his father's glories, and became,
Like him, the champion of th' Italian name.
Not by the Huns, but by the Fates subdu'd,
Altinum's walls he yielded, but renew'd
At distance more secure: Thy vale, sweet Po,
Saw by degrees the new-born city grow.
Of num'rous villages he form'd the town,
A crowd of scatter'd dwellings, join'd in one.
Against the mighty stream, whose wave o'erflows
The subject plain, protecting bulwarks rose:
So sprang the City fair, ordain'd to shine
The rich abode of Este's illustrious line.
He broke the Alan pow'r; but soon engag'd
With Odoacer, adverse war he wag'd;

O'ercome, he perish'd in th' ill-omen'd strife,
And for lov'd Italy resign'd his life:
His death was glorious, envied was his doom,
To share his father's honours in the tomb!
With him brave Alphorisius bit the sand:
Then with his brother, to a foreign land
Actius, a voluntary exile, went;
But soon emerging from their banishment,
Again their counsels and their arms they bring,
When Fortune had o'erthrown th' Herulian King.
Th' Epaminondas of th' Estéan race
Next on the shield obtain'd an honour'd place:
An arrow's point stood rooted in his eye;
With joy the bleeding patriot seems to die,
Joy, that from Totila the field was gain'd,
And by no hostile hand his shield profan'd:
'Tis Boniface I sing: His boyish son
Close in his father's steps was seen to run;
Valerian he; amid the Gothic band,
Not one of all their squadrons could withstand
His manly spirit and his manly hand.
Ernest, of aspect fierce, not far remote,
With mighty arm the wild Sclavonians smote;
And Aldoardo from Monselce's tow'rs
Kept off the Leader of the Lombard pow'rs.
Then Henry, Berengerius then appear'd;
Where'er the mighty Charles his banner rear'd,
First at the foe with brandish'd sword he flies,
The soul of ev'ry daring enterprise.
Lewis he follow'd next: at his command
Against his kinsman, o'er Italia's land
A sceptred King, th' unwearied soldier sped:
Him he subdued in fight, and captive led.

Next Otho came; five blooming sons surround
Their noble sire. There Almeric was found;
Marquis his title, o'er the town supreme
That rears its head by Po's delightful stream.
Founder of many a church, his pious eyes
He lifts, in meek devotion, to the skies.
Oppos'd, the second Actius grac'd the shield:
He tried with Berengerius many a field;
Various his fortune, but, the vict'ry gain'd,
Secure in Italy at last he reign'd.
Albert, the second Actius' gallant son,
Stood next; in German lands his valour shone:
Oft times victorious o'er the hardy Dane
In listed combats, and th' embattled plain,
Him for his daughter's bed great Otho sought,
And with a princely dow'r th' alliance bought.
Behind him did the titled Hugo come,
Who tam'd the domineering pride of Rome.
Marquis of Italy the rank he held;
His wide dominion all Etruria swell'd.
Next Theobald stood, and Boniface was there;
Beside him Beatrice, his consort fair.
No male inheritor was found, to claim
Such rich possessions, and so great a name:
But sage Matilda shone with ev'ry grace,
Supplying all the failures of her race;
O'er sceptres and o'er kingly crowns to raise
A woman's name, her glory, and her praise.
Her lofty mien a manly spirit show'd;
Her eye with more than manly vigour glow'd.
Here the bold Norman she subdued in fight,
And Guiscard, yet unconquer'd, turn'd to flight.
There the Fourth Henry's close array she broke,
Th' imperial flag, a glorious trophy t...

And fix'd it in the temple of the Lord:
There to the Vatican its Prince restor'd,
And plac'd the Pontiff on his throne of state,
Where erst the great Apostle Peter sate.
Fifth of the name, with looks of rev'rent lov
Close at her side was Actius seen to move,
Aiding and seconding the noble Dame:
But from the Fourth who bore that honour'd n
A fair, a more prolific shoot arose,
Extending far and wide its fruitful boughs.
Lo! Germany adopts his chosen line,
Guelpho, his son, and, Cunigonda, thine:
Thus the proud Roman stock, so fate ordains,
Transplanted, blossoms on Bavaria's plains.
There now from age effete, the Guelphian tre
Is grafted on the Estéan pedigree;
There blooming might ye see the barren stem
With many a sceptre, many a diadem.
Lo! nurtur'd by the dew of heav'nly show'rs,
Aloft it shoots, and unrestricted tow'rs;
Already to the skies it rears its head,
And o'er half Germany its branching hoı
spread.
Nor fail'd the great Italian plant to bear
Branches as rich, nor teem'd with fruit less fa
Confronting Guelpho there, Bertholdo stood;
And there the Sixth great Actius, who renew
Th' untarnish'd honours of his princely blood.
Such was the lengthen'd line of heroes bold,
That liv'd in breathing brass, or mov'd in gold
Their storied deeds the gallant youth admires
And catches, as he views, congenial fires;
Through all his frame tumultuous passions rol
And hinted glory flashes on his soul;

His quick and kindling Fancy by degrees
Proud cities storm'd, and conquer'd armies sees,
And as each airy object meets his view,
He half believes the shadowy vision true;
He burns,—in haste the fated arms he tries,
And grasps anticipated victories.
Then Charles, from whom Rinaldo long had known
Th' untimely end of Denmark's royal son,
The destin'd falchion to his hand supplied:
"Take in an happy hour, this sword," he cried;
"And never mays't thou draw its fatal blade,
"Save when the Christian cause invokes thine aid;
"Nor valour's praise alone be thine to claim,
"Let justice, piety, exalt thy fame:
"Avenge its Lord; he lov'd thee; he demands
"This last, this righteous office at thy hands."
The Knight replied: "Vouchsafe, all bounteous Heav'n,
"That I, to whom so rich a prize is giv'n,
"May work the wish'd revenge, and this bright sword
"Pay the last duty to its martyr'd Lord."
Charles, while his eyes with lively pleasure glow'd,
Though few his words, abundant thanks bestow'd.
But now the Sage address'd his comrades brave,
And for their nightly march injunctions gave:
"Speed we our way," he cried; the hour demands,
"That where great Godfrey and your kindred bands
"Impatient for your wish'd arrival stay,
"We bend our steps, nor needlessly delay.

"My care shall guide you to the tents aright,
"Nor err amid the sable gloom of night."
Thus spake the Sage, then straight his car a
cends,
And to the seat admits his warlike friends;
He shook the loosen'd reins, he lash'd the horse.
And guided to the East his rapid course.
Silent they mov'd athwart the midnight shade,
When to the youth the Hermit turn'd, and said,
"Thine eye hath seen the branches fair th
shoot
"From thy proud stock, and trac'd its ancient roo
"And if thy race in ages past has shone
"The happy nurse of many a gallant son,
"Glorious alike thy future line shall be,
"Nor e'er shall fail from age the goodly tree.
"Oh! that, as now my science has call'd forth
"From Time's dark womb thy great forefather
worth,
"So might my gifted tongue succeed as well
"The glories of thy rising sons to tell,
"And ere their infant eyes the light survey,
"To all the' admiring world their names displa
"Nor less renown'd, nor num'rous less should ri
"A train of unborn heroes on thine eyes.
"But when my skill, unaided, would presume
"To pierce Futurity's forbidden gloom,
"Truth's glimm'rings faint, ambiguous darkne
shrouds,
"As the pale moonbeam struggles through t
clouds.
"Yet trust secure to what I now unfold,
"Nor arrogant thy teacher deem, nor bold;

"From him my knowledge comes, to whom is giv'n
"To see unveil'd the deep designs of Heav'n;
"Whate'er to him the Light above has shown,
"And he to me, in turn my lips make known.
"Ne'er yet in modern or in pristine times,
"In Greek, or Latin realms, or barb'rous climes,
"Did such a lengthen'd race of heroes shine,
"As Heav'n's high wisdom has foredoom'd for thine;
"Equal to all that Fame's loud trump has told
"Of Rome, of Sparta, or of Carthage old.
"But o'er the rest I rank Alphonso's name,
"In title second, though the first in fame.
"He in corrupt, degen'rate days shall rise,
"When, worn with length of years, the world supplies
"Small store of worth. Like his, no arm shall wield
"The sceptre's weight, none brave the martial field,
"Form'd or in arms, or on the throne to shine,
"The pride and glory of thy noble line.
"He, in his childhood's days renown'd afar
"For skill in all the semblances of war,
"Shall conquer in the tournament and chase
"Through woods and desert wilds, the savage race;
"But soon from genuine war's severer toils
"Shall reap triumphant palms, and costly spoils;
"His happy brows the frequent crown shall wear
"Of grass, of wreathed oak, of laurel fair.
"In riper years his glory shall increase,
"The glory to advance thy blessings, Peace!

"He 'mid contending armies shall maintain,
"Though girt with potent states, his tranquil reign,
"Shall foster Genius, and shall cherish Art,
"To games and courtly shows new pomp impart,
"Distribute Justice with impartial skill,
"Provide for ev'ry want, and ev'ry care fulfil.
"And oh! if e'er against that impious band,
"The terror of the seas alike, and land,
"Who to the nations, in those times of awe,
"Grants dubious peace, and deals at will the law,
"Th' indignant hero to the field should fly
"T' avenge his Faith's insulted majesty,
"How shall his keen and righteous vengeance burst
"On the proud Sultan, and his sect accurst!
"In vain the Turk shall arm his turban'd train,
"The swarthy Moor oppose his arms in vain;
"Beyond the realms where rich Euphrates flows,
"Beyond great Taurus, capp'd with endless snows,
"Rear'd by his hand, the banner'd Cross shall fly,
"The silver Eagle spread its wings on high,
"And Gallia's golden lilies proudly wave:
"He, fir'd with holy zeal, and prompt to save,
"Nile's hidden waters to their source shall trace,
"And bear Salvation to the Negro race."
Thus spake th' instructive Sire; his words to hear,
The grateful youth inclin'd a willing ear;
A secret pleasure through his bosoms runs,
To learn the honours of his unborn sons.
Meanwhile the dawn with crimson streak'd the sky,
Announcing that th' awaken'd sun was nigh,

And on the tall pavilions, far remote,
They saw in air the trembling standards float.
Then thus began the courteous Sage anew:
" The Sun ascending in your front ye view:
" His friendly beams the Holy City show,
" The far-fam'd hill, the tents, the plain below.
" Through ways unknown by my sure guidance led,
" Hither, unharm'd, unhinder'd, have ye sped:
" Your closing journey needs a guide no more,
" Nor nearer may I go; my task is o'er."
This said, upon the ground the Knights he plac'd,
And bade farewell, and back his journey trac'd.
They still advancing tow'rd the rising day,
To the tall tents pursu'd their onward way.
Their coming soon officious Fame promulg'd,
And to the pious Godfrey's ear divulg'd
Their near approach; he, rising from his seat,
With dignity advanc'd, the Knights to meet.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## CANTO XVIII.

Rinaldo's interview with Godfrey, and with Peter the Hermit, who gives him instructions for overcoming the monsters of the Enchanted Forest.—He goes to offer up his devotions on Mount Olivet, and proceeds to the wood.—Meets with prodigies of a different nature from what he had expected.—Is accosted by a Dæmon in the shape of Armida.—He cuts down a tree, and the enchantment is immediately at an end.—He returns to the Camp.—New and more formidable engines are now constructed, under the auspices of a Genoese engineer.—Preparations of the besieged for defence.—Ismeno makes artificial fire, of an unusually destructive quality.—A carrier pigeon, being pursued by a hawk on its way to Jerusalem, flies for shelter into Godfrey's bosom.—He finds under her wing a letter from the Egyptian General to the King, promising to relieve the town from blockade, if he can hold out four or five days longer. Godfrey convenes his Captains, imparts to them the intelligence, and gives orders for the assault.—He divides his army into three parts. One division is assigned to Raymond, the second he retains himself, and entrusts the third to Camillo.—By the advice of Raymond, Vafrino, Tancred's Squire, is sent as a spy, to reconnoitre the Egyptian Camp.—On the day previous to the assault, the whole Christian army confesses, and receives the Sacrament.—The three divisions assault the town at the same time, in three different quarters.—Rinaldo first mounts the wall, and is followed by Eustace.—The moveable tower which was under Godfrey's immediate command, is set on fire, and is on the point of being reduced to ashes, when the wind rising suddenly, drives back the flames against the town.—Ismeno has recourse to incantations.—He is killed on the walls, with two Sorceresses at his side.—The Archangel Michael appears to Godfrey, and shows him the Spirits of the warriors who had fallen in the Holy War, and all the celestial hierarchy fighting on his side.—Godfrey, impatient of further delay, seizes an ensign from the standard-bearer, and is on the point of gaining a footing on the wall, when he is opposed by Solyman, who however retreats on the approach of Rinaldo.—Godfrey plants the Cross on the walls of Jerusalem.—Tancred, who was with Camillo's division, does the same in another quarter.—Raymond, who was opposed by Aladine in person, is less successful on the Southern side; but when the King hears the shouts of victory, which convince him that the town is taken, he retires to a strong tower, which he still hopes to defend.—The town is entered on all sides, and a dreadful slaughter made by the Christians.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## CANTO XVIII.

Onward with hasty steps Rinaldo prest,
And thus his Leader and his Prince addrest:
"Me the warm zeal of wounded honour led
"To wreak my vengeance on the warrior dead.
"If thou, O Prince, resent the hasty part,
"Contrition and regret have wrung my heart.
"Behold me here again, recall'd by thee;
"Whate'er amends thy wisdom may decree,
"To meet thy utmost wish, my pride shall be."
Low, as he speaks, the modest warrior bends;
His arms around his neck the Chief extends,
And thus: "Be ev'ry sad remembrance o'er;
"Let grievances long past be known no more.
"Nor great shall be th' atonement which I ask;
"A daring deed, for thee no novel task,
"The Camp demands: Thy matchless arm employ
"Our cause to forward, and our foes' annoy.
"Thine be the charge to quell the hell-born brood
"Whose dreadful presence guards yon aged wood.
"That spot, from which, our warlike piles to frame,
"Of late the needful stores of timber came,

"Is fill'd (whate'er the cause) with monsters fell,
"The scene of many a dark and mystic spell.
"None dares molest the charm-protected trees,
"And vain the thought, depriv'd of aids like these,
"To storm the well-fenc'd town. Where others fail,
"Thy prowess may succeed, thine arm prevail."
He said; the gallant warrior undertook
With joy the desp'rate charge; few words he spoke,
Yet in his gesture proud and val'rous mien
The promise of exalted deeds was seen,
Though little boast he made: Then to the rest
He turn'd; the hand of each he warmly prest,
And words of friendship and of love addrest:
There gallant Tancred, Guelpho there was found,
And ev'ry Christian Knight for rank renown'd.
When with the high-born Chiefs that round him stood,
His greetings kind the youth had oft renew'd,
With yielding dignity and easy grace
He met the welcome of the vulgar race.
Not thicker crowds had round their fav'rite throng'd,
Nor louder cries of martial joy prolong'd,
If borne in triumph from successful war
Wag'd in the South or gorgeous East afar.
High on his gilded chariot he had stood,
In Glory's proud, imposing attitude.
Escorted thus, his tent the hero found,
And by his best-lov'd friends encompass'd round.
Discours'd; whate'er their anxious minds desir'd.
He largely told, and much in turn inquir'd;

Oft of the war his questions he renew'd,
Oft of the wonders of th' enchanted wood.
But when his parting comrades leisure gave,
The Hermit thus bespake the champion brave:
"Great things, O Chief, and wondrous hast thou seen:
"Long and mysterious have thy wand'rings been.
"How much is due to Heav'n's great King from thee!
"He from th' enchanted mansion set thee free,
"He to his flock, a lost and wand'ring sheep,
"Restores, and in his fold vouchsafes to keep,
"And calls thee now by Godfrey's voice, to share
"The second honours in his sacred war.
"But think not that to hands profane is giv'n
"To labour in the ministry of Heav'n.
"Such stains of earthly guilt thy soul defile,
"Such carnal sin, not all the waves of Nile,
"Nor mighty Ganges, nor th' unbounded main
"Could wash the foul pollution clean again.
"'Tis Heav'n alone can purge thy crime away;
"Then fix thy faith on Heav'n, and meekly pray;
"Thy humble orisons for pardon pour;
"Confess thy frailties, and with tears deplore."
He said: the youth, his secret soul within,
First mourn'd his fatal wrath, his sensual sin,
Then at the Hermit's feet devoutly cast,
Unfolded all his youthful errors past.
His task perform'd, and absolution giv'n,
Thus spake anew the chosen Priest of Heav'n:
"Haste with the rising dawn thy vows to pay
"On yon tall hill that fronts the morning's ray:
"Thence speed thee to the dreaded sylvan ground,
"Where all these phantoms of deceit are found.

"O'er these an easy conquest shalt thou gain,
"If no new weakness thy brave arm restrain.
"Let no soft voice, though fraught with melting tale,
"Though arm'd with sorrow's sweetest notes, prevail,
"Nor beauty with her soul-subduing smile
"Change thy firm purpose, and thy heart beguile.
"Fix'd and unmov'd, alike the snare despise
"Of tongues seductive, and of treach'rous eyes."
Thus he advis'd: with eager hope inspir'd,
The Knight made ready for the task desir'd.
In thought he pass'd the day, in thought the night;
But when the Morning rob'd the skies in light,
He girt his armour on, and o'er it threw
A mantle, of a colour rare and new;
He left his comrades, he forsook his tent;
On foot, in silence, and alone, he went.
'Twas now the hour, when with divided sway
Night held the world, nor yet gave place to day.
Through the wide East the vermeil morning glow'd,
And still the stars their glimm'ring faces show'd,
When he to Olivet his steps inclin'd:
To contemplation yielding all his mind,
He view'd at once the sober charms of Night,
And heav'nly Morn's incorruptible light,
And thus he mus'd: "Within their vaulted space,
"What splendours do yon azure skies embrace!
"Day rides majestic in his golden car;
"The silver Moon, and many a radiant star
"Gem the dun Night; yet erring man, and blind,
"No beauty in those glorious orbs can find;
"On things of clay we fix our vain desire,
"And those faint beams of cloudy light admire

" From woman's darkly-glancing eyes that roll,
" And to a transient smile resign the soul."
Deep-musing thus, he climb'd the mountain's brow,
And there, with meek submission bending low,
Above the Heav'n of Heav'ns his thoughts he rais'd,
And on the dawning East intently gaz'd;
" Father and Lord," he cried, " thine eye divine
" With pity on my weakness past incline;
" Thy favour to a sinful child impart,
" And purge th' offending Adam from my heart."
" 'Twas thus he pray'd; the Morn, that late had glow'd
With rosy dye, in golden pomp now rode,
And tipp'd his crested helm, his armour bright,
And the green mountain's top with yellow light.
A new-born gale of health divine he feels,
Which o'er his face, his breast, reviving, steals,
And from the genial womb of morning shed
A show'r of dews ambrosial on his head.
On his pale mantle, late of ashy hue,
So copious fell the heaven-imparted dew,
That the sad tint of sorrow, wash'd away,
Gave place to brilliant whiteness, pure and gay:
Its freshness thus some wither'd flow'r resumes
At op'ning dawn, and with new beauty blooms:
Or thus the serpent, beauteous to behold, [gold.
Exults in youth restor'd, and gleams with native
The Chief himself, with strange surprise imprest,
Admir'd the lustre of his alter'd vest,
Then buoy'd by spirits light and hope renew'd,
On to the gloomy grove his way pursu'd.
He came, where conquer'd by the distant view,
Less valiant warriors yielded, and withdrew:

Nor gloomy scenes nor fearful he descries,
Delightful shade alone salutes his eyes.
Farther he went, and heard a soothing sound,
That fill'd the undulating air around;
The noise of falling rills, that hoarsely wept,
Of winds, that 'mid the branches murm'ring crept,
The tuneful cygnet's melancholy wail,
The answering plaint of love-lorn nightingale,
The harp's, the psalt'ry's voice, the human tone,
Such various sounds he heard, exprest in one.
He, caution'd by the rest, prepar'd his ear
For bursting thunder and for sounds of fear,
But finds the voice of Nymphs, the Syren's song,
The warbled concert of the feather'd throng,
The purling rill, the breeze's whisper sweet:
Awhile instinctive wonder chain'd his feet;
Onward at last, in doubt, and slow, he mov'd,
Nor other hind'rance or delay he prov'd,
Save where a spacious river crost his road:
Pure, and in tranquil majesty it flow'd;
Each bank with Nature's choicest treasures bloom'd,
With living verdure gay, with flow'rs perfum'd;
So wide its horns it stretch'd, th' extensive wood
Was belted by the circumambient flood:
Nor round th' encircled space it flow'd alone;
A lesser streamlet, from its bosom thrown,
Parted the sylvan ground; the water laves
Th' embow'ring wood, the wood o'ershades the waves;
Each lent to each a mutual charm, and made
A grateful interchange of stream and shade.
To find a ford he for a moment tries,
When lo! a wond'rous bridge before his eyes

Sprang up; of gold the structure seem'd, and show'd,
On solid arches propp'd, a spacious road.
He past,—and scarce had reach'd the adverse bank,
When in the waves the crashing fabric sank,
And roll'd in tumbled heaps the stream along,
Late a calm river, now a torrent strong.
He turn'd, and with amaze the change beheld;
As if by melted snows increas'd, it swell'd, [force,
And whirling round and round, with headlong
In foaming eddies urg'd its rapid course.
Yet, rous'd, and on fresh wonders keenly bent,
Through the thick trees his piercing eyes he sent,
And still in those lone shades some wonder new
Absorb'd his thoughts, and fix'd by turns his view.
Where'er he mov'd, beneath his magic tread
A fountain burst, a flow'ry carpet spread;
Here sprouts the lovely lily, there the rose;
A spring starts up, a gushing streamlet flows.
Around, and o'er his head, with youth renew'd,
Fair smil'd again th' austere and aged wood;
The bark grew soft, and ev'ry tree was seen
Gay with more joyous life, and fresh with brighter green.
Each dewy leaf luxuriant manna bore,
Th' exuding bark distill'd an honey'd store.
Wak'ning afresh, the music's soothing strain
Was heard once more to warble and complain;
Yet none might guess where that strange chorus dwell'd,
Which with the birds, the waves, the breezes, held
Such concert sweet; whence rose the voice to sing,
Who breath'd the melting flute, or swept the silver string.

While wond'ring he observes, and scarce believes
What yet as true his outward sense receives,
He spies a myrtle tall, and thither tends,
Where in an area broad a path-way ends;
Aloft and wide the shrub ambitious spread,
And o'er the palm the cypress rear'd its head;
Above each neighb'ring tree elate it stood,
And seem'd the mistress of the subject wood.
In the wide space arriv'd, fresh marvels rise,
And greater novelties arrest his eyes:
An oak he sees, which of itself divides,
Wond'rous to tell! and from its bursting sides
There issued forth, in strange attire array'd,
Of youthful years mature, a blooming maid.
At once an hundred trees prolific part,
And from their pregnant wombs an hundred damsels start.
As when some artist's hand delights to trace
The fabled Goddesses of sylvan race;
Or as the stage presents its wood-nymphs fair,
With colour'd buskins, and dishevell'd hair;
Short are their robes, their snowy arms are bare;
So deck'd with art's and nature's beauty, stood
Th' unreal daughters of the teeming wood,
Save that the lute, or chorded lyre, they show,
In place of quiver and of bended bow.
With hands combin'd they form a jocund ring,
Weave the light dance, and tune their voice to sing.
Himself the centre of the circle stands,
While round and round him skip the frolic bands:
Then round the tree they move; and soft and sweet,
The warrior's ear these chanted accents meet:

"Welcome, thrice welcome to this happy grove,
"O thou! our Queen's delight, her hope, her love!
"Timely thou com'st to heal her bleeding heart,
"Mangled and torn by Love's unpitying dart.
"This wood, inwrapt in dismal gloom of late,
"Abode well-suited to her mournful state,
"Trod by thy steps, its features gay resumes,
"And with more vivid beauty smiles and blooms."
Such was their song; and soon a dulcet strai
Burst from the myrtle; soon it rent in twain.
Old times with awe majestic forms beheld,
That in the breasts of rude Sileni dwell'd;
But from this myrtle's opening bosom came
A fairer sight; a Nymph of matchless frame
Sprang forth, that ev'ry glowing charm combin'd
Asorib'd by Fancy to th' Angelic kind.
Intent Rinaldo gaz'd, and seem'd to trace
The well-known features of Armida's face.
She with a glad, but melancholy look,
Ey'd the proud youth; an hundred feelings spoke
In that expressive glance: "And do these eyes
"Behold Rinaldo once again?" she cries;
"Why art thou here? some comfort to bestow
"On widow'd nights, and days of hopeless woe?
"Or com'st thou on unkind aggression bent?
"Perchance to drive me hence thy harsh intent?
"Else why conceal that face, those features fair?
"Why grasp thy falchion, and for war prepare?
"Com'st thou an enemy, or lover, say?
"Not for an enemy I smooth'd the way,
"That golden bridge supplied, and call'd to birth
"The springing flow'rets from the lap of earth,
"Op'd the pure fountain, and whate'er had prov'd
"An hindrance to thy cherish'd steps, remov'd.

"But if a friend, that hidden face expose,
"To my charm'd gaze thy beaming eyes disclose,
"Soft lips with lips, with bosom bosom join,
"And let my hand at least unite with thine."
As thus she spake, she roll'd her swimming eyes,
Breath'd the sweet magic of dissembled sighs,
And sobs that thrill'd, and tears of crystal shed;
From her fair face the lively colour fled;
In marble hearts soft sympathy might grow
To see such piteous plenitude of woe.
He, cautious, though of heart that knew to feel,
Delay'd no more, but drew his shining steel,
And to the tree advanc'd; the Fair applied
To the lov'd trunk her arms, and, clinging, cried,
"Barbarian, hold! ne'er shall such outrage be,
"That hand of thine should harm my lovely tree!
"Lay down thy sword, or, cruel as thou art,
"Hide the keen weapon in Armida's heart."
Regardless of her pray'r, his sword he rear'd,
When lo! another prodigy appear'd;
Sudden an alter'd form, an huger size
The maid assum'd: 'tis thus the sleeper's eyes
See, when in dreams the roving senses range,
From shape to shape the shadowy objects change.
To monstrous bulk her swelling members grew;
Her black'ning face was terrible to view;
Gone was her cheek's pure white, and rosy red;
A tow'ring giant now she rears her head,
And huge, and hideous, and terrific, stands,
An arm'd Briareus with an hundred hands.
The threat'ning phantom fifty falchions wields,
And shakes, with horrid clash, as many shields.
At once each Nymph a Cyclop vast appear'd,
Threat'ning with arms; nor yet Rinaldo fear'd,

But on the guarded tree his blows renew'd;
The tree, as if with vital pow'rs indued,
Deep groan'd at every stroke the warrior lent:
Instant through all th' unmeasur'd air's extent
Such crowds of imps, and fiends, and goblins fell,
Swarm'd, as if æther were transform'd to Hell.
The skies are wrapt in gloom, loud thunders sound,
And rocks beneath his feet the trembling ground.
A war of winds and rattling tempests grows;
Full in his face an hurricano blows;
Nor could these horrors yet his arm detain,
Nor does one well-aim'd blow descend in vain.
The tree gives way;—it falls;—the spell is o'er;
Th' enchantment ends, the fiends are seen no more.
Instant the air was still, the sky serene,
And Nature re-assum'd the sylvan scene;
Nor black with spells it seem'd, nor gay with bloom;
Dark it became, but dark with native gloom.
Again and yet again the conqu'ror tried,
If aught perchance might interpose beside
To guard the forest from the woodman's stroke;
Then to himself he smil'd, and inly spoke:
"Oh! idle phantasies, and shadows vain!
"How weak, whom such illusive arts restrain!"
Then joyful to the tents in haste he hied;
The Hermit mark'd him as he came, and cried,
"The noble youth returns victorious home,
"Th' enchantment baffled, and the fiends o'er-come!
"Lo! where he comes!"—Confest to ev'ry eye,
While yet he spake, the glorious Chief drew nigh,

Graceful and proud, in snowy mantle drest:
The royal eagle, tow'ring on his crest,
Flashes against the Solar beam, and flings
Unwonted lustre from his silver wings.
He reach'd the Camp, and salutations loud
Escap'd, with one accord, the joyous crowd;
From Bouillon's Prince a greeting kind he found,
And with fair honour's well-earn'd meed was crown'd,
Envied by none: thus to his Chief he spoke:
"Obedient to thy wish, my way I took;
"I saw the fearful monsters of the wood;
"Mine eye beheld them, and mine arm subdued.
"Then whom thou wilt, dispatch without delay;
"Nought now shall harm them, or impede their way."
Then to the ancient wood the bands proceed;
Such trees they fell'd as suited best their need,
And skill judicious chose: No artist fam'd
The previous engines had contriv'd, or fram'd;
But in the wond'rous structures now design'd,
The genius of a mighty master shin'd,
William, who late, the Chief of Genoa's band,
Had rul'd the seas with uncontroll'd command
But by th' Egyptian armament constrain'd,
Yielding the wat'ry realm where late he reign'd,
Auxiliar to th' encamping hosts he drew
His store of naval arms, and sailor-crew.
Alike for industry and skill renown'd,
He in mechanic arts no rival found.
With him an hundred went, expert of hand
To execute the works his judgment plann'd.
Nor only did his active zeal and care
The well-known instruments of war prepare,

The balist, ram, and catapult, that make
The lofty bulwark's solid basis shake;
A mightier work his genius now design'd,
A wond'rous tow'r, with planks of timber lin'd
Within, while thick and moisten'd hides, to ward
Th' assault of fire, its outward surface guard.
Sep'rate its pieces; but each part disjoin'd,
Fitted by nicest art, with ease combin'd.
A beam, with ram-like head, was made to dart
Ceaseless, resistless, from the lower part,
While from its midway height a bridge was sent,
Which, launching, join'd th' opposing battlement;
And starting upwards by mechanic pow'r,
Rose swelling from its top, a smaller tow'r.
Its gravid womb contain'd a num'rous throng
Of men and arms; with ease it roll'd along,
And on an hundred wheels of strength approv'd,
Full swiftly o'er the level ground was mov'd.
Intent th' admiring soldiers stand, to view
The unknown labours of the dext'rous crew.
And soon two sister tow'rs were seen to rise,
Like to the first in form, and like in size.
Nor to the Pagans coop'd within the town,
Their sylvan labours long remain'd unknown:
For on the wall, the hostile Camp that fac'd,
To watch their foes, incessant guards were plac'd.
Huge stores of pine and fir they oft descried
Borne from the forest to th' encampment wide;
Machines, that by degrees aspir'd and swell'd,
They saw, but indistinct their shapes beheld.
Nor they their engines lack'd; with rival art
Strength to their tow'rs and ramparts they impart,
And on the weaker side, so strong, so tall
Beneath their labour grew th' increasing wall,

As in their vain belief, to render vain
The rudest onsets of th' assailing train.
But most of all, by foul Ismeno's care,
Fires of unwonted strength, and virtue rare,
Were fram'd; hot sulphur and bitume, that grows
In Sodom's lake accurst, the wizard chose;
And sure in Hell such compound first was made,
And from the stream of deadly hate convey'd,
Whose nine dull windings skirt th' infernal shade:
Such smoke, such stench escap'd th' empoison'd flame,
As in the foe's astonish'd face it came.
With such terrific arms he swore to take
Sharp vengeance for th' insulted forest's sake.
While here the busy Camp, the City there,
Or for assault, or for defence prepare,
A dove, high-sailing through the liquid plain,
Past o'er the heads of all the Christian train;
High pois'd in air, her easy way she took,
Nor once her smoothly-gliding pinions shook.
Already from the clouds inclining down,
The air-borne messenger approach'd the town,
When lo! a tow'ring hawk appear'd in view;
Arm'd with sharp claws, and hooked beak, he flew,
And 'twixt the Camp and town oppos'd her way:
She, trembling, waited not th' unequal fray,
But backward turn'd; he, stooping from above,
His quarry tow'rd the tall pavilion drove
That o'er the rest aspiring rose to view:
And closer now he prest, and nearer drew,
Now o'er her head his talons hung; distrest,
She dropt for shelter into Godfrey's breast

He guarded her from harm; with curious eyes
As the great Chieftain view'd his flutt'ring prize,
A letter clos'd beneath her wing he found,
Hung by a slender thread her neck around;
The folded scroll he open'd, nor mistook
Its brief contents; 'twas thus th' epistle spoke:
" Health and respect from Egypt's Captain wait
" On the great Monarch of Judæa's state.
" Dismiss thy fears, O Prince; with zeal oppose,
" Four days, or five, the efforts of thy foes.
" I come to liberate thy straiten'd tow'rs;
" Short space shall lay in dust the hostile pow'rs."
Such secret, in barbaric ciphers trac'd,
In the wing'd herald's trusty charge was plac'd,
And through the skies dispatch'd; nor then were rare,
In Eastern climes, those couriers of the air.
Great Godfrey freed the trembling bird; but she,
Indignant at her guiltless treachery,
A rebel to her rightful Lord appear'd,
And to return, a luckless envoy, fear'd.
But to his Peers conven'd, the Chief display'd
The great discov'ry, thus maturely made.
" Behold," he cried, " how Providence combines
" To tell our baffled foes' conceal'd designs.
" The precious hours admit no more delay;
" Straight must we make a new and level way;
" Nor chariness of labour must be found
" T' o'ercome the rocks that bristle all the ground
" Far to the South; no easy task is there;
" But stubborn toil may yet a road prepare
" To aid the cumbersome advance of war.
" Myself have mark'd with observation sure
" The destin'd spot; there fearless and secure

"On their strong site th' incautious foes depend,
"And with less anxious care the walls defend.
"Thou, Raymond, 'gainst that weakly guarded side
"Thy warlike engines to the storm shalt guide;
"Myself against the gate that fronts the North,
"Will draw my artificial battle forth,
"That so, deceiv'd, the Pagans may prepare
"To meet the chief, the fiercest effort there;
"Then my light-moving tow'r, retiring thence,
"Shall elsewhere its unlook'd attack commence.
"The third machine do thou, Camillo, take,
"Nor far remov'd from me, thine onset-make."
Raymond, who while the Prince his Chiefs addrest,
Had commun'd with his own sagacious breast,
Then spake: "Wise are the plans of Godfrey's mind;
"Be nought detracted thence, nor aught subjoin'd
"But yet 'twere meet some trusty spy should go,
"And reconnoitre, in their Camp, the foe,
"Just knowledge of their secret councils gain,
"Explore their thoughts, and number all their train."
Then Tancred thus: "A faithful Squire is mine
"None more adapted to such nice design.
"Him caution shrewd and daring boldness grace;
"Alert and dext'rous, matchless in the race,
"To change at will his look, his gait, his tone,
"He boasts, and many a tongue to him is known."
Soon at his master's call the Squire appear'd;
And when his Lord's and Godfrey's will he heard
He smil'd in confidence, and toss'd his head;
"This hour shall see me on my way," he said;

"Where in their tents th' Egyptian armies lie,
"Soon will I be, an undiscover'd spy,
"Within their lines by day-light take my course,
"And number ev'ry man and ev'ry horse.
"The strength, the nature of the hostile train,
"Their Leader's thoughts I promise to explain:
"To learn his hidden plans shall be my part,
"And wrest his inmost secrets from his heart."
Thus boldly spake Vafrino, nor delay'd;
He quits his doublet; in long robes array'd
He stood; his neck was bare; the turban's fold,
In Asia's mode, around his head he roll'd;
The quiver and the Syrian bow he took;
Foreign was ev'ry gesture, ev'ry look.
Nor small amaze th' attentive hearers show'd,
As from his lips such varying accents flow'd:
Him, seen in Memphis, Egypt's sons might deem
Egyptian-born; Phœnician would he seem
On Tyrian soil: he mounts a steed, so fleet,
That the light sand scarce yields beneath his feet.
But ere the Sun had thrice renew'd the day,
The Franks had smooth'd the rough and broken way,
And all their engines of offence prepar'd;
No hour they slacken'd, and no labour spar'd;
From sacred night the hours of rest they stole,
And to unsleeping toil assign'd the whole.
All now was done, and nought forbade to try
The dread assault, war's last extremity.
The day preceding, ere his Christian pow'rs
Should storm Jerusalem's devoted tow'rs,
In fervent pray'r the pious Bouillon spent,
And bade his troops, submiss and penitent,

Their sins confess, and at the hallow'd board
Partake the Paschal Supper of the Lord.
Next, his machines of war he shrewdly brought
Where least to use their mighty aid he thought.
The Pagans thus, misled, with joy descried
Against the strongest gate their force applied.
But when in midnight's gloom the world was los
Thither his nimbly-rolling engines crost,
Where nor with curves, nor jutting angles made
Defences less secure the wall display'd;
And Raymond with his moving fort, look'd dow
From the tall hill, upon th' astonish'd town.
That quarter to assail Camillo prest,
Which from the North receding, meets the West
But when the roseate messengers of day
Shot through the glowing East their new-born ra
The Pagans saw (nor slight the fear they prov'd
From its first post the threat'ning tow'r remov'd
And fresh machines, till now unseen, they spied,
That rais'd their threat'ning heads on ev'ry side
Balists, and catapults, and rams were there,
And all the dread artillery of war.
No vain delay the Syrian people made,
But promptly their defensive means convey'd
From where they first th' impending war h
view'd,
Thither, where now th' array of Godfrey stood.
But he, rememb'ring still that Egypt's host
Hung on his rear, had guarded ev'ry post;
Guelph, either Robert, with their mounted force
He call'd: "Be station'd here your troops
horse,"
He said, "and while to gain the town I try
"Where weaker rise the ramparts, and less high

" See that no hostile armament draw near,
" And pour unwelcome battle on our rear."
He ceas'd; and to the storm the triple throng,
Ardent with rival valour, mov'd along.
To each the King oppos'd an equal train;
That day he play'd a warrior's part again:
Again his limbs, with heavy age opprest,
And tott'ring with their proper weight, he drest
In armour now for many a year disus'd;
And though his strength th' unequal load refus'd,
Raymond to meet, with anxious haste he ran:
Oppos'd to Godfrey was great Solyman:
To face Camillo, fierce Argantes hied;
Prince Tancred fought at brave Camillo's side;
That path prescribing Fortune seem'd to show,
To yield into his hands his destin'd foe.
The fight began; unnumber'd archers threw
Their deadly weapons, steep'd in poison'd dew;
Such clouds of arrows flew, as in their flight
Obscur'd the skies, converting day to night.
But shot from many a mural engine's frame,
More potent agents of destruction came;
Thence iron-headed lances, long and vast,
Thence masses huge of solid rock were cast.
Each stone surpass'd the thunderbolt in might;
Where'er the pond'rous ruin chanc'd to light,
Instant in one promiscuous mass were crush'd
Armour and limbs; out in a moment rush'd
The naked ghost; no vestige, no remains
Of what it was, the mangled form retains.
Nor stays the lance with one sole wound content,
But urging still its forceful way, unspent, [flies;
Sheer through and through the wretched victim
The wretched victim, as it passes, dies.

Yet, undismay'd, the misbelieving host
Stand to their arms, nor quit their dang'rous pos
Materials soft and yielding, to receive
The furious batt'ry, from aloft they heave;
Innoxious there the deaden'd impulse fell,
Wasted amid the substance flexible;
And where expos'd the hostile crowds they spy,
Their feather'd arrows make a sharp reply.
Yet firm the three assailing squadrons prove,
Advance more near, nor falter as they move:
Some under cover march, while pours in vain,
Clatt'ring upon their heads, the iron rain;
Some lend their strength to wheel the mighty tow'
Which from the walls the foe with all their pow'r
Hold back; to launch its bridge each turret tries
Each batt'ring-ram its horned head applies.

Irresolute, meanwhile, Rinaldo stood,
As if too mean a task his arm pursu'd:
To move in trite and vulgar paths to fame,
And with the mob his share of glory claim,
He deem'd disgrace; he cast around his eye;
That path alone his spirit deign'd to try, [tir'd
Whence feebler souls shrunk, trembling, and re
And where most high th' embattled wall aspir'd,
Defended most by art's providing care,
He plans to mount, and wake the contest there.
Then turning to the brave and far-fam'd band
O'er whom of late great Dudon held command,

"What shame," he cried, "that safe from a
alarms!
"Yon wall should mock in peace our utmost arms
"Light to the brave will ev'ry danger be;
"To manly valour ev'ry pass is free.

"Urge we the storm; 'tis easy to oppose
"Our close-lock'd bucklers to their show'ring blows."
Each valiant Knight advanc'd, as thus he said;
High o'er their heads their spacious shields they spread;
These, thickly wedg'd, an iron cov'ring made
Against the dreadful storm that ceaseless play'd.
Beneath such shelter hid, the gallant throng,
Uninjur'd, unimpeded march along;
A sure defence the joining bucklers prove
Against the pelting tempest from above.
They reach'd the wall; then great Rinaldo's strength
Rear'd a tall ladder of enormous length,
Yet by his matchless arm 'twas rais'd with ease;
Less light the reed waves flutt'ring to the breeze.
Now show'rs of lances from the lofty wall
Are hurl'd; now beams of solid timber fall;
Now, from the bulwarks torn, of fearful size
A stone, or half a massy pillar flies;
Yet up the steps, unharm'd, he swiftly moves,
Senseless to ev'ry shock, nor terror proves,
Nor hindrance heeds; no fear to him were known,
Had Ossa or Olympus thunder'd down.
Bristled upon his back an arrowy wood,
On his broad shield a solid mountain stood.
One hand to grasp the wall he now extends,
With one, uplifted high, his front defends.
The bold example with like zeal inspires
His comrades' hearts, and fills with rival fires.
Not he alone the desp'rate effort made,
Full many a gallant youth the task essay'd:
But not on all an equal fortune waits,
Diverse their valour, diverse are their fates:

Some die, some fall: Aloft Rinaldo goes,
And exhortations, threats, by turns bestows;
So high he mounts, that with extended grasp
The cresting battlements he now can clasp,
When to the spot there came a num'rous band;
They push amain, they labour to withstand,
To force him headlong down;—an effort vain!
Oh! wond'rous sight! one hero can maintain,
Suspended in mid air, his doubtful post,
And unassisted struggle with an host.
Still he resists, advances still, and thrives;
So 'gainst its weight th' elastic palm-tree strives;
His spirits from oppression strength acquire,
And still, the more impeded, rise the high'r.
At length whate'er his progress would oppose
Gave way; through bristled spears, and sturdy foes,
He forc'd a path; upon the ramparts high
He springs—he stands, elate with victory,
And plies his sword, and makes the passage clear
For all his mounted friends that follow'd near,
And to the younger Knight of Bouillon's blood,
Who half-way up the ladder tott'ring stood,
His conqu'ring hand, a well-tim'd succour, lent,
Till, second, he secur'd the steep ascent.

Meanwhile great Godfrey, at his post remote,
Mid various dangers, various chances, fought.
Not there 'twixt man and man the combat rag'd
But with machine, machine, and art with art
gag'd.
A timber on the wall the Syrians rear'd;
The mast of some tall vessel it appear'd;
Transversely an unmeasur'd beam was slung,
Whose head was arm'd with iron, sharp and st

Backward with ropes th' enormous weight they bring,
Then forward urge it with tempestuous swing;
Now, tortoise-like, within its shell it goes,
Now its protruded head, emerging, shows.
The pond'rous wood with such resistless pow'r
Urg'd its thick blows upon the batter'd tow'r,
That soon, unequal to the rude attack,
The joints that clos'd its textur'd ribs, grew slack,
And op'ning, gap'd: nor unprepar'd it prov'd
For such extreme; two mighty scythes it mov'd,
Which meet th' advancing mass, and, plied with art,
The ropes that held the beam, in sunder part.
As some vast rock, which from the mountain's side
Or length of years, or warring winds divide,
Rolls crashing down, and with o'erwhelming sway,
Trees, herds, and ruin'd dwellings bears away;
So the huge beam dragg'd headlong from the wall
Men, arms, and shatter'd bastions in its fall:
Twice with the shock the nodding tow'r rebounds;
The walls all shake; each cavern'd hill resounds.
Onward the conqu'ring Chief undaunted went;
E'en now he seem'd, secure and confident,
To gain the wall, when in his eyes there came
A fœtid mass of smoke-envelop'd flame:
Ne'er did such torrents of sulphureous fire
From Mongibello's hollow womb expire;*
Nor such hot vapours taint the Indian day,
When Nature faints beneath the summer's ray.
Hoops, cauldrons, and ignited darts were sped;
Here black the fire appear'd, there bloody-red;

* *Mongibel.*—I need hardly say that Mongibello is the modern name of Mount Ætna.

Pois'nous the odour, deaf'ning was the din,
The smoke obscures the sight; the flames begi
To spread the blazing desolation wide;
Vain the protection of the moisten'd hide;
Ill-suited such unlook'd assault to meet,
It sweats and shrivels with the fervent heat;
If Heav'n its timely aid delay to send,
Soon must it find amid the flames its end.
Th' illustrious Chief advanc'd before the rest;
His cheek unchang'd declar'd his fearless breas
He cheers his train, the ready stream that pour
To quench the fury of the burning show'r.
'Twas thus they far'd; their stores of water spe
Nought now could stem the fiery element,
When lo! a sudden wind auxiliar came,
And 'gainst its authors drove th' averted flame;
The blaze, encounter'd by the wind that blows,
Soon on the light defences of the foes,
Driv'n back, th' infectious conflagration turns;
The fence takes fire, the soft material burns.
Oh! glorious Chieftain! favour'd and approv'd!
By Heav'n protected, and of Heav'n belov'd!
Rang'd on thy side th' obedient winds are found
And join the battle at thy trumpet's sound!
But when he saw his fires sulphureous driv'n
Back on their author by the winds of Heav'n,
Once more his arts Ismeno tried, to force
The adverse gales, and alter Nature's course.
Conspicuous on the wall he took his stand,
A sister Sorc'ress rang'd on either hand;
On his stern brow an hideous scowl appear'd;
Dark was his visage, squalid was his beard;
So might foul Charon, girt with Furies, show,
Or the grim monarch of the realms below.

Now burst those murmur'd sounds upon the ear,
Which Phlegethon and black Cocytus fear;
Through the wide air unusual gloom was spread,
The Sun obscur'd in clouds his radiant head,
When from the great machine that moment thrown
An hill's vast fragment came; the solid stone
Amid the impious sons of Sorc'ry rush'd;
Their blood it scatter'd, and their bones it crush'd;
Wide flew their shatter'd heads, their members all,
Dispers'd in bloody particles and small;
Less small the triturated grain is found,
By some vast mill-stone's rough attrition ground.
Their hateful spirits left the cheerful day,
Winging from Heav'n's pure light their rapid way,
And found in deepest Hell more meet abode:
Learn hence, ye mortals, to revere your God!
Now by the whirlwind's aid from danger freed,
Close to the town with unobstructed speed
The tow'r advanc'd, and dropp'd its bridge, which clos'd,
Forming firm junction, with the wall oppos'd.
But thither Solyman impetuous flies;
To cut the narrow bridge he bravely tries;
He strikes amain; nor vain had been his blows,
When lo! a second starting turret rose!
Emerging from the parent pile, it rear'd
Its head, and mounting high in air appear'd,
O'ertopping ev'ry edifice; with awe
Their town o'erlook'd th' astonish'd Pagans saw.
But still the gallant Turk, though ceaseless rain'd
A show'r of stones around, his post maintain'd,
Nor yet despair'd the slender bridge to part,
And chid his shrinking train, and cheer'd each drooping heart.

'Twas then on Godfrey's eyes, and his alone
Of all the host, the archangel Michael shone,
Girt with celestial arms: to him might yield,
Though no obscuring cloud his face conceal'd,
The noon-day Sun: "The hour," he cried, "is come,
"To free fair Sion from her servile doom.
"But shrink not back, nor turn thine eyes away;
"Behold th' embattled hosts of Heav'n display
"Their ranks, and to thy succour haste along;
"Uplift thine eyes, regard th' angelic throng,
"How through the air they crowd; from thy dim eye
"The envious mist of dull mortality
"Myself will purge away, that thou may'st see
"Spirits divine, from grosser substance free,
"And for a moment bear the dazzling ray
"That beams around the Seraph Sons of Day.
"First those who once the sword for Jesus drew,
"Now tenants of th' eternal mansions, view;
"Embattled on thy side, their aid they lend,
"Anxious to share thy glorious labour's end.
"Lo! where yon clouds of dust and smoke arise,
"Mounting from tumbled ruins to the skies:
"There royal Hugh contends; the lofty wall
"He shakes;—the bulwark totters to its fall.
"There, where the Northern gate its frowning height
"Exalts, great Dudon animates the fight;
"The busy combatants his eager hands
"Supply with sword and fire; his loud commands
"He issues forth; he rears the ladders tall,
"And bids the soldiers mount, and courage lends to all.

"He on the hill, the priestly garb that bears,
"And on his rev'rend head the mitre wears,
"Is holy Adhemar; his hands divine
"He spreads to bless his flock, and trace the sacred sign.
"Then higher fix thy gaze; in one bright band
"See all the host of Heav'n united stand."
He lifts his eyes; the winged sons of Light,
A countless army, burst upon his sight;*
Three squadrons closely throng'd, the host compos'd;
Three spreading circles every band disclos'd;
Dilating wide th' external ranks begin,
But grow more narrow, as they close within.
He cast his eye-sight down, o'erpow'r'd with awe,
Then rais'd,—nor more the heav'nly vision saw,
But gazing on the field around, descried
That conquest crown'd his arms on ev'ry side.
Eager the great Rinaldo to pursue,
Throng'd up the lofty walls a gallant crew,
While he upon the ramparts stood elate,
And dealt amid the foe promiscuous fate.
No more delay th' illustrious Chief could brook;
The standard from its bearer's hands he took,
And foremost o'er the bridge impatient strode;—
But there the Turkish Monarch block'd the road.
Few blows were dealt, yet in that narrow space
Unmeasur'd valour found abundant place.
The haughty Turk exclaim'd: "To die be mine,
"And for the public weal my life resign.

* *Tre folte squadre.*—According to the fanciful distribution of the heavenly hierarchy, Seraphim, Cherubim, and Thrones—Dominations, Princedoms, and Powers—Virtues, Archangels, and Angels.

"Haste, friends behind, and lop the bridge away;
"The foe shall find in me no easy prey."
  But great Rinaldo then, with looks of fire,
He sees approach; his friends, alarm'd, retire:
  "What now remains? If here I yield my breath,
"Useless the sacrifice, and vain my death:"
  He said, and as new projects crost his mind,
Free passage to the Christian Chief resign'd,
Who follow'd threat'ning, and with eager haste
High on the conquer'd wall Christ's holy ensign plac'd.
Of vict'ry proud, the conscious banner roll'd
Exultant to the winds its streaming fold:
Seem'd as the passing gales with rev'rence blew;
Seem'd as the admiring day more radiant grew
To gild the flag divine: innoxious came
Each feather'd shaft; each javelin miss'd its aim:
Thy head, adoring Sion, seem'd to bow,
And joyful Moriah bent her sacred brow.
  Then through the ranks the shout of triumph rung;
Accordant clamours burst from ev'ry tongue;
The hills all echoed round, and backward gave
Their closing words: That moment Tancred brave
Surmounting ev'ry obstacle, o'erpow'r'd
The skill and valour of th' Egyptian Lord,
Launch'd his light bridge, and on the walls appear
Victorious, and the Cross in triumph rear'd.
  But Southward, where the hoary Raymon might
Against the Syrian Tyrant urg'd the fight,
His hardy Gascon squadrons strove in vain
With their arm'd tow'r the lofty walls to gain.

The wary King to that important post
Had led the chosen flow'r of all his host:
These unappall'd, resistance firm oppose;
And though less strong, less high the bulwarks rose,
Yet, station'd by the King's incessant care,
More num'rous engines of defence were there.
More hind'rance too the moving fortress found
From the rough surface of the stubborn ground,
For half subdued had Nature there remain'd,
And still her stamp original maintain'd.
'Twas then that Victory's tumultuous cries
At once the Christians and their foes surprise,
And to great Raymond and the King make known
That on the level side the town was won.
Then shouts the warrior to his fighting bands:
"My friends, the town is in our comrades' hands,
"And still resists it here? of all the host
"Shall we no portion of such triumph boast?"
But now, all hopes of prosp'rous issue past,
The Despot from his post retires at last,
And to a strong and lofty station goes,
Where still he trusted to defy his foes.
Then all the Faithful host, with conquest flush'd,
Swarm'd o'er the walls, and through the portals rush'd:
Each bulwark proud, each well-protected post,
In art's or nature's strength exulting most,
Is forc'd, destroy'd, consum'd with fire, o'erpow'r'd;
Spatiates at will the fury of the sword;
Death stalks victorious with gigantic stride,
Horror and woe, twin comrades, at his side;
Fast flows the eddying gore, and rolls along
Of dying and of dead an undistinguish'd throng.

# RUSALEM DELIVERED.

## CANTO XIX.

# ARGUMENT.

Tancred and Argantes meet on the walls.—They retire to a distance from the Town by mutual consent, and engage in single combat.—Argantes is slain.—Tancred faints from loss of blood.—Jerusalem sacked by the Christians.—Rinaldo's exploits.—The Pagan army, and a large portion of the populace, take refuge in the Temple of Solomon, the gates of which are forced by Rinaldo.—Fresh slaughter of the Pagans.—Solyman and Aladine retire to the Tower of David.—Raymond, attempting to force an entrance, is stunned by a blow of the Sultan's mace, but is rescued by his soldiers.—Godfrey calls off his troops at the approach of night, and keeps possession of the Town, determining to storm the last retreat of the enemy at day-break.—Vafrino's success in reconnoitring the Egyptian Camp.—He discovers Herminia in the train of Armida.—She escapes with him from the Camp, explains the plot which the Egyptian Commander meditated against Godfrey's life, and confides to him the secret of her passion for Tancred.—Approaching the Town, they find the dead body of Argantes, and that of Tancred to all appearance lifeless.—Herminia's lamentations and despair.—Tancred is recovered by her attentions.—A detachment of soldiers arrives, who convey Tancred and the dead body of Argantes to the city.—Vafrino relates his discoveries to Godfrey, who determines, by the advice of Raymond, to blockade the Citadel, where Aladine had taken refuge, and to give the Egyptians battle on the following day.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## CANTO XIX.

WITHDRAWN to council, panic-struck, destroy'd,
Defence no more the Pagan arms employ'd;
Alone Argantes on the walls remain'd,
And obstinately brave, the strife maintain'd:
Heedless of odds, of inborn valour proud,
He fought, environ'd by a hostile crowd;
Nor fear of death could damp his courage high;
He fear'd to be repuls'd, but not to die,
And should the fates exact his destin'd breath,
He fain would be unconquer'd, e'en in death.
But far more keen, more vengeful than the rest,
On his great rival furious Tancred prest:
Nor backward was th' Egyptian knight to know
The mien, the armour of his former foe,
That foe, who on the sixth recurring morn
Had promis'd, vainly promis'd, to return.
Fierce he exclaim'd: "Is this thy faith, brave Knight?
"And dost thou thus return to end the fight?
"Tardy, and well escorted, might it seem,
"Thou com'st, thy plighted promise to redeem.
"Nor yet th' unequal combat I decline;
"My arm is still prepar'd to cope with thine.

"And yet I see no gallant soldier now;
"Some base artificer, methinks, art thou.
"But shield thee with thy num'rous vassal throng,
"And bring those strange machines of war along;
"Thou, whose unrivall'd force and martial skill
"Th' unwarlike female race suffice to kill!
"All now shall fail thee in th' approaching strife,
"Nor any arts avail to save thy life."
Prince Tancred smil'd; a smile of stern disdain
He smil'd, and thus replied, in scornful strain:
"Late am I come; and yet, if right I deem,
"To thee full hasty will my visit seem.
"Soon shalt thou wish some Alp's impervious height,
"Or rolling Ocean, hid thee from my sight,
"And learn that no base sloth has caus'd my stay,
"Nor lack of courage kept me hence away.
"Then come to some lone spot on yonder plain,
"Thou, by whose arm redoubtable are slain,
"Great heroes, or the giant race alone;
"I, who the praise of conquer'd females own,
"Defy thee to the fight." Then to his bands
He turn'd, and bade withhold their eager hands:
"No public foe, but mine alone is he;
"By old engagements he belongs to me."
"Then show the way," return'd Argantes proud,
"Alone, or at thy heels thy vassal crowd:
"Secluded or frequented spots to me
"Are like; no vantage shall avail for thee."
The bloody compact made, each valiant Knight
March'd on, concordant, to the mortal fight.
Hate urg'd them both; and by their hatred mov'd,
Each foe the guardian of his rival prov'd.

Bright honour's flame brave Tancred's bosom fir'd;
The Pagan's guilty life his soul desir'd,
And ill would deem his great revenge fulfill'd,
If by another hand his blood was spill'd:
He guards him with his shield, and loudly cries,
If e'en a distant soldier he espies,
"Presume not here to strike;" and safe from harms
Conducts him, 'mid the rage of hostile arms.
Together from the Town they took their course,
And soon th' encampments of the Christian force
Behind them far they left, and onward sped
In pathways, that through secret windings led.
A narrow and a shady veil they found,
By steep and lofty hills encompass'd round,
As 'twere some theatre, or listed place,
To martial games appropriate, or the chase.
Argantes turning as their steps they stay'd,
With thoughtful eye the conquer'd Town survey'd.
Then, marking that the Pagan's shield was gone,
The gen'rous Tancred cast away his own,
And cried: "What sudden thoughts across thee come?
"Shrinks then thy heart, presentient of its doom?
"If now prophetic fears thy soul o'erpow'r,
"Thy weakness visits thee in evil hour."
"On yon fair Town," the Infidel replied,
"Judæa's sceptred Queen, and Asia's pride, [pain,
"That bows her vanquish'd head, I think with
"While I, to stay her downfall, strive in vain;
"And insufficient shall th' atonement be,
"Though Heav'n adjudge thy forfeit head to me."
He ceas'd; and near the cautious champions drew,
For well their mutual prowess either knew.

Alert and active was the Christian Knight,
His hands were nimble, and his feet were light,
While bulkier far of limb, th' Egyptian Lord
By the tall head above his rival tow'r'd.
Tancred, collected, wheels, and stooping low,
Seeks unawares to spring upon his foe;
He watch'd the hostile arm, and ever tried
To break the blow, and turn his sword aside.
But stately and erect Argantes stood:
Equal his skill, unlike his attitude;
Forward his strong and outstretch'd arm he brought,
His rival's body, not his sword, he sought;
To find an entrance, one each moment strives,
One at his rival's face incessant drives,
And on his guard stands threat'ning, to prevent
Each sudden pass, and furtive shift, intent.
Thus, when the Western, Southern breezes sleep,
And no rude breath disturbs th' unruffled deep,
Two gallant vessels arm'd, though diff'ring far
In strength and bulk, maintain an equal war,
The one exulting in its tow'ring height,
The other in its speed, and movements light;
This, as from stern to prow it ceaseless flies,
Now here, now there, th' impulsive shock applies
That stands unmov'd, and as the foe draws nigh,
Threatens impending ruin from on high.
While to rush in, the cautious Tancred tried,
And with successful parry turn'd aside
Th' opposing blade, the great Circassian Lord
Full at his face protends the flashing sword.
Then to defence the Christian has recourse;
But matchless in its swiftness and its force,
The Pagan's steel descends, prevents the foe,
And on his open flank inflicts a blow.

Exulting, as he saw the wounded side,
" The artist is o'er-reach'd by art," he cried.
Indignant shame the gallant Tancred fir'd;
He quits his caution, by revenge inspir'd;
So boil'd his soul with gen'rous passion's heat,
A tardy conquest he had deem'd defeat:
No answer to the stinging taunt he made,
Save with his sword; he aim'd his rapid blade
Where enters through the helm th' admitted light;
Argantes wards the blow: The Latin Knight
At half-sword's length now comes to closer fight;
Forward, advancing his left foot, he sprung;
His foe's right arm, with nervous grasp and strong,
He seiz'd, and on his right, his guardless side,
Redoubled strokes in quick succession plied:
" Thus to his conquering master, thus," he cries,
" The fencer, baffled and o'er-reach'd, replies."
The fierce Circssaian groan'd and writh'd with rage,
And gnash'd his teeth, and strove to disengage
His captive arm, but writh'd and strove in vain;
At length his sword, dependent from the chain,
He left, and in his arms his rival grasp'd;
Him too with equal promptness Tancred clasp'd;
With muscles stretch'd, and vigour unexcell'd,
Each in a strict embrace the other held:
Not with more mighty force Herculean hands
Heav'd the suspended giant from the sands
Of torrid Libya, than these Chiefs might hold
Each his strain'd rival in his nervous fold.
They twisted, grappled, tost, and whirl'd around,
Till both at once, supplanted, prest the ground.
Or chance or skill now aids the Pagan Knight;
His left arm lay beneath, above, his right.

Less fair the fortune of the Christian foe;
His better hand was held confin'd below.
He nimbly, when his dang'rous state he found,
His foe's strong gripe eluding, from the ground
Sprang on his feet: more slow the Pagan heav'd
His bulkier form, and ere he rose, receiv'd
A stunning stroke: As, when the East-winds blow,
Some tow'ring pine-tree bends his stately brow,
But rises in a moment, unsubdu'd,
And re-assumes his regal attitude,
So, by his own intrinsic worth sustain'd,
Instant the matchless Chief his feet regain'd.
The interchange of blows commenc'd anew;
All art was now forgot, all skill withdrew;
More cruel and more dire the combat grew.
Not from a single wound brave Tancred bled;
But streams of spouting gore the Pagan shed.
And now their strength decay'd, their rage grew tame,
As fails, when feebly fed, the languid flame.
Tancred, who saw his rival's arm at length
Wield his slow falchion with diminish'd strength,
From his great heart, with honour ever fir'd,
Laid all his rage aside, and back retir'd,
And thus in mild and courteous strain began:
"Submit thee to thy fate, thou gallant man
"To me resign the well-contested field;
"To me, or if thou wilt, to Fortune yield.
"No spoil, no right of conquest shall be mine,
"I claim no triumph o'er a soul like thine."
More dreadful than before the Pagan grew,
And all his half-quench'd furies wak'd anew;
Then thus: "Advantage dost thou dare to claim?
"And wouldst thou tempt Argantes to his shame?

"Use what thy fortune gives; no fear is mine;
"Nor unchastis'd shall be that vaunt of thine."
Then as a torch renews its dying fires
Ere yet it fail, and in a blaze expires,
So in his blood, that now more feebly flow'd,
Fresh courage, child of desp'rate anger glow'd;
And, conscious of his doom, he sought to pour
A flood of glory round his dying hour.
Close in his left he lock'd his better hand,
And clasping firm, let fall his lifted brand;
Rais'd to oppose its shock, the hostile blade
It met, and forc'd aside, nor there it stay'd,
But on the shoulder fell, and glancing down
From rib to rib, left many wounds in one.
If Tancred then no marks of fear confest,
'Twas that, with valour's genuine stamp imprest,
Such passion found no place within his breast.
A second stroke th' encourag'd Pagan tries,
But spent in air his idle fury flies,
For Tancred, who the coming tempest ey'd,
Slipp'd nimbly from the blow, and leapt aside.
Dragg'd forward by his weight, unbalanc'd, fell
Prone on the ground, the helpless Infidel.
Thou fall'st, Argantes; by thyself o'erthrown
Thou fall'st; such glory was at least thine own,
That none thy fall could boast, save thou alone.
His gaping wounds the fall re-open'd wide;
Out gush'd in copious streams the crimson tide;
But pressing with one knee, one hand the plain,
He rose, and for defence prepar'd again.
New offers then the gallant victor made,
Nor vantage took: "Submit at last," he said.
Forward by stealth Argantes plung'd his sword,
And on the ankle smote the Latin Lord,

And with exulting threats pursu'd the blow:
Then rose the anger of the gallant foe,
Furious he cried aloud: "What, traitor base,
"And dost thou thus abuse my proffer'd grace?"
Then, where the visor's op'ning eyelets made
A certain road to fate, his deadly blade
Twice, thrice, the victor drove. Argantes died:
Fit sequel to his life, his end supplied.
No coward languor mark'd his parting breath,
But still he threaten'd, in the grasp of death;
The latest movements that convuls'd his frame,
The latest accents from his lips that came,
Were proud, were fierce, were dreadful, were the same.
Then Tancred, as he sheath'd his conqu'ring sword,
Pour'd his meek thanks to Heaven's all-gracious Lord:
But faint, exhausted, and of strength bereft,
The victor by his victory was left.
And much he fear'd his failing pow'rs might prove
Unequal on his homeward way to move;
But yet th' attempt he makes, and travels o'er,
Feeble and slow, the paths he trod before.
But for no long essay his limbs avail'd;
The more he urg'd his strength, the more it fail'd.
Then on the ground his tott'ring seat he took,
And on his arm, like some frail reed that shook,
Lean'd his pale cheek; dim shades of darkness rise;
The whirling objects swim before his eyes;
He swoons at length, nor might th' observer know,
The living conqu'ror from his breathless foe.

While Tancred here pursued the war alone,
A war, from private hate more savage grown,
Th^ exulting victor's dreadful vengeance burst
O'er the fall'n town, and crush'd the tribes accurst.
But ah! what artist's hand so skill'd, to show
A faithful image of those scenes of woe?
What tongue, though eloquent, might fitly tell
The horrors of that piteous spectacle?
Promiscuous carnage fill'd the streets around;
Vast piles of bodies cumber'd all the ground;
On breathless heaps the wounded here were spread,
There, yet alive, beneath a hill of dead
They found a tomb: here, woe-struck mothers prest
Their helpless infants, trembling, to their breast,
And fled with piercing cries, and streaming hair:
Loaded with spoil, the greedy soldier there
Seiz'd by their flowing locks, and dragg'd away
The virgin race, his unresisting prey.
But on the road that to the hill sublime
Conducts, whose front salutes the western clime,
Where stood the Temple, pride of ancient time,
The great Rinaldo, wet with hostile blood,
Ran furious, and the shrinking bands pursued.
The gen'rous hero wav'd his vengeful blade
O'er armed heads, and havoc dire he made:
Vain was the helm's defence, and vain the shield;
The want of arms alone could safety yield.
Against the fighting men the warrior burn'd,
The arm'd he slaughter'd, the unarm'd he scorn'd.
Those, in whose bosom valour glow'd no more,
Or who defensive steel no longer wore,
His voice alone dispers'd, his dreadful mien:
Deeds of unrivall'd greatness there were seen:

Now with dread shout he threaten'd, now he slew,
Now turn'd in scorn away: the scatter'd crew
Involv'd in one promiscuous flight appear;
Unlike their danger, though the same their fear.
Now, added to the mob, a num'rous train
Of warriors, hasten'd to the lofty fane,
Which, oft consum'd by fire, and oft restor'd,
Still own'd the name of Solomon, its Lord.
First rear'd by him, with many-colour'd stone,
With cedar, and with massy gold it shone:
Less strong in modern days, less rich and fair;
Yet many a lofty tow'r and steel-barr'd gate was there.
This fabric proud the matchless Knight attain'd,
Where shelter brief th' assembled crowd had gain'd;
The gates all closs'd, the battlements he found
With thronging arms and art's defences crown'd.
Twice with his flashing eyes he compass'd o'er
The frowning fort, if chance he might explore
Some narrow entrance; twice with rapid pace
He trac'd the circuit of the guarded place.
As in the night some wolf, athirst for blood,
Prowls round the fold that guards the fleecy brood:
Dry are his jaws, which savage hunger fires;
Wild nature prompts him, and keen hate inspires;
So did Rinaldo search the walls around,
If inlet, smooth or steep, might there be found.
At length he stay'd; his foes on high await
The fierce assault, the signal of their fate.
Hard by, to unknown uses once applied,
A beam of size immense the hero spied;
No gallant ship so tall a mast might boast
On naval Genoa's sea-protected coast:

This, with an arm of vigour, which had prov'd
Unequal to no weight, Rinaldo mov'd,
Then pois'd it like a spear, and at the gate
With furious impulse drove th' enormous weight.
Nor rock, nor hardest metal, had withstood
So rude a stroke, repeated soon, more rude:
It burst the bars with unresisted sway;
It tore the hinges from the rock away;
Low on the ground the shatter'd portal lay.
No batt'ring-ram such mighty shock had sent,
Nor cannon, murder's charter'd instrument.
Straight through the gaping pass the squadrons pour'd
Like some vast deluge, seconding their Lord.
Carnage and death deforms the fair abode,
Now foul with gore, once consecrate to God.
How wisely, Heav'n, thy judgments are display'd!
More dreadful do they light, the more delay'd,
On that curst nation: by thy Spirit rais'd,
In pious hearts unpitying fury blaz'd,
And knew no bounds: the misbelieving race
Wash'd with their blood the long-polluted place,
Till cleans'd from ev'ry foul and hateful stain,
Th' insulted Sanctuary grew pure again.

But to the last retreat, the stately tow'r,
Which still the name of royal David bore,
Great Solyman had gone; he there bestow'd
His choicest squadrons, blocking ev'ry road:
And thither too the Syrian Despot prest:
Him the great Sultan spied, and thus addrest:
"Hither, O noble King, thy footsteps guide;
"In this strong tow'r war's last defence be tried;

"Here may'st thou still be safe, 'mid war's alarms,
"And save thy kingdom from the conqu'ror's arms."
Then he: "Alas! barbarian foes erase
"My fair and royal City from its base:
"My kingdom and my life at once are o'er;
"I liv'd, I reign'd; I live, I reign no more.
"The last sad hour is come, to close the scene,
"And we must say with sorrow, 'We have been.'
"Where is the king-like worth thou once could'st boast?
"Is ev'ry spark of regal virtue lost?
(Inflam'd with rage, the Sultan thus rejoin'd)
"What though our crowns, the spoil of Fates unkind,
"Are lost? our inborn worth is still our own:
"This wealth we yet can claim, when all is gone.
"But thou within the guarded walls retire,
"And take the rest thine aged limbs require."
So spake the Sultan proud; and hastes to bring
Within the strengthen'd hold the hoary King.
He grasp'd an iron mace with either hand,
And at his side replac'd his trusty brand,
Then fearless at the entrance took his post,
And barr'd, alone, admission to an host.
Fate, hopeless fate, attended ev'ry blow;
The stroke that fail'd to kill, yet stunn'd a foe.
Where'er the Franks the horrid weapon spy,
They shrink, and from the scene of contest fly.
But lo! attended by his valiant crew,
Near to the spot Toulousan Raymond drew.
By the dread mace unaw'd, the brave old man,
All dauntless, to the post of danger ran;

He struck the first;—an unavailing blow;
But not so vain the answer of the foe;
The forehead of the gallant Earl it found,
And stretch'd him gasping, struggling, on the ground.

At length the terror-smitten Pagan host
Resum'd the courage they so late had lost:
The Franks, repuls'd, though late victorious, fled,
Or at the tow'r's unenter'd gates lay dead.
But the great Turk, who mid the slain espied,
Close at his feet, the fainting Chieftain, cried
Thus to his followers; "Be yon Knight convey'd
"Secure within the lines, and captive made."

They, to perform his will, their steps inclin'd;
But no light toil, no easy task they find.
Nor Raymond's bands were heedless of their Lord;
They to the rescue rush'd with one accord.
Here rage, there pious duty, urg'd the fight;
Nor for a vulgar prize they strove, nor slight,
Since these would tear away, and those would save
The life, the freedom of a Chief so brave.
Yet in that well-fought hour success had crown'd
The desp'rate prowess of the Turk renown'd,
For 'gainst his thund'ring mace, nor two-fold shield
Nor highly-temper'd helm defence could yield,
But new and mighty succour he descried
Advancing to his foes on either side;
From adverse quarters, lo! at once drew near
Th' unrivall'd warrior there, the Sov'reign Leader here.

Then, as some shepherd, when a night of clouds
Thick rolling, the pure skies in darkness shrouds,
While all around the sheeted lightnings flash,
The big winds mingling with the thunder's crash,

Seeks out some safer spot, with anxious eyes,
To screen him from the fury of the skies,
And from the open champain speeds along
With shouts and with his crook, the fleecy throng,
Himself the last; so when the Turk espied,
Dark'ning the field with arms on ev'ry side,
The storm of war, that with tumultuous cry
Shook all the sounding concave of the sky,
And thicken'd as it came, his troops he sent
Within the fort, himself the last that went;
He last to hard necessity submits,
He last the glorious post of danger quits;
To prudence he resigns his gallant will,
And though retreating, is undaunted still.
Scarce had he gain'd that last retreat of war,
Scarce time was giv'n the massy gate to bar,
When ev'ry bolt was burst; with threat'ning mien
Close at the threshold was Rinaldo seen;
Nor there could stay;—by conquest's thirst impell'd,
Conquest of him who all in arms excell'd,
High beat his bosom; nor the oath he took,
A sacred pledge! his memory forsook,
That he, who robb'd the royal Dane of breath,
From his avenging hand should meet his death.
Nor longer had his matchless arm delay'd;
That moment had th' extreme assault been made,
Nor in those walls perchance the Turkish Lord
Had found safe shelter from Rinaldo's sword,
But noble Godfrey bade his trumpets sound,
The signal of retreat; the skies around
Were wrapt in shade: The Christian Chief remain'd
Lodg'd on the conquer'd ground his arms had gain'd,

Resolving with the morning to renew
Th' unfinish'd storm: Thus to his ardent crew
With joyful look he spake: "By fav'ring Heav'n
"Success to our prevailing arms is giv'n.
"Small toil remains; the tug of war is o'er,
"And room for doubt or fear exists no more.
"Yon tow'r, to which the shrinking miscreants run,
"Their last weak refuge, with to-morrow's Sun
"Shall feel our arms: meanwhile let Pity's care
"Assistance to the suff'ring wounded bear:
"Forget not those whose blood, that nobly flow'd,
"On us this glorious country has bestow'd.
"More fit such pious task for him that draws
"His righteous sword in his Redeemer's cause,
"Than lust profane of vengeance, or of gold:
"Enough to-day did these griev'd eyes behold
"Of blood and slaughter; avarice misplac'd
"Has stain'd our glory, and our arms disgrac'd.
"Henceforth, to kill, to plunder, none shall dare;
"And let the trumpet's sound my will declare."
He ceas'd; and straight Toulouse's Earl he found,
Who still was groaning from his recent wound.
Nor in less daring mood the Turk addrest
His heartless train, and cautiously supprest
His private doubts and sorrows in his breast:
"My friends, in spite of Fortune's fickle will,
"Be ye, while Hope remains, unconquer'd still.
"Though great our failures and our loss appear,
"Yet facts well-weigh'd present small cause of fear.
"The walls, the buildings, and the mob alone,
"And not the Town, our boasting foes have won.
"Where is the City? in your own brave hands,
"Your hearts, your Monarch's honour's head, it stands:

"Your King, his chosen bands, are all secure;
"Our safety these embattled heights ensure.
"Then let the Franks th' abandon'd soil retain,
"An useless conquest, and a trophy vain:
"Foil'd and repuls'd at last they still may be,
"And presage sure of their defeat I see.
"Flush'd with success and arrogance, the mind
"To rapine, murder, lust, is still inclin'd.
"And should th' Egyptians, whose approach is near,
"Amid such tumult and excess appear,
"Cumber'd with spoil, 'mid heaps of ruins lost,
"Light were the task to crush th' enervate host,
"While we from our commanding height can throw
"A rocky tempest on the town below,
"Obstructing with our engines ev'ry road
"That leads them to the Tomb that hides their God."

Enliv'ning thus their hopes, his voice imparts
Reviving courage to their drooping hearts.

While scenes like these the suff'ring Town display'd,
'Mid armed multitudes Vafrino stray'd.
To seek the hostile Camp, a chosen spy,
He went, ere yet the Sun forsook the sky.
Through dark and lonely paths, disguis'd, unknown,
A nightly traveller, he journey'd on:
He past by Ascalon, ere yet the Hours,
Handmaids of morning, left their Eastern bow'rs;
But when the Sun illum'd the Southern skies,
The mighty Camp rose full upon his eyes.
Tall tents, in countless numbers met his view,
And streamers on their tops, of various hue,
Wav'd in the breeze, cærulean, yellow, blue.

Such mingled clamours on the winds were borne
Of tongues discordant, cymbal, drum, and horn,
Such crowds of elephants and camels bray'd,
So loud the coursers, born for battle, neigh'd,
That to himself he said: "Sure Afric's coasts
"Are drain'd, and ev'ry realm that Asia boasts
"Has sent its swarming sons, to swell th' unmeasur'd hosts."
First on th' encampment's site his thoughts he bends,
And marks what rampart bounds it, and defends.
No more through furtive ways he steals along,
Nor shuns the notice of the passing throng;
Eager to learn, through open paths he went,
And boldly enter'd many a princely tent;
Now questions started, and now gave replies,
And ev'ry word was fearless, prompt, and wise.
On ev'ry side, inquisitive, he roves;
Through streets of tents, and open squares he moves;
The warriors, horses, armour he admires,
Their arts, their names, their discipline inquires;
Nor resting here, on deeper knowledge bent,
Explores, and learns in part each hid intent.
So well his deep and subtle part was play'd,
That to the Gen'ral's tent his way he made:
There, gazing round, the canvas torn he spies,
Friendly to list'ning ears, and prying eyes.
Apt for his schemes, the fissure chanc'd to face
The innermost recesses of the place;
Hence they without, might easy knowledge win
Of ev'ry secret that transpir'd within.
There watch'd Vafrino; seem'd as to repair
The rent pavilion, were his only care.

He saw the Gen'ral, clad in crimson vest;
His head was bare, his limbs in armour drest;
His shield and helm, apart, two pages bear;
Himself, erect, stands leaning on his spear;
Close at his side a soldier stern was seen,
Of tow'ring stature, and of savage mien.
Intent Vafrino stands, and thinks he hears
The name of Godfrey, and erects his ears. [give,
Thus spake the Chief: "Sure promise dost thou
"That Godfrey by thy hand shall cease to live?"
Then he: "I do: nor hither will presume,
"Unless as conqueror, again to come.
"My comrades, who for this great deed conspire,
"I hasten to apprise; nor I desire
"Meed or reward, save that in Cairo's town
"The Christian's arms, a trophy of renown,
"I raise, and with this proud inscription grace:
'From the great Chief of Europe's warlike race,
'Whose ravages fair Asia long deplor'd,
'These arms Ormondo won, and slew their Lord;
'And here this monumental trophy rears,
'To hand the mem'ry down to future years.'
The Gen'ral then: "Our Monarch shall dispense
"For such a deed, a glorious recompense;
"Of what thou ask'st, be sure; nor this alone,
"But many a princely gift shall be thine own.
"Prepare then the disguising arms with haste;
"The day of battle is approaching fast."
"'Tis done," he answer'd; and, this parley o'er,
Both ceas'd to speak, and converse held no more.
Amaz'd at words so strange, Vafrino stood,
Revolving with intense solicitude
What secret plot was fram'd, what arms prepar'd,
And but in part conceiv'd the things he heard.

He went; and past the anxious night awake,
Nor once his eye-lids clos'd, nor rest would take.
But when the Camp to Morn's pure breeze unroll'd
Each gaudy banner's undulating fold,
Himself th' associate of their march he made,
Mov'd when they mov'd, and when they halted,
stay'd;
And still, to learn th' important secret bent,
He roam'd, unsatisfi'd, from tent to tent.
'Twas then with damsels, Knights, encompass'd
Armida on a stately seat he found. [round,
She sate from all her courtly train apart,
And commun'd with her own disorder'd heart.
On her fair hand her glowing cheek reclin'd;
Her eyes, like sister-stars of love that shin'd,
Fix'd on the ground the pensive Beauty kept:
He watch'd each radiant orb, but if she wept
'Twere hard to say, though easy to descry
A liquid pearl in either brimming eye.
Fronting the Fair, Adrastus fierce he saw;
Not once his eye-lids mov'd; he scarce could draw
His breath, but ever on the lovely Dame
Hung motionless, and fed th' unsated flame.
But Tissaphernes, who by turns survey'd
His hated rival, and the beauteous maid,
By fits with love, by starts with anger glow'd;
His changing countenance alternate show'd,
Now indignation's fierce and madd'ning fire,
And now the kindling flush of hot desire.
Apart, the royal Altamore he view'd,
Who 'mid her maids, a radiant circle, stood:
Wild passion's storm he left not uncontroll'd;
With caution his transgressing eyes he roll'd;

And now her hand, her face, the Prince surveys;
Now on more hidden charms his busy gaze
Intrudes, and where her veil, disorder'd, show'd
Betwixt her parted breasts a secret road,
Darts in, and riots in Love's own abode.
At length she rais'd her eyes; late sad with gloom,
Her charms their lost tranquillity resume,
And sudden, the dark cloud of tears between,
An heav'nly smile shot forth, all radiant and serene.
"Thy pledge," she cried, "great warrior, well may please
"My lab'ring heart, and set my woes at ease.
"That vengeance will be mine, I need not fear;
"And sweet is anger, when revenge is near."
The Indian then: "Weep, royal Fair, no more;
"Calm be thy brows again, thy grief be o'er;
"Soon shall thine eyes behold Rinaldo dead,
"And rolling at thy feet his hated head,
"Or captive dragg'd by this avenging hand,
"Where'er thy sov'reign pleasure gives command."
Thus, arrogant and vain, Adrastus vow'd;
His jealous rival heard his vauntings proud,
But scorning to reply, his peace he held,
Though his vex'd heart with bursting passion swell'd.
To Tissaphernes then, with aspect mild,
She turn'd and "What say'st thou?" she said, and smil'd.
With coolness feign'd, he made this keen reply.
"I, who am tardier and more backward, I
"Will follow the redoubted steps afar
"Of this thy champion, terrible in war."
Then thus the Indian King: "'Twere meet that he
"Keep back, and fear to be compar'd with me."

Stern Tissaphernes toss'd his haughty head;
"Oh! were I master of my pow'rs!" he said;
"Might but my free and unrestricted hand
"Its never-failing sword this hour command,
"Whose valour most excels, should soon appear;
"Not thee, nor all thine empty boasts I fear,
"Proud as thou art; far other foes I prove;
"Heav'n is my foe, and unpropitious Love."
He ceas'd; to meet his threats Adrastus rose;
But fair Armida hastes to interpose:
"Warriors, why thus resume your gifts?" she [said;
"Why rob me of your often-promis'd aid?
"My champions are ye; let this thought assuage
"Your rising warmth, and soften down your rage.
"Me ye offend, if mutual hate ye show;
"Who breaks the peace, becomes Armida's foe."
Thus spake the Fair; her potent influence binds,
As with an iron yoke, their jarring minds.
To all a strict regard Vafrino lent,
Collected thus the truth, and left the tent.
Some plot, in darkness wrapt, he well discerns,
And much suspects, but nought for certain learns:
Though baffled, unrepuls'd, he still inquires,
And obstacles but strengthen his desires;
Th' important secret's hidden truth to find
He vows, or leave his forfeit life behind.
A thousand schemes within his bosom roll,
And arts untried employ by turns his soul;
But all his subtleties avail him not
To pierce the myst'ry of the deep-laid plot.
At length propitious Fortune interpos'd;
She what he vainly else had sought, disclos'd,
And to his anxious wish at full display'd
The snares against the pious Godfrey laid.

Returning once again, the tent he gain'd,
Where with her Knights the Syrian Fair remain'd:
There, as he judg'd, his search were best pursu'd,
Where such a throng'd and mix'd assemblage stood.
Close to a damsel fair he boldly drew;
Her he address'd, as one whom well he knew;
As though of old their intercourse had been,
Bold was his tone, and confident his mien.
"Fain too would I," he said with jesting air,
"Become the Champion of some partial Fair.
"Rinaldo then, or Bouillon's far-fam'd Lord,
"Might fall perchance a victim to my sword.
"Do thou, if such thy will, the head demand
"Of some great Christian Noble at my hand."
Thus he began, and hop'd his jest might tend,
By slow advances, to more serious end;
But as he spake, he smil'd, and then was seen,
Spite of th' assum'd disguise, his native mien.
Now to the spot another virgin came,
Who scann'd with searching eyes Vafrino's frame,
And list'ning, nearer drew, and thus addrest:
"I claim thee to myself from all the rest;
"Nor thou of faith misplac'd shalt ere repent,
"Or wish thy proffer'd service elsewhere lent.
"My chosen champion and my Knight thou art:
"As such, thy private ear I claim apart."
Then thus, retiring: "Thou art known to me;
"Nor I, Vafrino, can be strange to thee."
In his bold breast a secret terror woke;
Yet turning round, he forc'd a smile, and spoke.
"Ne'er did I see that face, methinks, till now;
"Yet worthy to be seen and known, art thou.
"But one thing well I know, thy lips assign
"An appellation diff'ring far from mine.

" Me, named Almanzor, on Biserta's shore
" Parch'd by solstitial Suns, Lesbina bore."
Quick she replied: " Thy story well I know,
" And long have known; nor fear me as thy foe:
" Seek no concealment vain; a friend in me
" Behold, prepar'd to yield my life for thee.
" Herminia I; a King my being gave;
" Once was I Tancred's slave, thy fellow-slave
" Two happy months, in pleasing durance held,
" Beneath thy charge, a captive blest, I dwell'd,
" And courteous treatment at thy hands I met:
" Look well; what once I was, behold me yet."
The Squire survey'd her with attentive view,
And soon the well-remember'd features knew.
" Thou need'st not fear," resum'd th' assuring Fair;
" By yon bright Sun, by Heav'n itself I swear.
" But when thy parting footsteps hence remove,
" Restore me to the prison which I love.
" Sad nights and gloomy days 'tis mine to know,
" Condemn'd at once to liberty and woe.
" And if this Camp to spy, thy thoughts are bent,
" Unusual Fortune smiles on thine intent;
" Strange plots I'll tell, and matters deep explain,
" Which elsewhere to detect, thy hopes were vain."
He gaz'd, while thus she spake, but answer'd nought;
Much of Armida's subtle arts he thought;
Treach'rous and fickle is the female kind,
Loquacious still, and still to change inclin'd;
Foolish the man that on their sex relies;
Thus mus'd he, wav'ring; and at length replies:

"If hence to fly thy roving wishes tend,
"In me a guide is found in me a friend;
"Thus far, our compact be this moment made,
"But to some fitter hour all else delay'd."
They fix to fly, each mounted on his steed,
Ere on its way th' advancing Camp proceed.
Vafrino left the tent; the joyful Fair
Her comrades sought awhile, and loit'ring there
In converse feign'd indulg'd; with mirthful joke,
Much of her newly-chosen Knight she spoke,
Then soon retiring, at the spot agreed
She joins her friend; soon from th' encampment freed
They gain the plain; to lonely parts they came,
And lost the tents from view, when to the Dame
Vafrino thus: "In safety now declare
"What plots against our Chief his foes prepare."
The Princess then a full discov'ry made,
And all the secret treason open laid.
"Eight courtly Chiefs," she said, "all Knights of fame,
"And first of all is bold Ormondo's name,
"Or by invet'rate hate, or anger fir'd,
"Against the Christian Leader have conspir'd;
"And these the arts they use: th' important day
"That two embattled armies shall survey
"In open field the bloody conflict try,
"The Asian world the prize of victory,
"They on their arms a painted Cross shall bear;
"Arms like the sons of Europe shall they wear,
"And drest like Godfrey's guards, deceive the sight
"With counterfeited garb of gold and white,

"But each upon his helm a sign shall place,
"To mark him to his friends of Pagan race.
"Then, when confusion mingles either host,
"And order in the closing fight is lost,
"They, under friendly guise, their trait'rous part
"Shall play, and aim their weapons at his heart:
"And still more certain mischief to afford,
"In mortal poison steep'd is ev'ry sword.
"And as they found that well were known by me
"Your arms, and usages of chivalry,
"To frame each false device to me was giv'n;
"To such reluctant office was I driv'n.
"Hence from the treach'rous Camp I long to run;
"The hated task, the harsh command I shun.
"The soul that knows not guilt, from murder starts,
"And shrinks, abhorrent, from base treason's arts.
"Such motives sway my mind, nor these alone"—
She ceas'd: her eyes the conscious Fair cast down;
Her closing words, which blushing deep she spoke,
In half-recall'd and falt'ring accents broke.
Then thus the anxious Squire, who long'd to know
What the coy virgin's struggles fear'd to show:
"Why thus, unconfident, the truth withhold,
"Nor to my faithful ear thy woes unfold?
She from her inmost bosom deeply sigh'd,
And thus with faint and trembling voice replied:
"Hence, virgin pride, hence, ill-tim'd shame depart!
"Ye boast no more a place within my heart.
"Why strive, since vain th' unequal strife must prove,
"To smother with your flame, the flame of love?

"Why now these scruples, this reserve, assume?
"A lost and wand'ring maid they ill become."
Then soon she thus resum'd: "That night of woe
"That saw my bleeding country's sad o'erthrow,
"More than appear'd, I lost; then but began
"The copious source whence all my sorrows ran.
"Light were the loss to lose a kingly crown;
"I lost myself, my kingdom, all in one.
"For ever unrepair'd the loss I bore;
"My heart, soul, senses, were my own no more.
"Thou know'st, Vafrino, that when first I view'd
"Those fearful scenes of rapine and of blood,
"Shudd'ring I ran, thy Lord and mine to meet,
"When first my royal dome with haughty feet
"The victor trod, and bending, thus addrest:
'Let pity, matchless Conqu'ror, touch thy breast!
'Tis not for life I pour my trembling pray'r,
'But ah! my virgin honour deign to spare.'
"Nor waited Tancred till my speech was done,
"But seiz'd my trembling hand, and thus begun:
'Not vain, fair damsel, thine appeal shall be,
'A friend, a guardian, thou has found in me.'
"Then o'er my frame a soft delirium stole,
"Lull'd my charm'd sense, and master'd all my soul,
"And creeping through my easy heart, became
"A cureless wound, an unextinguish'd flame.
"Oft would he come, my sorrows to relieve
"With converse sweet, and griev'd to see me grieve:
"He said, 'Be uncondition'd freedom thine,'
"And sacred held the treasures that were mine:

"But 'twas the spoiler's, not the giver's part,
"He gave me freedom, but he stole my heart:
"What least I priz'd and valu'd, he restor'd,
"But still rèmain'd my soul's tyrannic Lord.
"Such flame knows no disguise; and oft I strove
"To learn from thee some tidings of my Love:
"Nor did my weakness 'scape thy piercing eye;
'Thou art in love, Herminia,' wouldst thou cry:
"My lips denied, but ah! the sighs I drew
"A language spake more ardent, and more true;
"And while my tongue was mute, my looks exprest
"Th' unconquer'd fire that rag'd within my breast.
"Silence ill-judg'd! 'twere sure a wiser part
"To seek a med'cine then, to ease my smart,
"Than, when the vain attempt must useless prove,
"Indulge my wish, and give the reins to Love!
"At length I parted, my sad bosom fraught
"With inward woes, and death my only thought.
"Impatient for relief, Love's powerful flame
"Prevail'd, and freed me from the check of shame.
"I issued forth to find the man I lov'd,
"A last resource; he caus'd the pains I prov'd,
"And he alone could cure: I lighted then
"On a fierce band of iron-hearted men,
"And hardly from their hot pursuit I fled;
"But to a desert spot my courser sped
"Remote from men, and in a lonely cell
"With blameless rustics I resolv'd to dwell,
"And there in peace my simple toil pursued,
"A shepherdess, and tenant of the wood.
"But when the fond desire, awhile supprest,
"Once more resum'd dominion o'er my breast,
"As to regain my former path I strove,
"The same misfortune 'twas my lot to prove.

"But now escape was hopeless; close at hand,
"Barring all flight, appear'd a plund'ring band.
"Thus to th' Egyptian troops I fell a prey,
"Who then to Gaza's tow'rs pursued their way.
"Me to their Chief they led; I told my tale;
"Such pow'r had truth unvarnish'd to prevail,
"That in Armida's train I there remain'd,
"Respected, unmolested, unprofan'd.
"Such were the woes successive I essay'd;
"Oft I escap'd though oft a pris'ner made;
"But yet my former bonds I still retain,
"Though oft set free, and oft enslav'd again.
"And oh! the Prince that round my soul has wound
"That fatal chain which ne'er must be unbound,
"Never with tongue unfeeling may he say,
'Hence, light and errant damsel, hence away!'
"And bid me from his presence dear depart;
"But may more gen'rous pity prompt his heart
"To welcome my returning, and restore
"The prison, where I liv'd so blest before."
Thus spake Herminia; and the night, the day
They rode, beguiling with discourse the way.
Vafrino from the public path declin'd;
More safe, and shorter ways he wish'd to find.
But when the Eastern skies in shadows dun
Were veil'd, and Westward sank the parting Sun,
Near to the Town they came: 'twas then they found
Where frequent blood empurpled all the ground,
And welt'ring in his gore a warrior lay;
His mighty bulk obstructed all the way;
Turn'd upward to the skies his face he held
Revenge and terror on his features dwell'd.

The arms he wore, his foreign aspect, prov'd
His Pagan race: Vafrino onward mov'd;
There lay not far remote another Knight,
That soon engag'd the Squire's astonish'd sight.
He left his steed, th' uncover'd face explor'd,
And, "Lo! great Tancred slain, my honour'd Lord,
"Alas! alas!" he cried. The ill-starr'd maid
To view the mighty Pagan's corse had stay'd:
Daughter of woe! soon like a piercing dart,
The cruel sounds ran thrilling through her heart.
At Tancred's name, like one whom sense has left,
Or wine of reason's mastery bereft,
She sprang;—the roses from her cheeks retreat:
She lights, she darts impetuous from her seat;
O'er the pale form her tears exhaustless flow,
And deep-drawn sighs are mix'd with words of woe.
"Ah! bitter sight! ah! Fortune, cruel pow'r!
"That hither guides me in a luckless hour!
"Now, after long, long lapse of days rejoin'd,
"Again thy fair and honour'd form I find;
"But dark, and clos'd for ever are thine eyes,
"Nor more their fond adorer recognize.
"Close at thy side I stand, unseen, unknown;
"I find thee, when thou art for ever gone.
"Ah me! who e'er could think those features fair
"Could work Herminia's woe, and nourish her despair!
"Now, would that hopeless blindness were my lot,
"That these pain'd eye-balls might behold thee not:
"Nor dare I gaze on thee. Alas! the flame,
"That glancing from those orbs of sweetness came,
"Where is it now! what hides the sparkling ray?
"Is all thy cheek's bright crimson fled away

"That rivall'd Nature's roses? where is now
"The majesty that sate upon thy brow?
"But what? though thus deform'd and wrapt in night,
"Thou still hast pow'r to sooth me, and delight.
"Fair spirit, if thou still may'st linger here,
"If the sad plaints I utter, reach thine ear,
"Forgive my rashness, and excuse the theft,
"If from thy lips, of all their bloom bereft,
"I snatch those kisses cold, which fond desire
"Had pictur'd to my fancy, all of fire.
"Part of thy spoils, all-grasping Death resign!
"One kiss from those pale lips shall yet be mine.
"Lov'd mouth! whose living accents could bestow
"Peace to my heart, and comfort to my woe,
"Oh! grant that ere I perish, to console
"My parting ghost, this seal of love be stole.
"And thou perchance, unenvious of my bliss,
"Alive, hadst not been niggard of a kiss,
"But had I dar'd the fond request to make,
"Had'st freely giv'n what now by force I take:
"Close let me press thee, breathe my latest sigh
"Betwixt thy lips, and as I breathe it, die.
"And thou, lov'd shade, receive my spirit flown,
"And guide it to the realms where thou art gone."
Thus mourn'd the Fair, and as she speaks, appears
Dissolv'd into a liquid flood of tears.
The cadent drops the fainting Knight revive;
His languid lips he open'd, half-alive;
He op'd his lips, though clos'd were still his eyes,
And sigh'd responsive to Herminia's sighs.
She heard the groans his lab'ring frame exprest,
And gleaming comfort dawn'd upon her breast.

"Unclose thine eyes," resum'd the tender maid,
"While thus thy funeral rites with tears are paid;
"Look, look on me, who fain with thee would try
"The long, dark voyage to eternity.
"Look, look on me; nor yet the world forsake;
"One moment;—grant this last request I make."
The Knight unclos'd his eyes, but downward turn'd,
Heavy and dim; she still complain'd and mourn'd.
"He lives," Vafrino said: "our care be lent
"First to restore him, when restor'd, lament."
This said, he stripp'd him of his arms; the maid,
Trembling and weak, unites her willing aid.
She felt each wound, and thence, for well she knew
The healing art, large hopes of safety drew;
She saw that from increasing weakness most
His danger came, and blood profusely lost.
But nought could these sequester'd parts supply,
Her veil alone except, his wounds to tie:
Then other ligatures fond Love imparts,
Teaching her gentle soul unwonted arts:
In her fair hair a substitute she tries;
With this his bleeding wounds she binds and dries,
For her thin veil too slight, too small was found,
Nor needful bandage gave for ev'ry wound.
And there no dittany nor saffron grew;
Yet many a magic note the Fair-one knew
Of healing pow'r. Already now was fled
His leaden sleep, the slumber of the dead:
He lifts at length his eyes, that play with ease,
And gazing round, his faithful menial sees,
And hanging o'er, in foreign guise array'd,
Like Pity's self impersonate, the maid.

"Whence came Vafrino!" he exclaim'd, "a
how?
"And thou, my fair physician, who art thou?"
Half doubtful, half rejoic'd, the damsel sigh'd
Her modest cheek the starting roses dyed;
"All shalt thou know," she said; "nor now
prest
"Thine anxious questions; thou hast need of res
"Thus I prescribe: from further speech refrain;
"Soon shall thy health and strength return agai
"Then for the recompense prepare." She said,
And pillow'd on her breast his languid head.
Meanwhile Vafrino mus'd, with anxious thoug
How best the warrior to his home were brought,
Ere yet should fail the day's receding light,
When lo! an armed troop appear'd in sight:
The band that gallant Tancred's orders own'd
He recogniz'd; they fought their Lord around,
When on the walls th' Egyptian Knight he met,
And single fight succeeded mutual threat.
They follow'd not, but anxious at his stay,
To seek their much-lov'd Prince they took th
way.
Others alike had search'd the country round,
But these alone successful issue crown'd.
Soon with their outstretch'd arms a seat th
made,
Where at his ease the wounded Chief was laid.
Then Tancred thus: "Shall great Argantes slai
"A banquet to the fowls of air remain?
"Ne'er will we leave him to so base a doom,
"Nor rob him of his glory, and his tomb.
"No quarrel with the pale, dumb corse I hold;
"Boldly he perish'd, as becomes the bold.

"'Tis meet this mournful honour we bestow,
"The only honour he can claim below."
Then close behind their Chief th' attendant throng,
Obsequious, bore his slaughter'd foe along.
Vafrino rode beside the damsel fair,
Most watchful of what most requir'd his care.
Again the Prince: "Not to my wonted tent,
"But to the holy Town our course be bent,
"For there, if Fate's appointed hour impend,
"I best may meet th' inevitable end:
"The spot where Jesus once vouchsaf'd to die,
"May smooth his servant's passage to the sky;
"Nor to my grateful heart small joy will be,
"Its pilgrimage complete, its vows perform'd to see."
He said; the vassal train his will obey'd:
The Knight upon a downy couch was laid,
And quickly, to recruit his wasted frame,
The balm of suff'ring Nature, slumber, came.
Next a retir'd abode, not far remote,
Vafrino for th' advent'rous Fair-one sought,
In search of Godfrey then his course pursued;
And entrance soon he gain'd, for nought withstood,
Though then, upon his future plans intent,
His thoughts to high debate the Chieftain lent.
Beside the bed, where, feeble from his wound
Brave Raymond lay, the Sov'reign Prince he found;
Round him his nobles stood, of all the host
Renown'd for birth, or rank, or wisdom most;
And while the Squire his mission open laid,
No question they propos'd, nor answer made.

"My Lord," he said, "the slave of thy commands,
"I mix'd among the unbelieving bands,
"And search'd their Camp; but vain thy wish to know
"The never-ending numbers of the foe.
"I saw their march; and as they move along,
"Hill, valley, plain, are hid beneath the throng.
"Where'er they pitch their tents, where'er draw near,
"The Earth's abundant treasures disappear;
"Nor springs, nor fountains can their thirst supply;
"The rivers and the failing streams grow dry;
"Nor all fair Syria's fields of waving grain
"Can sate the hunger of so vast a train.
"And still methinks, amid that mighty force,
"Useless are half their foot, and half their horse:
"Nor discipline is theirs, nor martial law;
"No trumpet's sound they heed, no sword they draw,
"But shoot the safer arrow from the bow,
"And with a distant battle gall the foe.
"Yet some more choice, more hardy bands there are,
"Beneath the Persian banners train'd to war:
"And still more choice than all, that squadron fam'd,
"The Caliph's own Immortal squadron nam'd;
"Immortal styl'd, for ne'er is seen or known,
"In all that band, a vacancy of one,
"But, ready still whene'er a warrior dies,
"A valiant successor his place supplies.
"One Chief there is, whose unrestricted sway
"The movements of these countless hosts obey.

"And Emireno he; so just a fame
"For wisdom or for valour, few can claim.
"His King's commands he bears, without delay
"To dare, to urge, to force thee to the fray;
"And ere the second circling Sun appear,
"He and his swarming millions will be here.
"But thou, Rinaldo, heed me, and beware;
"More swords than one to drink thy blood prepare;
"'Gainst thee, the noblest, bravest, and most fam'd,
"Conspire, by jealous rivalry inflam'd;
"Armida and her charms that Knight await,
"Whose arm inflicts on thee the blow of fate.
"The val'rous Persian heads the suitor-band,
"Great Altamore, the King of Samarcand:
"Adrastus too, whose sultry kingdom lies
"Far to the East, a Chief of giant size;
"Unlike the sons of men, no steed he reins;
"A mighty elephant his bulk sustains;
"And Tissaphernes, whose redoubted name
"O'er all his compeers is preferr'd by Fame."
He said: the noble youth's proud spirits rise,
Flame in his cheek, and sparkle in his eyes;
He longs to rush amid the hostile bands,
And swells with gen'rous joy, and restless stands.
Then turn'd Vafrino to the Chieftain bold;
And thus: "The greatest news is yet untold;
"Compris'd in few th' important whole shall be;
"The arms of treach'ry lie in wait for thee."
Then step by step the trusty Squire display'd
The schemes they purpos'd, and the plots they laid;
The poison'd arms, the false device prepar'd,
The boasts he heard, the promise, the reward;

To num'rous questions just replies he gave:
Short silence reign'd among the warriors brave,
Till Godfrey, raising his reflective brow,
Of Raymond ask'd: "Say, what advisest thou?"
Then he: "To-morrow, (so suggests my mind),
"No more th' assault renew, as once design'd,
"But with strong force blockade the spacious tow'r,
"Barring all egress to th' included pow'r,
"And let our Camp, by rest restor'd, prepare
"For enterprise of more momentous war.
"Do thou decide if best we stand at bay,
"Or draw the sword at once, and dare the open fray.
"But most of all, for such thy weightiest care,
"For thine own life, illustrious Chief, beware;
"By thee our faithful army conquest gains,
"By thee superior stands, and lives, and reigns;
"For who, save thou, can o'er our arms preside,
"Secure our glories, and our counsels guide?
"And that the badge of treason may be plain,
"Straight alter the devices of thy train;
"Thus, known to all, the traitors shall be made,
"Caught in the very snare themselves had laid."
The Captain then: "Oh! fam'd for wisdom still,
"Thy thoughts are prudent, friendly is thy will.
"But what thou leav'st in doubt, I here decide;
"'Gainst the vain foe be manly battle tried.
"Shall they whose force the vanquish'd East has own'd,
"Confin'd by shelt'ring walls at last be found?
"Rather let yonder impious tribes essay
"Our might in open field, in open day

"Not by our dreaded arms subdued alone,
"Not by their conqu'ror's look, and haughty frown,
"The name of our great vict'ries shall appall
"Their hearts, and ere they combat, they shall fall;
"And strengthen'd by their fall, more firm shall stand
"Th' unshaken basis of our new command.
"Then, when no hope remains from foreign pow'r,
"Soon will submit, or soon be storm'd, the tow'r."
Here ceasing, he departs; for to the West
The stars declin'd, and warn'd to needful rest.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## CANTO XX.

# ARGUMENT.

The Egyptian army appears in sight.—Exultation of the Pagans, who were shut up in the Tower of David.—Impatience of the Christians for the attack.—Godfrey refuses to give battle till the following morning.—At break of day he leads out his army.—His order of battle, and address to his soldiers.—Emireno, the Egyptian Leader, draws up his troops.—His various speeches to different portions of his army.—The fight commences.—Exploits of Gildippe, the Christian heroine, and of Altamore, the Persian King.—They encounter each other.—Ormondo and his confederates make an attempt on Godfrey's life, but are discovered and cut to pieces, Ormondo himself being slain by Godfrey.—The extreme left of the Egyptians endeavours to surround the Christian army, but is checked and routed by Rinaldo at the head of the Adventurers.—His exploits.—He passes by Armida.—Her conflicting emotions at the sight of him.—Despairing of success, and fearful of being made prisoner, she retires from her station in the battle, escorted by Altamore, during whose absence the left wing, which he commanded, is put to flight.—On the right, the Pagans discomfit the left wing of the Christians under the two Roberts, one of whom is severely wounded, the other taken prisoner.—Godfrey brings up his right wing against the right of the Pagans.—Solyman, who has a view of the battle from the fort, in which he was blockaded by Raymond and his Gascons, sallies out at the head of the besieged, accompanied by Aladine.—He makes a terrible slaughter.—Is encountered by Raymond, whom he again fells to the ground.—Tancred, roused by the confusion, and the flight of the Gascons, quits his bed, and hastens, half-armed, to the protection of Raymond.—The latter revives, again joins the combat, and kills Aladine.—The Sultan reaches the scene of action.—Death of Gildippe and Edward.—Adrastus and Solyman successively slain by Rinaldo.—Prowess of Tissaphernes.—He engages in single combat with Rinaldo, by whom he is slain.—Armida flies from the field of battle, and reaches a secluded place, where she is on the point of destroying herself, but is prevented by Rinaldo, who seeing the enemy routed on every side, had followed her in her flight.—She is overcome by his persuasions, her fondness returns, and she gives herself up to his disposal.—Total rout of the Egyptians.—Emireno, their Commander, is slain, and Altamore made prisoner by Godfrey, who, after the battle, repairs with his whole army to pay his adorations at the Holy Sepulchre.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## CANTO XX.

ALREADY, summon'd by the Solar ray,
Frail man awoke to toil: th' advancing day
Ten times had now renew'd the circling hour,
When lo! the Saracens that held the tow'r,
A strange, unwonted gloom afar perceive,
Like the dun cloud that veils the world at eve.
Th' Egyptian army's march they quickly knew,
Which hid the azure firmament from view
In dusty cope involv'd, and as they move,
They fill the plains below, the hills above.
Then from the citadel the Pagan rout
Rais'd to the vault of heav'n a mingled shout,
Such sounds as from the flocking cranes arise,
That chilly Thrace exchange for warmer skies,
Then Southward by advancing winter driv'n,
They sail loquacious through the clouds of Heav'n.
Their hearts were cheer'd by Hope's enliv'ning flame,
And from their tongues the prompt defiance came.
Nor long the brave besiegers fail to know
Whence their proud threats, their new-born valour, grow.

For observation apt, a station high
They mount, and all the mighty host espy.
Soon in their gallant hearts the kindling flame
Of valour glow'd; the instant fight they claim.
The martial youth, elate, and fierce, and proud,
Collect impatient, and with murmurs loud
Exclaim, "Give, give the sign, great Chief;" but he,
Unsway'd by youthful importunity,
Until the morrow's Sun the war denied;
He curb'd their effervescent valour's pride,
Nor wish'd the foe should prove, in skirmish light,
His genuine spirit, genuine strength in fight.
"Respite," he said, "to such long toils is due;
"Let one day's grateful rest your strength renew."
Perchance he sought to feed the courage vain,
That swell'd with confidence the hostile train.
His troops prepare, and with impatience burn
For the first ray that told the morn's return.
Ne'er was the sky so bright, serene, and gay,
As at the dawning of that mighty day:
Fair smil'd the richly-vestur'd Morn; 'twould seem
As if the Sun had lent his ev'ry beam
To gild her blushing charms; at length, enhanc'd,
To splendour full the flood of light advanc'd,
And unobscur'd by cloud, or misty shade;
High Heav'n the wonders of the field survey'd.
Forth with th' awaken'd morning, to the plain
Illustrious Godfrey led his marshall'd train;
Raymond he left, to form a watchful ring
Round the last refuge of the Syrian King:
Those faithful Christians too, a num'rous throng,
Who from Judæa's plains had flock'd along

To join their great Deliv'rer, staid behind;
To them a troop of Gascons brave was join'd.
He went; and in his lofty gait and mien,
Tokens of certain victory were seen.
To his proud form new dignity was giv'n;
Such favour had the glorious Chief from Heav'n:
His features beam'd with ev'ry nobler grace;
Youth's purple light shone radiant in his face;
So mov'd his manly limbs, so glanc'd his eye,
He seem'd far rais'd above mortality.
Nor far he mov'd, ere full upon his view
Arose th' encampment of the Pagan crew.
Instant he bids secure a rising ground,
Which bord'ring on his left and rear he found;
Then on the plain unfolds his spreading ranks;
Spacious his front, contracted were his flanks.
His foot the centre held; his troops of horse
On either wing he plac'd, to flank his force.
His left, which on the guarded hill confin'd,
And thence might find protection, he assign'd
To either Robert, an illustrious pair,
And gave the centre to his brother's care.
Himself upon the right his station chose,
Where danger from the open plain arose,
For spreading there, and favour'd by the ground,
The foe, more num'rous, might his force surround.
His native bands in that important post
He plac'd, and all the choicest of the host,
And mingled footmen with his archer horse,
Inur'd to fight amid th' equestrian force.
Then of th' Advent'rers, and of others, fam'd
For long-tried worth, a chosen troop he fram'd;
Apart, upon the right, he bade them stand,
Then set Rinaldo o'er the noble band,

And briefly thus th' exalted youth addrest:
"On thee our hopes of final conquest rest;
"Be thou our sure resource; thy steady train
"Conceal'd behind these spreading wings retain,
"And when the foe draws near, his flank assail,
"Stop his advance, and make his project fail;
"His project, (or I wrongly judge) to wheel,
"And make our flank and rear his onset feel."
Then on his rapid steed he seem'd to fly
From rank to rank, from horse to infantry.
His lifted beaver all his features show'd;
His eyes shot lightning, and he mov'd a God.
New courage to the hopeful he imparts,
With cheerful words revives the doubting hearts;
To bolder spirits their past vaunts repeats,
To all the brave recounts their gallant feats;
Some with the hope of added stipends fir'd,
And talk'd to some of honours, more desir'd.
He reach'd at length a spot, where stood array'd
The noblest of his bands; short pause he made,
Then from a rising ground his speech begun;
Each ear it ravish'd, and each heart it won.
As from some Alpine summit swiftly flows
A mountain torrent, fed by melted snows,
So from his lips, as spake the godlike man,
Swift, easy, smooth, the fluent accents ran.
"Brave friends, the scourge of Christ's rebellious foes,
"Ye, whose strong arm the conquer'd Orient knows,
"Behold the day, that all our toils must crown:
"The day so long desir'd, is now your own.
"Sure Heav'n, mysterious in its high designs,
"Here all in one its rebel sons combines,

"Here brings collected all the Pagan pow'r,
"That num'rous wars may end in one short hour:
"With equal labour, equal risk, and pain,
"In one, a crowd of vict'ries shall we gain.
"And let your breasts no idle terrors know,
"To see such mighty numbers of the foe;
"By want of union, discipline, disjoin'd,
"Their ranks confus'd, their movements uncombin'd,
"Few in th' approaching strife shall bear a part,
"By want of space kept back, or want of heart.
"Half the vast swarms yon hostile ranks that fill,
"Unarm'd, devoid of strength, devoid of skill,
"From lux'ry, or from servile toils were torn,
"And but by violence to battle borne.
"Their falt'ring swords and shields I now survey;
"I mark their trembling banners feebly play;
"Those signs of weakness, which 'tis plain to see,
"Are signs unfailing, and well-known to me;
"Those wav'ring movements, doubtful sounds declare
"Their hearts unnerv'd, and shew that death is there.
"Yon Chief, in gold and glitt'ring purple gay,
"Who looks so proud, and forms his long array,
"O'ercame perchance the Moorish, Arab pow'rs,
"But ill will combat with a force like ours.
"Yet what, in such a mix'd, tumultuous train,
"Could utmost wisdom do? there skill is vain;
"Ill does he know his soldiers, ill is known,
"And scarce could give a comrade's name to one.
"But I, the leader of a chosen host,
"Once to have fought amid your ranks can boast,

"And since at will have rul'd: of all I see,
"Whose country, or whose race, is strange to me?
"Yes—ev'ry sword, and ev'ry shaft that flies,
"Ev'n while it hangs and quivers in the skies,
"If launch'd by French or Irish hands, I know,
"And whose the nervous arm that twang'd the bow.
"Small things I ask: your past renown maintain,
"And what ye once have been, be here again.
"On this great day let ev'ry soldier feel
"His wonted ardour, and his wonted zeal,
"And think upon his honour, and on mine,
"The honour of his murder'd Lord divine.
"Go, crush yon legions, impious and unjust;
"Go, trample ev'ry mangled corse to dust;
"Secure the sacred prize your arms have gain'd:
"But why should worth like yours be thus detain'd?
"Already have ye conquer'd; I descry
"The flash of triumph beaming in your eye."
While yet he spake, all lucid and serene,
A flame, descending from above, was seen,
As when a summer's eve, in sables drest,
Shakes gently from her star-bespangled vest
Some meteor's brilliant fire; but this, more bright,
Might seem the purest quintessence of light,
From the fair Sun's prolific bosom shed;
Lambent it play'd around the Chieftain's head,
And in th' auspicious symbol some would see
An earnest of his future Royalty.
Perchance (if to a mortal tongue be giv'n
To dive into the mysteries of Heav'n)
Some guardian Seraph from the high-thron'd choir
Shot down, and circled him with wings of fire.

While Godfrey thus array'd his Western bands,
Cheer'd with his voice, and dealt his last commands,
Not backward did th' Egyptian Chief remain
To draw his battle forth, and animate his train.
He led his squadrons out, when first from far
He spied the coming of the Christian war.
He too with flanking wings arrang'd his force;
Central his foot, and in the wings his horse.
Himself, superior, o'er the right presides;
The left, the Persian, Altamoro, guides;
To rule the foot, who held the midmost space,
Was Muleasses' charge, and honour'd place,
And in the centre of the battle there,
In martial splendour shone the Syrian Fair.
Upon the right, beside the Gen'ral, stand
The potent Prince, that rul'd o'er India's land,
And Tissaphernes, and th' Imperial band.
But where upon the left the plain, more wide,
Free compass to th' expanding wing supplied,
The Persian, Moorish Kings, and they who reign'd
On Meroë's soil, with Altamore remain'd:
The cross-bows there were plac'd, and they who fling
The feather'd shaft, or whirl the sounding sling.
Thus Emireno form'd his motley crew:
He too to right, and left, and centre, flew;
Spake by interpreters, if need requir'd,
Or spake himself; with praises these inspir'd,
Those with reproach; to some rewards assign'd,
And threats and punishment, sagacious, join'd.
To some in cheering language thus he spoke:
"Whence, my brave soldiers, whence this downcast look?

" Say why your courage sinks? your spirits fail?
" Against an hundred, what can one avail?
" If right I judge, yon scanty ranks will fly,
" Scar'd by our very shadow, and our cry."
To others: " Gallant warriors, boldly go,
" And wrest their lawless plunder from the foe."
Sometimes he pictur'd to their Fancy's view,
(And ev'ry image, as he spake, seem'd true)
Their injur'd country, lost in woe profound,
Their trembling families, in sorrow drown'd:
" Think that through me your native land implores
" Your aid, and thus her suppliant language pours:
' Guard thou my laws, nor let th' unhallow'd stain
' Of native blood my sacred domes profane.
' Secure my virgins from lust's hot embrace,
' Protect your fathers' ashes from disgrace.
' Each hoary sire, worn out with length of days,
' To you the honours of his head displays,
' And weeps that youth is gone; my daughters show
' Their heaving bosoms, and their necks of snow,
' By all your past delights they seek to move,
' By childhood's cradle, and the bed of love.'
To many thus he spake: " Lo! at your hands
" Asia her vindicated fame demands,
" And on yon robber-band, a barb'rous crew,
" She asks a great, a just revenge, from you."
Such arts he tries, in many a varying tongue,
To rouse the courage of his various throng.
And now the Leaders ceas'd, and now was seen
Small interval, the fronting hosts between.
Great was the sight, and marvellous to view.
As nearer each to each the armies drew;

How the long ranks, array'd in goodly line,
Burn'd to move on, and watch'd the tardy sign;
How to the winds the streaming flags were spread,
How wav'd the plumage on the crested head,
While rich habiliments, and arms of price,
And many a gaudy hue, and gay device,
Blaz'd in the Sun, resplendent to behold,
With flashing iron, and with gleaming gold.
Each host, of close-set trees a spacious wood
Bright seem; so thick the bristling lances stood.
Their spears are couch'd, and bent is ev'ry bow;
They whirl their slings aloft, in act to throw;
Each warlike horse is eager to engage,
And seconds with his own, his master's rage,
Paws with his feet, and conscious of his pow'rs,
Swells his wide nostrils, and the ground devours,
And restless turns and starts, with prancings proud,
And smoke and flame expires, and snorts, and neighs aloud.
Grim war with all its horrors, yet was fair;
Though all was dreadful, all was pleasing there.
For less the valour-breathing trumpet cheers,
And terrifies at once, the list'ning ears.
But yet, though weaker far, the Faithful host
Sight more gay, more joyful sounds could boast;
Their beamy armour shot a brighter flame,
And from their breathing brass more lofty music came.
The Christian trumpets first the foe defied:
For slowly to the call the foe replied.
Then knelt the Franks, with reverence profound
Ador'd high Heav'n, and kiss'd the sacred ground:
The space contracts th' advancing fronts betwixt;
Vanishes;—and foe with foe is mixt:

Now in the wings th' equestrian combat glows ;—
And now the foot in sturdier battle close.
But who was first, of all the Christian train,
Fair honour's never-dying wreath to gain ?
'Twas thou, Gildippe ! by disposing Heav'n
Such glory to a woman's arm was giv'n.
Hyrcanus, who great Ormus' throne possest,
Her deathful lance o'ertook, and pierc'd his breast.
He falls transfix'd, and hears th' exulting foe
With shouts of triumph hail th' auspicious blow.
The warlike female, when her lance was broke,
With manly arm her trenchant falchion took,
And driving 'mid the Persian ranks her horse,
Burst their thick battle, matchless in her force.
First at the waist she smote Zopyrus through :
Down fell the bleeding carcase, cleft in two.
Then fierce Alarcon, where th' expanding throat
At once the food and voice transmits, she smote.
Next Artaxerxes, stunn'd, upon the plain
She hurl'd : Argæus by a thrust was slain :
Then at the wrist stern Ismael's hand she lopp'd :
The sever'd hand the useless bridle dropp'd ;
The stroke, above the courser's ears that hiss'd,
His mettle rous'd ; but when the curb he miss'd,
Sideways he starts, and as he rears and bounds,
The line disorders, and the files confounds.
All these, and more, beneath her prowess died,
Whom long-revolving years in silence hide.
Around the heroine, eager to possess
Her shining spoils, the thronging Persians press ;
'Twas then her husband, seiz'd with timely fear,
To aid the partner he ador'd, drew near,
And the fond pair, indissolubly join'd,
New vigour in their faithful union find.

Defensive arts, till now unheard, untried,
To these, his favour'd vot'ries, Love supplied.
To guard each other's valued life alone
They bent their thoughts, forgetful of their own.
The female warrior strove but to repel
The blows that on her honour'd consort fell:
When danger to his much-lov'd wife appear'd,
To ward th' impending stroke, the husband rear'd
His spreading buckler, and if need were found,
Had on his naked head receiv'd the wound.
Thus their defence a mutual care they make;
Each too takes vengeance for the other's sake.
By Edward's arm great Artaban was slain,
Who held o'er Boëcan his lordly reign:
Alvantes then, who at his cherish'd wife,
His murd'rous steel had aim'd, he robb'd of life.
She Arimontes' shatter'd forehead clove,
Whose arm, presumptuous, had assail'd her love.
Such deeds they wrought: But from the Christian band
More victims grac'd the King of Samarcand.
Where'er his falchion fell, his courser flew,
Horse, foot, alike he slaughter'd, or o'erthrew.
'Twas happier far an instant death to meet,
Than groan beneath the pond'rous courser's feet;
For whom the sword had spar'd, he with his teeth
Or tore, or trampled as they lay beneath.
Brunello huge of limb, Ardonio great,
From mightier Altamore receiv'd their fate:
Of one, through helm and skull the weapon sped;
Hung down on either side the parted head.
One, pierc'd where first the germs of laughter start,
And spreading as they rise, dilate the heart,

(Strange sight, and dreadful to the gazer's eyes)
To laughter is constrain'd, and laughing dies.
Nor these alone his falchion tore away
From earth's attachments, and the light of day,
But hurried to their last long home beside,
Gentonio, Guido, Guasco, Rosmond died.
But all the hero's victims who shall tell,
Beneath the rider or the horse that fell,
Record their names, their modes of death explain,
How fought the Monarch, and how died the slain?
None dar'd to meet his arm; none dar'd from far
Provoke his great revenge with distant war.
Alone Gildippe unappall'd remain'd,
Nor from the great, th' unequal strife abstain'd:
Full in the warrior's front her course she bore;
Nor manly-hearted Amazon of yore
E'er on Thermodon's banks was seen to wield
Her Thracian arms, the battle-axe and shield,
So fearless, as the fearless Christian dame
To meet the dreadful Persian's fury came.
She struck, where high above his helmet rais'd,
His diadem in pomp barbaric blaz'd,
With gold and many-hued enamel gay:
She lopp'd the gaudy ornaments away,
And scatter'd on the sand: the haughty foe
Bow'd his high head, in homage to the blow.
Full well he knew no vulgar hand had dealt
A stroke so rude; and keen despite he felt;
His shame to vindicate, he stay'd not long,
But ere he well receiv'd, aveng'd the wrong.
That very moment he return'd the stroke
Full on her forehead fair; so dire the shock,
All sense, all strength forsook her nerveless frame;
But her fond spouse sustain'd the tott'ring Dame.

Or Fortune now her timely succour lent,
Or their own worth suffic'd, the King, content,
Cut short his vengeance, nor the blow pursued:
Some lion thus, with noble soul endued,
Sees on the ground his prostrate victim lie,
And eyes him with disdain, and passes by.
Ormond meanwhile, who play'd the traitor's part,
And kept his secret steel for Godfrey's heart,
With false devices join'd the Christian band:
Around him close his fellow-traitors stand.
So wolves, protected by the gloom of night,
Like dogs in shape and size, deceive the sight;
Beneath their bellies hid, their tails they hold,
And prowl ferocious round the guarded fold.
Now nearer they approach'd; now close at hand,
By Godfrey's side fierce Ormond took his stand:
But when the pious Chieftain's watchful sight
Observ'd th' assum'd disguise of gold and white,
"Behold the traitor," he exclaim'd, "who tries
"In Europe's borrow'd garb to cheat our eyes.
"Lo! against me he speeds his treach'rous crew."
Then at the leader of the plot he flew,
And struck the stroke of death; th' astonish'd foe
Nor sought to ward, nor to return the blow,
Nor strove to fly; but rooted to the place,
As if the Gorgon scowl'd before his face,
He stood, (though once for daring valour known)
Congeal'd to ice, and harden'd into stone.
Instant, indignant at the traitor-band,
'Gainst them alone was lifted ev'ry hand;
On them each quiver drain'd its feather'd store,
Each lance, each falchion, thirsted for their gore,
Till into such a show'r of fragments flew
Ormond, and all his base confed'rate crew,

That soon, their lives at once and treason o'er,
Their very bodies found a place no more.
When Godfrey once with hostile blood was stain'd,
No longer from the combat he refrain'd,
But rush'd impatient, where the Persian Lord
His thickest ranks dissolv'd, his fairest battle gor'd:
There fled confus'd, dispers'd, his goodly bands,
As fly before the wind the Lybian sands.
Griev'd at the view, that way his course he guides,
And stops the fugitives; their flight he chides,
And fiercely at the great pursuer rides.
Such fight commenc'd, as ne'er was seen of yore
At Ida's base, on Xanthus' well-sung shore.
Elsewhere on foot no common deeds were wrought,
Where Baldwin and where Mulcasses fought.
Nor less upon th' extremest left engag'd
Th' equestrian ranks, nor less the battle rag'd.
'Twas there the Captain of the barb'rous train
In person fought, there the great rivals twain.
One Robert with the Pagan Leader held
Suspended fight, nor this nor that excell'd:
But by the Indian Monarch's pow'rful sword
His namesake's helm was riv'n, his gaping armour bor'd.
No foe great Tissaphernes met whose might
Could face his matchless arm in equal fight.
Where'er most thick the warring throng was found,
He rush'd, and death promiscuous slaughter round

Thus the pois'd battle hangs in equal scale;
Alternate hopes, alternate fears prevail.
Thick strew'd with shiver'd spears were all the fields,
With shatter'd helmets, and with broken shields;
Here, on the ground lay many an useless sword,
There, fix'd in bellies gash'd, in bosoms gor'd:
Some corses lay supine, some prone were found,
And bit, in parting agony, the ground.
Close to his lord th' expiring steed was spread,
And comrades lay amid their comrades dead;
The foe repos'd beside his mortal foe;
Conquer'd and conqu'ror all alike lay low,
And living mix'd with dead, enhanc'd the sight of woe.
No cries were heard, nor silence yet was there;
An indistinct, hoarse murmur fill'd the air,
The roar of rage, the murmur deep of ire,
The groans of them that languish, or expire.
Those arms, that lately show'd so fair, so bright,
Present a fearful, melancholy sight.
The iron's flash, the gold's rich gleam was gone;
Beauteous no more the varying colours shone;
The tow'ring crest, the painted plumage gay,
Now trampled on the ground, dishonour'd, lay;
All was with dust defil'd, or foul with gore:
Such alter'd semblance each brave army wore.

The Arabs then, the Moorish, Æthiop host,
Who held upon the left their distant post,
Advanc'd, and spreading their expanded ranks,
Wheel'd round, and pour'd upon the hostile flanks.
The slingers and the archers from afar
Already gall'd the Franks with missile war,

When great Rinaldo mov'd his band; their course
Match'd or the thunder's or the earthquake's force.
First of the brave, amid the tawny band,
Did Assimirus, Meroë's Sultan, stand.
Him, where the sable neck supports the head,
Rinaldo smote, and mix'd him with the dead.
But when the taste of vict'ry came, t' excite
The victor's yet unwhetted appetite
For blood and death, portentous deeds he wrought,
Surpassing all belief, surpassing thought.
Not blows, but deaths he dealt; yet quickly fell
The tempest of his blows unspeakable.
As three envenom'd tongues the serpent shews,
(From one, quick-rolling, the deception flows)
So seem'd Rinaldo to that trembling band
To wave three falchions in his rapid hand:
His nimble movements cheat the dazzled view,
And Fear believes the vain illusion true.
The Negro Chiefs, the Kings from Afric's shore,
Lay dead, and welt'ring in each other's gore.
Fir'd by th' example of the youthful Lord,
To charge the crowd his gallant comrades pour'd.
Then horrible dismay and ruin dread
Burst on the misbelieving vulgar's head;
'Twas slaughter now,—no more a manly strife;
Those plied their weapons, these resign'd the life.
Nor long their courage serv'd the foe to face,
The wound inviting in an honest place;
They fly; such fear o'ertook the routed host,
Soon were their files confus'd, their order lost
Nor did the victor from pursuit refrain,
Till all the mob fled scatter'd o'er the plain.

Content, the dreadful chase he then gave o'er;
Against a flying foe he rag'd no more:
But as, when hills or woods its course oppose,
The baffled wind with two-fold fury blows,
But soon, the free and level plains along,
Pours its smooth gales less boist'rous and less strong;
As 'mong the rocks vex'd Ocean frets and raves,
But rolls, when unconfin'd, his tranquil waves;
So, when resistance slacken'd and decreas'd,
The great Rinaldo's sated anger ceas'd.
Then scorning to consume his rage in vain,
A worthless triumph, on the flying train,
Against the foot he bent his alter'd course,
Late flank'd by Libyan and by Arab horse,
But naked now, for they to whom for aid
They look'd had fled, or in the dust were laid.
He came athwart them, and his men at arms
Smote the close order of th' unmounted swarms.
Through bristled spears he burst; the phalanx strong
He pierc'd; he rush'd amid the wav'ring throng
And scatter'd, and o'erthrew; the storms that blow
Lay with less ease the pliant harvest low:
The ground beneath his feet is cover'd o'er
With arms, and mangled limbs, and floats with gore:
Then rush the horsemen on; their trampling feet
Scour the wide champain, and the rout complete.
Where fair Armida rein'd her gilded car
In pomp of beauty and in pomp of war,
Rinaldo past: her guards, a noble band
Of Knights and lovers, round their mistress stand.

She knew him well; at once with kindling ire
Flash'd her bright eyes, and quiver'd with desire.
Across Rinaldo's cheek the colour came,
And quickly past away: Armida's frame
Was ice alternate, and alternate flame.
The warrior turn'd aside, and onward went,
As one on thoughts of deeper moment bent.
But the sworn champions suffer'd not to go
Unharm'd, or unassail'd, their rival-foe.
Some drew the sword, some couch'd the lance in haste;
She on the string a feather'd arrow plac'd;
Fierce anger nerv'd her arm, her soul enrag'd;
But Love controll'd her wrath, her scorn assuag'd;
To conquer anger, Love arose, and show'd
That in her breast his smother'd flame still glow'd.
Thrice with extended arms the bow she strain'd.
And thrice the string she slacken'd, thrice refrain'd.
Hatred at length prevail'd; the stubborn yew
She stretch'd; on sounding wing the arrow flew;
It flew,—but with it went a sudden pray'r
That all its fury might be lost in air.
Fain would she that the death-commissioned dart
Might turn again, and glide into her heart:
Such was defeated Love's prevailing pow'r;
(How far more mighty in his conqu'ring hour!)
But soon repentant of her wish she grew,
And anger in her bosom wak'd anew.
Thus by conflicting passions melted, fir'd,
By turns she dreaded, and by turns desir'd,
The shaft might reach its aim; with anxious eyes
And beating breast, she marks it as it flies.
But not in vain its course the weapon took;
The cuirass of the steel-clad Knight it strook;

Too hard for female force such arms were found;
Back it rebounded, guiltless of a wound.
He turn'd his back; with added rage she burn'd,
To see her arms contemn'd, her vengeance scorn'.
Again her bow she drew, her shaft she sent;
Again,—again; but all in vain they went;
And while she shot, Love play'd an abler part,
And tore with many a wound her yielding heart.
"What? is he proof?" she cried, "nor fears to feel,
"Safe in some potent charm, th' avenging steel?
"Perchance in adamant his limbs are drest,
"The same that forms the texture of his breast?
"What arms are his, what charter, to despise
"The pow'r of hostile hands, and sparkling eyes?
"Arm'd or unarm'd, defeat I still must know,
"Despis'd a lover, and despis'd a foe.
"Alas! to me, of ev'ry chance bereft,
"No new disguise, no untried art is left!
"Ah! wretched maid! and do no hopes remain
"Of promis'd vengeance from my knightly train?
"Oppos'd to force like his, their efforts fail,
"Their strength is nerveless, and their weapons frail."
Her champions, as she spake, the Fair-one view'd,
Some lifeless, some appall'd, o'erthrown, subdued.
Herself to guard, her own weak arm were vain;
Her Fancy's eye foresees the servile chain:
Useless alike to her, though each stood near,
Minerva's, Cynthia's arms, the bow, the spear.
As the soft cygnet, when the bird of Jove
Impends with deadly talons from above,
Crouches to earth, and folds his wings, and cow'rs;
So shrunk the Fair, and lost, unnerv'd, her pow'rs,

But Altamore, whose efforts, not in vain,
Had labour'd to uphold his Persian train,
Which falter'd, and had turn'd to headlong flight,
But by his arm sustain'd, his single might,
When now his idol's danger caught his view:
Thither with eager haste he ran, he flew;
His troops, his honour, claim'd no more his care;
Perish the world, but rescued be the Fair.
Himself escorts her unprotected car,
And scatters with his sword th' opposing war:
But routed by Rinaldo's, Godfrey's hand,
That instant fled his unsupported band:
The Prince beholds his squadrons backward move,
Less ardent now in battle than in love:
From danger safe he saw th' enchanting maid,
Then turn'd again, his vanquish'd troops to aid,
But turn'd too late; for there the Pagan host
Was broke, dispers'd, and past redemption lost.

But on the left, the Franks, constrain'd to yield,
Had to the infidels resign'd the field.
One princely Robert scarce escap'd; his breast,
His visage, many an honest wound confest:
One pris'ner by the Indian King was made:
Such equal loss the balanc'd fight display'd.
The fav'ring moment Godfrey then embrac'd,
His files re-marshall'd, and again in haste
Led to the charge; the wings, till now unbroke,
Each thus with either join'd the horrid shock.
Both, as they met, with hostile blood were stain'd,
The spoils of hard-earn'd triumph both had gain'd;
On either side were conquest's honours seen,
And Mars and Fortune, wav'ring, hung between.

While dubious thus the stubborn conflict stands
Betwixt the Faithful and the Pagan bands,

The Sultan climb'd a tall balcony's height,
And view'd, though far remote, the furious fight,
As on a stage, or listed field, his eye
Saw at one glance the dismal tragedy;
Saw ev'ry charge,—each host retire,—advance;
The turns of Fortune, and the sports of Chance.
When first the wond'rous scene the Monarch view'd,
Buried in deep amaze awhile he stood,
But soon with kindred emulation fir'd,
To share the glory, share the risk, desir'd.
His wish he curb'd not; on his head in haste
(All else was fully arm'd) his helm he plac'd;
"On, on," he cried, "no more, no more delay;
"To-day we conquer, or we die to-day."
Or 'twas the Providence of Heav'n inclin'd
His thoughts to rage, and fir'd his madden'd mind,
That then might end at once the Pagan reign,
And of its splendours past no trace remain;
Or that, as now his fated hour was come,
He felt his soul spurr'd on to meet his doom;—
With headlong speed he hastens to unbar
The gates, and launches unexpected war;
Alone he goes, and waits not till his bands
Attend his steps, and honour his commands;
Alone he leaps the thickest foes among,
And scowls defiance on the raging throng.
As in a vortex dragg'd, the vulgar crew,
And Aladine himself, his steps pursue;
That Aladine, whose calculating breast
Th' extreme of coward caution late possest,
Now fearless grew; blind rage the flame supplied,
And fell despair achiev'd what hope denied.

The first that crost the furious Sultan's way,
Beneath his sudden stroke extended lay:
Such rapid deaths he dealt, the baffled eye
Saw not the blows descend—saw but the victims die.
Fear spreads from mouth to mouth, from front to rear;
Quick fly the Christians, as the news they hear;
With sudden panic seiz'd, the Syrian throng
In wild confusion urge their flight along,
But, with less shameful rout, the Gascon host
Their ranks preserve, and slowly quit their post,
Though nearest to the danger they, and first
On them the tempest of the battle burst.
No bird, that reigns the plumy nations o'er,
No beast, that awes the forest with his roar,
E'er dyed its talons or its fangs in gore
With such dire fury, as the Turkish Lord
Now flesh'd amid the foes his cruel sword;
It seem'd, as if with hunger's sense endued,
To crash their members, and to quaff their blood.
The hoary Aladine beside him fought;
His train that follow'd the besiegers smote.
But to the spot the gallant Raymond ran,
Where, routed by the might of Solyman,
His broken files gave way; full near he drew,
Nor thought of flight, though well the arm he knew,
The arm unequall'd, which so late had dealt
The blow, whose mortal anguish yet he felt.
Again he fac'd him, and again lay low;
His luckless front receiv'd a second blow:
Not he, but age, be blam'd; the hoary head
Might ill resist an enemy so dread,

Round the fall'n Chief an hundred falchions play'd;
A firm defence as many bucklers made.
The Sultan past; he view'd him as he lay,
And lifeless deem'd him, or an easy prey;
He rush'd upon the rest;—he hew'd, he smote;
In narrow compass mighty deeds he wrought.
Then hurried by his rage, th' ungovern'd Lord
Sought in an ampler field new victims for his sword.
As one, who pinch'd by hunger, springs in haste
From want's poor table to a rich repast,
So in more spacious war he sought for food
To quench his thirst for battle and for blood.
Down through the shatter'd wall his way he makes,
And to the field of fight his progress takes.
But with his comrades still his rage remain'd,
And still the shrinking foe their fears retain'd,
The fears his arm inspir'd: these stoutly try
To finish the imperfect victory,
While those, resisting, still maintain the fight,
But show, in their resistance, signs of flight.
In good array retires the Gascon throng;
The Syrian people fly, dispers'd, along:
Near too the spot they come, where Tancred lies
Sore from his wounds; he heard, within, their cries;
Swift from the couch his feeble limbs he rais'd,
The roof he mounted, and around him gaz'd;
Stretch'd on the ground he sees brave Raymond lie,
While some recede, and some disorder'd fly.
But valour, ever vig'rous and the same,
Though strength may fail, and droop the languid frame,
With pow'rs reborn his fainting limbs indued,
In place of spirits, and in place of blood.

With his left hand he grasp'd his weightiest shield,
Nor fail'd his bloodless arm its load to wield;
Then seizing with his right his naked blade,
('Tis all a brave man needs) no longer stay'd,
But cried, descending, "Whither do ye go,
"And leave your Lord a victim to the foe?
"Shall then his trophied arms, in pomp display'd,
"An ornament to mosques accurst be made?
"Go, hasten to your native land, and tell
"The son, that in the field his father fell,
"While you, like cowards, turn'd your backs, and fled."

To guard the routed troops, as thus he said,
Troops vig'rous, and in armour, he addrest
His feeble, naked, undefended breast;
And with his pond'rous shield, of sev'n bull's hides
Compos'd, and fenc'd with temper'd steel besides,
Protects the gallant Earl, secure of harms,
From swords close-brandish'd, and from missile arms,
And with his steel so chas'd the foes away,
That safe, as in the shade, untouch'd, he lay.
The brave old warrior, shelter'd thus, at length
Respir'd and rose, in spirit and in strength
Still unimpair'd; he glow'd with two-fold flame,
His manly heart with rage, his cheek with shame:
To ev'ry spot he cast his eyes around,
To seek the foe whose fury twice he found:
He saw him not;—he murmur'd deep with ire,
And on his people wreak'd the vengeful fire.
The Gascons turn'd, and re-uniting, pour'd
To second the resentment of their Lord.
The Pagans, late so daring, timid grow;
The Christians, late appall'd, with courage glow

Who late retir'd, prest on; who prest, gave way:
Thus one short moment alter'd all the fray.
A great atonement noble Raymond made,
And with an hundred deaths one transient insult paid.

While Raymond thus his hot revenge pursued,
And quench'd his anger in the noblest blood,
Foremost he saw amid the fighting band
Th' Usurper proud of fair Judæa's land:
He met him; on his front he struck amain,—
Nor slack'd his arm, but struck, and struck again;
The Tyrant falls, and with convulsive sighs
He bites the ground he govern'd, as he dies.

One Prince now slain, the other far remov'd,
The Pagan train divided passion prov'd;
Some, like an hunted beast to madness push'd,
With guardless breasts on pointed weapons rush'd;
Some, by their fears o'ercome, for safety fled;
To where they first were shelter'd, back they sped:
But mingling with the foe's confus'd retreat,
The victors enter, and their task complete:
The fort is won; some, as they mount on high,
Some slaughter'd at the very entrance, die.
High on the top brave Raymond took his stand;
He grasp'd the conqu'ring banner in his hand,
And full in either army's sight unroll'd
Far-floating on the breeze, the sacred fold.
The Sultan saw it not; behind him far
Those scenes he now had left, and join'd more mighty war.
He reach'd the field, all warm, all red with gore,
And still with carnage streaming more and more;
To hold his empire there grim Death appear'd,
There stalk'd victorious, there his trophies rear'd.

A steed he spies, which, free from bitt or rein,
Had left the ranks, and scour'd at large the plain.
He grasps the bridle, on the vacant horse
Springs with light bound, and goads him to the course,
And to the Saracens, dishearten'd, spent,
A short-liv'd, but momentous aid he lent,
Like Heav'n's dread bolt, of great, but transient pow'r,
That bursts and passes in unlook'd-for hour,
But on the rocks, all shatter'd by its force,
Imprints eternal traces of its course.
Hundreds he slaughter'd, but of all that fell,
Two gallant names alone the Muse shall tell,
And snatch from envious time: Ye noble pair,
Edward the brave, Gildippe brave and fair!
Your fate disastrous, and your worth sublime
In many a distant, undiscover'd clime,
(If to my Tuscan lays such pow'r belong)
Shall live, embalm'd in never-dying song:
Thus future ages shall your names approve
As prodigies of valour, and of love,
And lovers fond their tearful homage pay
To your sad doom, and Tasso's happier lay.
The high-soul'd heroine urg'd her foaming steed
Where the fierce Sultan made the bravest bleed;
Betwixt his ribs her thund'ring sword she drove:
His side she wounded, and his shield she clove.
Soon by her emblems fair the Dame he knew;
"Behold the strumpet and her lover too,"
Furious he cried; "'twere better far at home
"To ply the needle, and arrange the loom,
"Than thus in arms through fields of battle ride,
"And bring thy doting lover at thy side."

He said, and with tremendous wrath inflam'd,
A dread and desp'rate stroke at random aim'd.
Her arms it pierc'd, and to her breast past on,—
A bosom, form'd for wounds of Love alone.
Instant her drooping hand the reins forsook,
And pallid death was painted on her look.
A sight so sad escap'd not Edward's eyes;
Swift to her aid, but vainly swift, he flies.
What shall he do? a war of passions burns
Within his breast; rage, pity, rule by turns.
This prompts him to sustain his falling wife;
That calls for vengeance, and the murd'rer's life:
Unbiass'd Love would fain to both engage,
And sate at once his pity, and his rage.
He props her with his left, and with his right,
The minister of vengeance, dares the fight.
But pow'r and will divided, nought avail;
Against a foe so great, they well might fail.
He nor supports the Fair, nor robs of breath
The foe that gave his better half to death.
The arm, that sought her sinking frame to stay,
The Sultan's keen-edg'd falchion lopp'd away:
He dropt his hold, and o'er the prostrate Dame
Th' expiring husband spread his quiv'ring frame.
As some tall elm, around whose trunk entwine
The am'rous tendrils of the cluster'd vine,
If or the lightning's fiery force it feel,
Or sink a victim to the woodman's steel,
Down to the ground its blooming consort bears,
And all her honours green deflow'rs and tears,
Crushing her grapes, that swell with nectar'd
store;
It seems the dire misfortune to deplore,

Nor for itself alone, but most of all
Grieves for its partner, ruin'd in its fall:
Thus Edward fell, and mourn'd for her alone
Whom Heav'n for ever had decreed his own.
Fain would they speak, but on their stiff'nin
tongue
Sighs indistinct, and unform'd accents hungs:
Wistful they gaze upon each other's face,
And snatch, while yet they may, a last embrace;
At once from either's eyes the day withdrew,
And hand in hand to Heav'n their kindred spiri
flew.
Soon Fame unties her tongues, and spreads he
wings,
And tidings of the sad disaster brings:
Nor Rumour's voice alone Rinaldo hears;
A special messenger confirms his fears.
Compassion, kindness, grief, at once engage
His soul to vengeance, and assist his rage.
'Twas then the great Adrastus crost his way,
And in the Sultan's sight provok'd the fray.
Proudly the King exclaim'd: "At length I see
"Whom long mine eyes have sought; and the
art he.
"I know, and well have mark'd, each blazon
shield;
"By name I call'd thee through the spacious fiel
"This hour shall see fulfill'd the vow I made;
"Now to my Goddess shall thy head be paid.
"Here then our force, our valour, let us try,
"Thou as Armida's foe, her champion I."
Then on the temples of th' Italian foe,
Then on the neck, he dealt a furious blow.

The temper'd helm, unharm'd, repels the stroke;
But twice his head, confounded by the shock,
Down to his saddle-bow Rinaldo brought;
Recov'ring soon, the Indian King he smote
Full in the side; so dire a blow he gave,
Apollo's art were pow'rless there to save.
Low lies th' unconquer'd Lord, of giant size,
And by a single blow he falls, he dies.
Lost in amaze the startled gazers stood;
Fear chill'd their hearts, and horror froze their blood:
The cheek of Solyman grew pale with awe;
His heart was troubled, when that stroke he saw:
Th' approach of death his soul prophetic knew;
All dubious and irresolute he grew,
Strange case for him; but not to man is giv'n
To strive against th' eternal laws of Heav'n.
As when upon his couch the sick man lies,
And doubtful visions float before his eyes,
To run, to fly, his palsied limbs he strains,
But useless all his efforts, all his pains;
Strive though he may, his hands, his feeble feet
The soul's impatient wish refuse to meet:
Or if to loose his fetter'd tongue he tries,
Alike 'tis vain: nor voice, nor words arise:
To force his spirits thus, to rouse his might,
The Sultan strove, and fain would dare the fight.
But now no more his wonted courage glows,
Nor in his alter'd self himself he knows.
Whate'er of fire awoke within his breast,
That rising fire a secret dread represt:
His dubious soul conflicting passions sway;
Nor yet of flight he thinks, nor yet gives way.

While in suspense his spirit thus was held,
The conqu'ror came, and as he came, excell'd
(So thought his foe) all things of mortal mould
In swiftness, fury, vigour uncontroll'd.
Resistance none the Sultan made; nor yet
His kingly greatness could in death forget;
He shrunk not from the blow; he pour'd no groan;
And all he did was noble, great, his own.
But when the Sultan, who so oft had lain
O'erthrown, and like Antæus, ris'n again
More mighty from his fall, now prest the ground
To rise no more, soon flew the news around:
Fortune, all wav'ring and unfix'd before,
Held vict'ry in suspended scale no more,
But stay'd her wheel, and to the Christians brought
Her certain aid, and with them leagu'd, and fought.
Th' Imperial band now join'd the rest in flight,
The band where Asia centred all her might:
Though late Immortal call'd, that title high
Avail'd not to avert its destiny.
He, in whose charge the Caliph's flag was plac'd,
Fled with the rest, dishearten'd and disgrac'd;
But him th' indignant Emirene restrain'd,
And thus in bitterness of soul complain'd:
"And art thou he, to whom, 'mid thousands brave,
"My royal Master's honour'd flag I gave?
"Why, Rimedon, such favour did I show?
"That thou might'st bear it backward from the foe?

" See'st thou thy Leader in the thickest fight,
" And basely leav'st him, coward, in thy flight?
" What would'st thou? safety? then return with me;
" To death conducts the path pursued by thee.
" Who seeks to live, must join the manly strife;
" The road to honour is the road to life."
Backward he turn'd, rebuk'd, asham'd, confus'd:
More grave reproof with some the Captain us'd,
Or threats, or blows; those who from death had fled,
Again, through fear of death, to battle sped.
Thus of his routed wing the better part
He forms anew; nor hope deserts his heart.
But Tissaphernes most his hopes inspir'd,
Who not one backward step had yet retir'd.
Great on that day was Tissaphernes' might;
The Norman ranks he broke, and put to flight;
With slaughter vast the Flemings he o'erthrew,
And Gernier, Gerard, Balnavilla slew.
Then, when his life's short span, by deeds renown'd,
Was lengthen'd to fair Glory's utmost bound,
As if his life no more deserv'd his care,
He sought the greatest risk of all the war.
He saw Rinaldo, and Rinaldo knew,
Although his emblems, of cærulean-blue,
Were alter'd to the crimson's sanguine hue;
Though the proud Eagle on his shield that stood,
Had stain'd her silver beak, her claws, with blood.
" Behold the greatest dangers of the field,"
He cried; " may fav'ring Heav'n its succour yield
" To this last effort; may my Fair-one see
" His death, her vengeance, and my victory.

" And if, O Mahomet, the meed I gain,
" Yon votive arms shall decorate thy fane."
'Twas thus he pour'd his vows to empty air;
Deaf was the lying Prophet to his pray'r.
As, when the lordly lion strives to make
The native furies of his soul awake,
With his strong tail his sounding sides he smites;
So Tissaphernes all his rage excites;
Calls keen desire his heart, his arm to move,
And lights his anger at the fire of Love;
Closing behind his shield, his mighty force
He gathers for th' assault, and goads his headlong horse.
Rinaldo saw him come; with equal speed
To meet the shock he drove his adverse steed.
An open space th' appall'd spectators made,
And pausing, the terrific sight survey'd.
Such fearful blows, so various, mark'd the fight
Betwixt the Saracen and Christian Knight,
That all who view'd the scene, their private lot,
Their wrath, their pain, their toils, remember'd not,
And in amaze absorb'd, themselves forgot.
The Pagan only struck; th' Italian foe,
More strong, and better arm'd, at ev'ry blow
Dealt a deep wound; th' Egyptian's helm, his shield,
Were riv'n; his blood in torrents dyed the field.
Her champion's case Armida view'd; with awe
His failing strength, his shatter'd arms she saw;
Weak was the tie that bound her to the rest,
Such fear her whole dishearten'd band opprest.
Late with a warrior-crowd encompass'd round,
Herself alone upon her car she found:

No hopes of conquest and revenge remain;
Life she detests; she dreads the victor's chain.
Half frantic, half by fear o'erwhelm'd, with speed
She quits her car, and mounts a ready steed:
She goes, she flies; and close beside her move,
Like grey-hounds at the chase, fierce Rage and Love.
So fled of yore from Actium's fatal scene,
Smit with a woman's fears, th' Egyptian Queen,
And left her Lord, amid the raging fight,
To face the happier Cæsar's conqu'ring might.
False to himself, a slave to passion's sway,
He follow'd soon the sails that bore his love away.
And Tissaphernes gladly had pursued
The beauteous Mischief;—but his foe withstood.
He, when his joy, his hope, had disappear'd,
Thought that the Sun's enliv'ning beam, that cheer'd
His eyes, his heart, had vanish'd from his view;
At him who thus his stay constrain'd, he flew,
And on his front a furious stroke bestow'd;
More light descends the hammer's pond'rous load,
When their strong arms the brawny Cyclops ply,
To forge the sounding thunders of the sky.
Rinaldo the gigantic blow confest,
His head inclining till it touch'd his breast;
But soon erect again, with brandish'd sword
His vengeful arm the Pagan's corselet bor'd,
His ribs transpierc'd, and reach'd the vital part
Where life maintains its citadel, the heart,
Nor there, urg'd on by force resistless, stay'd,
But at his back a second life-wound made;
Away the liberated spirit flew,
And through each spacious gap at once withdrew.

Rinaldo paus'd, to see where best were made
His next attack, where needed most his aid:
Order amid the foe no more he found;
Their standards all lay prostrate on the ground.
Then ceas'd his arm; then slept, at once represt,
The martial flame that burn'd within his breast.
Calm he became; and straight the flying Fair
He call'd to mind her sorrow, her despair.
Her flight he saw: Compassion now demands
Protection for Armida at his hands.
And still his plighted faith he kept in view,
His pledge, to be her Knight, and champion true,
When homeward from th' Enchanted Island borne,
He bent his parting steps, and left her there forlorn.
He follow'd where she fled, where'er he found
Her palfrey's steps imprinted on the ground.
A spot recluse she reach'd, o'ercast with gloom,
Meet for the suicide's unhappy doom.
Much she rejoic'd that chance her steps had led
To this lone vale, with dismal shade o'erspread.
Dismounting from her steed, she laid aside
Her hated bow and quiver, late her pride:
"Unhappy arms, sad source of woe and shame,"
She cried, "since bloodless from the fight ye came!
"I quit you here, here bury in the ground,
"Since to avenge my wrongs unequal found.
"What! in so choice a store, not one indued
"With pow'r to dip its point in hostile blood?
"Though other hearts are adamant or steel,
"A woman's bosom ye may force to feel.
"I offer you my breast, unarm'd and bare;
"There be your worth display'd, your triumphs there.

" Its soft and yielding texture Love can tell;
" There never yet in vain his arrows fell.
" Here show your temper; pardon'd thus shall be
" Your weakness past; be strong, be keen, on me.
" Unblest Armida! cruel is thy doom,
" If from such source thine only hope can come!
" Since here all other remedies must fail,
" And wounds alone to cure my wounds avail,
" The barbed steel shall heal Love's fiercer smart,
" And Death, sad remedy! relieve my heart:
" Thrice happy, if my disembodied ghost
" Bear not this plague to haunt th' infernal coast.
" Love stay behind; thou, anger, with me go;
" Be thou my comrade in the realms below,
" Or with my shade return to upper air,
" To drive the impious traitor to despair,
" With dreams of wild affright his sense o'erpow'r,
" And break his slumbers at the midnight hour."
Here ceas'd the Fair; and with determin'd heart
Chose out her strongest and her sharpest dart;
When lo! the youthful Knight arriv'd; he found
Armida tott'ring on life's utmost bound;
Her features fix'd in wild despair he view'd;
On her fair cheek death's ghastly paleness stood.
Behind her close he came; her arm he prest,
Her arm, just rais'd to pierce her beauteous breast.
Armida turn'd; amaz'd the Knight she spies;
Till now his coming had escap'd her eyes.
She scream'd, and from the face she lov'd so well,
With scorn her eyes remov'd, and swooning fell;
She bent, like some fair flow'r, half cut in twain,
Her languid neck: he struggled to sustain
The sinking Fair; he clasp'd her slender waist,
And from her breast the strait'ning robe displac'd,

While o'er her lovely face and breast of snow
Some pious, gen'rous drops were seen to flow.
Then as, restor'd by morning's silver dew,
The fading rose resumes its vermeil hue,
So from her swoon recall'd, Armida rears
Her face, all glist'ning with another's tears.
Thrice her bright eyes she rais'd, as oft remov'd,
Unwilling to behold the form she lov'd:
The arm that sought her sinking frame to stay,
With feeble hand she coyly put away;
To quit his pow'rful grasp she thrice essay'd,
And thrice more close he held the struggling maid.
At length within his dear embrace retain'd,
(For still perchance 'twas dear, though hate she feign'd,)
While from her eyes a briny torrent ran,
Still shrinking from his glance she thus began:
"Cruel at parting or returning, say,
"What adverse fortune hither guides thy way?
"'Tis strange that thou, the author of my death,
"Should'st now hold back by force my parting breath.
"Seek'st thou to save my life? what untried woe,
"What shame, what torture, must Armida know?
"Thy deep and treach'rous arts I well descry;
"But she is weak indeed, who dares not die.
"Tarnish'd forsooth would be thy great renown,
"Unless, thy boasted victory to crown,
"Were shown, in servile bonds, a captive maid,
"By force made captive now, as once betray'd.
"Time was, I sued for life, I sued for peace;
"Now welcome death shall bid my suff'rings cease.
"But this from thee I deign not to demand;
"All gifts were hateful at thy hated hand.

"Yes,—with no aid of thine I hope to flee,
"Self-rescued, from thy heartless cruelty.
"And if the prison where thou bid'st me lie,
"The friendly noose, the precipice deny,
"Nor to a spirit bent on death afford
"The bowl envenom'd, nor the deadly sword,
"Yet to my choice more certain ways are giv'n,
"Beyond thy pow'r to thwart: I thank thee, Heav'n!
"Cease, cease; no more thy false endearments show:
"Ah! how he mocks my hopes, and tampers with my woe!"
'Twas thus she mourn'd; and with the copious dew
Which from her eyes discordant passions drew,
His sympathising tears the warrior join'd,
Tears where with pity modest Love combin'd,
And softly thus replied: "Armida, cease;
"Lull'd be the tempest of thy soul to peace.
"On thee no insult, scorn, dishonour, wait;
"My aid shall give thee back thy kingly state;
"In me a friend, a pledg'd protector know,
"Thy champion and thy servant, not thy foe.
"If to believe my tongue thy heart denies,
"Look up, and read Truth's language in mine eyes.
"That crown which glitter'd on thy father's brow,
"I swear is thine: And oh! would Heav'n allow
"Its saving grace, and with some kindly ray,
"Purge from thine eye the Pagan mist away!
"Then in all Asia's realms no female name
"Should match thy princely splendour, or thy fame."

So spake the youth; and with entreaties kind,
Tears, such as heroes weep, and sighs, he join'd.
As yields the flaky snow, and melts away,
Warm'd by the tepid breeze, or Solar ray,
So ceas'd Armida's wrath, at once represt,
And softer passions woke within her breast.
"Behold thy slave; thy will my law shall be,"
She said; "I rest my destinies on thee."
Meantime the Captain of th' Egyptian train
His Monarch's flag saw prostrate on the plain;
Saw, by a blow from Godfrey's arm o'erthrown,
Its bearer fall, the valiant Rimedon;
Saw all his routed legions yield or fly,
And like a gallant soldier sought to die:
Boldly he sought (and what he sought, he found
An end illustrious from an arm renown'd.
To find the Chief of all the Christian host,
(The field, he knew, no worthier foe could boast
Furious he drove along; where'er he rode,
A courage heighten'd by despair, he show'd.
But ere he reach'd the foe, a threat'ning cry
He rais'd aloud: Behold, I come to die:
"But yet I purpose, ere I yield my breath,
"To overwhelm thee in one common death."
Each Chief with equal swiftness, equal force,
To the fierce onset urg'd his straining horse.
His buckler riv'n the Gallic Leader found;
His arm, left bare, receiv'd a sudden wound.
But on his nether jaw a mightier stroke
Th' Egyptian met; unbalanc'd by the shock,
Back in his seat he falls; he strives to rise,
But in his belly pierc'd, he sinks, and dies.
Their Captain gone, of all the Pagan train
Small were the numbers that might now remain.

These Godfrey chas'd; and soon his course he stay'd,
Where gallant Altamoro he survey'd,
Fighting on foot, his arms all red with gore;
Broke was his sword, and broke the casque he wore;
Round him an hundred bristling lances pour'd:
Then shouted to his troops the Gallic Lord:
"Hold, hold your hands; and thou, O Chief of fame,
"Yield to my fortunes; Godfrey is my name."
The warlike Prince, who never yet had brought
His lofty spirit to one baser thought,
Soon as the name he heard, whose praise was known
From Ethiopia to the frozen Zone,
Replied, as to his hand the sword he gave;
"Worthy art thou to triumph o'er the brave.
"Be granted thy demand: I yield to thee:
"Nor shall thy conquest of a King like me
"Unfruitful or of gold or glory prove;
"My wife, bright pattern of connubial love,
"Shall offer all her gems, a costly store,
"And add my kingdom's heaps of shining ore,
"To buy the freedom of her Altamore."
Then Godfrey thus: "To me indulgent Heav'n
"No soul that thirsts for sordid gain, has giv'n.
"Retain whate'er of wealth thy kingdom boasts
"From Persia's mines, or India's golden coasts
"Not traffic, war, in Asia's land I make;
"Nor gold I seek, nor bribes for life I take."
Then to his train the captive Chief he gives,
And hastens to pursue the fugitives.
They for protection to their trench repair,
In vain,—for destiny o'ertakes them there.

Th' entrenchments soon are won, and swim with blood;
Rolls on from tent to tent the purple flood,
Corrupts their barb'rous splendour, and defiles
Their pompous trappings, and their costly spoils.
Thus Godfrey conquer'd; nor the Sinking Sun
As yet his full diurnal race had run;
But ere his beams retir'd, the victor-train
The rescu'd Town, the sacred Temple gain:
And thither too, ere yet his blood-stain'd vest
He laid aside, th' impatient Chieftain prest,
There hung his arms, their pour'd his votive pray'r,
Kiss'd his lov'd SAVIOUR's tomb, and bow'd adoring there.

# NOTES.

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## NOTE 1.—p. 8.

THIS devotional exercise was actually performed by the Christian army, previous to their first attack upon Jerusalem. Indeed the leading facts connected with the assault, as here related, are almost all to be found in history.

## NOTE 2.—p. 13.

At the Council of Clermont, in Auvergne, in 1097, the first Crusade was determined upon; and it was then that Godfrey was one of the foremost to receive the cross at the hands of Pope Urban II. "This cross is the symbol of your salvation; wear it," said the Pontiff, "a red, a bloody cross, as a pledge of your irrevocable engagement."

## NOTE 3.—p. 41.

St. George is of course here meant. The history of this Saint is a very singular one. How little would it be suspected that the tutelary Saint of England, and the patron of the Garter, was an Arian Prelate, of infamous character, who succeeded St. Athanasius on his third expulsion from the bishopric of Alexandria! Having been afterwards in his turn expelled and murdered by the opposite sect, or Athanasians, he was elevated to the rank of a Martyr, by his own party, and after being long revered in the East, was at last admitted into the Catholic calendar in 494. His fame was introduced into England by the Crusaders. Those who have any curiosity on the subject, may see the history of this celebrated Cappadocian fuller, bishop, and saint, in the 23d chapter of Gibbon's Decline and Fall. Gibbon supposes, that the fight between St. George and the dragon, (obviously borrowed from the story of Perseus and Andromeda) is emblematical of the combat which he sustained in the presence of Queen *Alexandria*, against the *magician* Athasanius.

## NOTE 4.—p. 141.

A great part of the extravagances (for such they must be styled) which occur in this part of the Poem, is imitated from Ariosto; and

therefore it is, that the Italians are accustomed to assign the superiority of genius to the latter Poet. Unquestionably Ariosto shows more imagination than Tasso, or perhaps than any other Poet. But there is a merit, and no inconsiderable one, in curbing the imagination. It is easier to outstep Nature, than to follow her. By the universal consent of mankind, the palm of genius is awarded to the Epic, as being the highest species of poetry. Dryden says that an Heroic Poem is the greatest work that the soul of man is capable of performing; and if it be the province of an Epic Poet "to adorn historical facts with the graces of invention, or to deliver such instructions as are disguised under the allegories of some one important action, after a probable, diverting, and surprising manner," Tasso shows in abundant instances that he possesses that power; and he had no occasion to avail himself of the Fairy Tales, however beautiful, of Ariosto. There can be no doubt that Tasso himself was sensible of his fault. His better judgment told him that these wild fictions, to which the public was then so partial, were inconsistent with Epic grandeur, and in order to justify himself, he published a preface, in which he endeavoured to convince the world that the whole of his Poem was an allegory. He states that "the army of Christian Princes represents the soul and the body. Jerusalem is the figure of true happiness, which is obtained by so much labour, exertion, and difficulties. Godfrey is the mind; Rinaldo, Tancred, and the other heroes, are the faculties of the mind. The common soldiers are the members of the body. The Devils are at once figures, and figured, *figura è figurata*. Armida and Ismeno are the temptations which besiege our souls; and the incantations and illusions of the Enchanted Forest, are a type of the false reasonings (*falsi syllogismi*) into which we are misled by our passions." In giving us this fanciful key to his work, Tasso resembles Homer's commentators, who have refined upon him to such a degree, that they construe the minutest actions of the different characters into designs of equal intricacy and importance, and attribute to the poet views of great depth which assuredly he never entertained. That any thing so fantastical as the above ever entered into the head of Tasso, when he composed his Jerusalem, few will believe; for, as it has been well observed, the question naturally occurs, how, out of such strange ideas, he could have produced a Poem so beautiful.

## NOTE 5.—p. 170.

The dynasty of the Egyptian Caliphs derived, or pretended to derive, their descent from Fatima, the daughter of Mahomet, who married Ali, the fourth Caliph, and were thence known by the name of Fatimites. Tasso, however, is not quite exact as to historical facts in this place. Egypt did not revolt, but was conquered, from the Greek Emperor Heraclius, in 638, by Amrou, the lieutenant of the third Caliph Omar, and the celebrated destroyer of the Alexandrian library. It remained subject to the Caliphs of the house of Ommias, who resided successively at Cufa and Damascus, till, with the rest of their dominions, it passed to the Abassides, who established their residence at Bagdat, and from them was con-

quered by the Fatimites, in 972. The latter retained it about 200 years, till their dynasty was finally extirpated by Saladine.

NOTE 6.—p. 170.

The word Caliph, or Khalif, which is so familiar to the readers of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, is formed from the Arabic word Khalifah, which signifies a vicegerent or successor, but amongst the Mahometans has long been a title of sovereigny. It was first assumed by Abubekr, who being elected after the death of Mahomet to supply his place, modestly refused any other title than that of Vicar of the Prophet of God, and it was thenceforward assumed by all his successors, as their characteristic distinction.

NOTE 7.—p. 188.

Caius Actius, Governor of Este, for the Emperor Honorius, in 403, was called by the people to assume the reins of independent sovereignty, that he might defend the country with greater success against Alaric.

NOTE 8.—p. 188.

It does not appear that Honorius absolutely invited the Goths into Italy, though he or his ministers were suspected thereof; but by removing the seat of government to Ravenna, he furnished them with an excuse for again invading the Roman empire.

NOTE 9.—p. 189.

Aurelius, son of Caius.

NOTE 10.—p. 189.

Foresto, son of Aurelius.

NOTE 11.—p. 189.

History makes mention of the sword of Foresto having come across Attila, the celebrated King of the Huns, in a great battle. Attila, finding that he had the worst of the combat, was glad to accept the assistance of his officers.

NOTE 12.—p. 189.

Acarinus, son and successor of Foresto. On the destruction of Altinum by the Huns, after an obstinate defence, he founded the city of Ferrara.

NOTE 13.—p. 190.

Acarinus and Alphorisius both fell in a battle against Odoacer, King of Heruli, who assumed the title of King of Italy, on the deposition of Augustulus, the last Emperor of the West.

NOTE 14.—p. 190.

Azzo, and his brother Constans, were the sons of Acarinus.

NOTE 15.—p. 190.

After a reign of fourteen years, Odoacer was superseded by the great Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths.

NOTE 16.—p. 190.

Agilulf, King of the Lombards.

NOTE 17.—190.

This was Lewis, the Debonnaire, the son of Charlemagne, to whom that emperor left all his dominions, with the exception of Italy, which he gave to his grandson Bernard (the son of Pepin). This was in fact tearing his empire in pieces with his own hands, and naturally proved the source of wars between his two successors. Bernard was eventually crushed by the superior power of his relation Lewis, whose cause Berengerius espoused.

NOTE 18.—p. 191.

Otho, brother of Berengerius.

NOTE 19.—p. 192.

The Countess Matilda defended the Popes Alexander II. and Gregory VII. against the Emperor Henry IV. By the way, Godfrey of Bouillon, the hero of this Poem, was nephew to this celebrated lady.

NOTE 20.—p. 192.

Azzo V. was the second husband of the Countess Matilda. Their marriage was annulled in consequence of their relationship, and she married, late in life, the young Prince Guelph of Bavaria, the same whom Tasso makes one of his Heroes.

## NOTE 21.—p. 192.

Azzo VI. brother of Bertholdo.

## NOTE 22.—p. 222.

The machine here described is what was called by the ancients, the compound ram, and Tasso has borrowed the description as literally as verse can be borrowed from prose, from Josephus. "This ram (says that writer) is a vast beam of wood, like the mast of a ship, its fore-part is armed with a thick piece of iron at the head of it, which is so carved as to be like the head of a ram, whence its name is taken. This ram is slung in the air by ropes passing over its middle, and is hung like the balance in a pair of scales from another beam, and braced by strong beams that pass on both sides of it in the nature of a cross. When this ram is pulled backward by a great number of men, with united force, and then thrust forward by the same men, with mighty noise it batters the walls with that iron part which is prominent. Nor is there any town so strong, or walls so broad, that can resist any more than its first batteries, but all are forced to yield to it at last." *Josep. De Bel. Jud.* iii. 7. 19. (*Whiston's Transl.*)

Almost all the artificial modes of attack and defence mentioned by Tasso, both here and in Canto XI. were made use of at the taking of Jerusalem by Titus.

## NOTE 23.—p. 226.

There is a well-known tradition, that during the final assault of Jerusalem, the Christian troops believed themselves to see a celestial army descend from the skies and combat on their side. It was of course one of those fantastic appearances in the clouds of which Milton takes notice:

> As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
> Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
> To battle in the clouds, before each van
> Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,
> Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
> From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
>
> *Par. Lost*, ii. 533.

These "meteors of a troubled Heaven," as Shakspeare calls them, might easily be converted by an ignorant and fanatical soldiery into a declaration of the Almighty in their favour. One of the soldiers, a greater dupe, or a more ingenious impostor, than his comrades, could see an armed warrior descend from the Mount of Olives, and encourage the troops in a moment when they showed a disposition to hesitate. Tasso, with infinite grace and judgment, has caught hold of this popular tale, and engrafted it upon Virgil's

sublime description of the Gods that assisted in the subversion of Troy:

> Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ
> Numina magna Deûm. *Æn.* ii. 622.

## NOTE 24.—p. 247.

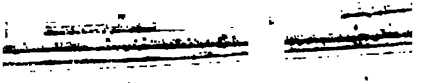
Solyman probably judged of the temperament of the Franks from what had happened after the capture of Antioch. Nothing could exceed the libertinism and profligacy of the Crusaders on that occasion. Even a dignitary of the Church, an Archdeacon of royal birth, was detected by a Turk playin at dice with a Syrian concubine, and was murdered by him on the spot, most probably in a fit of jealous revenge.

## NOTE 25.—p. 274.

The beauty of the morning on which this battle was fought, is noticed by the contemporary writers who witnessed it. It was not indeed fought at the precise time nor place that Tasso ascribes to it, but about a month after the capture of Jerusalem, and in the neighbourhood of Ascalon, whence it is called the battle of Ascalon. To alter both its date and scene, was however a very allowable poetical liberty, and nothing can be more judicious than the time and place in which Tasso has introduced it. As it now stands, it forms a most splendid conclusion to the Poem. It is by far the finest of his battles, and both in point of fire and variety, is not exceeded by any of Homer's, nor in any respect equalled by the best of Virgil's. There is a pomp and dignity about it, which, without at all detracting from its spirit or its interest, renders it truly magnificent. And, in my opinion, if Tasso had left behind him no other monument of his fame than the twentieth Canto of the Jerusalem, it would have been sufficient to stamp him as a master of his art.

## NOTE 26.—p. 282.

In reading the battles of Epic Poets, credibility is sometimes shocked at seeing nothing but the exploits of distinguished persons, as if Kings, and others, illustrious for rank or heroism, were the only individuals that did any execution, and in a word, as if the battle were fought by ten or twelve individuals on each side. We are apt to forget that it is the achievements of such individuals alone, that it is the Poet's business to relate, and that they necessarily pass over in silence the deeds of the nameless vulgar. Thus in the present case, we are not to suppose that the first blow was actually struck by Gildippe, the only female among, perhaps, half a million of men, (for the Egyptian army at the battle of Ascalon was innumerable) but that she performed the first deed of note, in killing a person of consequence in the hostile army. It is also

well known that in the time of the ancients, and more especially in the days of chivalry, before gunpowder reduced the courage of all men nearly to a level, people of consequence sought for every opportunity of distinguishing themselves by their personal prowess.

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